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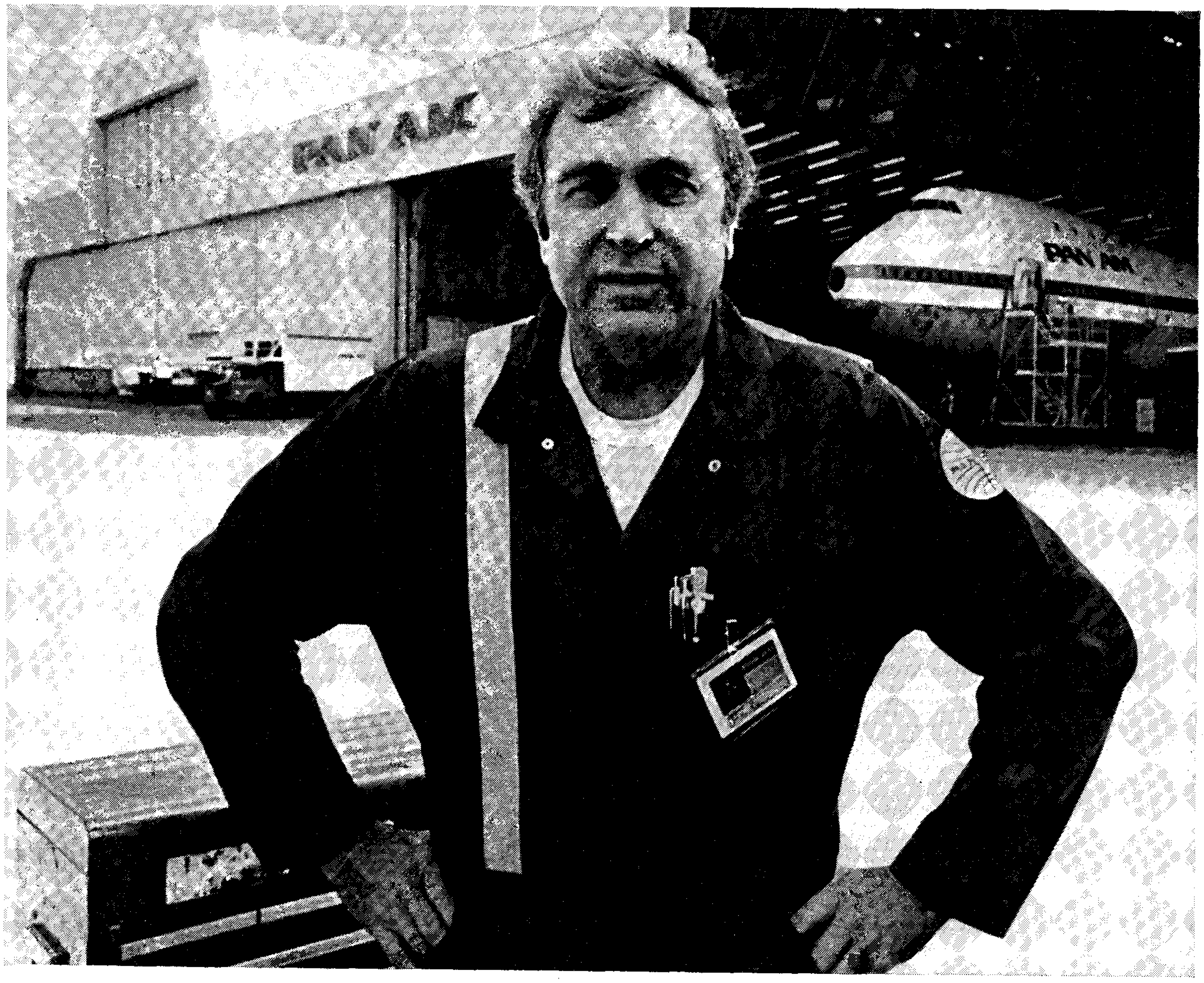

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. After Sunday, Aug. 29, no performances until Friday, Sept. 10, when the show will reopen on Broadway, at the Booth.)

Guys and Dolls—Frank Loesser's classical musical comedy. Having an all-black cast is a silly, old-fashioned stunt, but the show survives it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—A flawless revival of a flawless musical. How did the world get along without it for fifteen thousand years? (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Aug. 29.)

Pal Joey—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with a book by John O'Hara, begins to show its age in this unsatisfactory production, but the score remains enchanting. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29.)

The Runner Stumbles—A serious new play by Milan Stitt about a priest and a nun who fall in love and suffer unhappy consequences. Directed by Austin Pendleton and starring Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Raul Julia is a superb Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—Young folk raising innocent hell in the sunny days of 1915. With music by Jerome Kern. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**boy meets boy**: As described. This

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21
"GOODBYE MARCUS GOODBYE ROSE" . . . . *Jean Rhys* 26
"SLOW PITCH" . . . . *James Stevenson* 28
"ACCOMMODATIONS AT UNCLE SOL'S" . . . . *Daniel Menaker* 31
A REPORTER AT LARGE (SPACE STATION—I) . . . . . . *Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr.* 34
"NOTES FROM THE CASTLE" (POEM) . . . . *Howard Moss* 36
"BLISTERS" (POEM) . . . . *Christopher Hope* 42
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 67
"NOON" (POEM) . . . . *Charles Wright* 67
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 68
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 71
LETTER FROM LONDON . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 72
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 75
LETTER FROM KANSAS CITY . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 78
BOOKS . . . . *Greil Marcus* 88
  BRIEFLY NOTED 89

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

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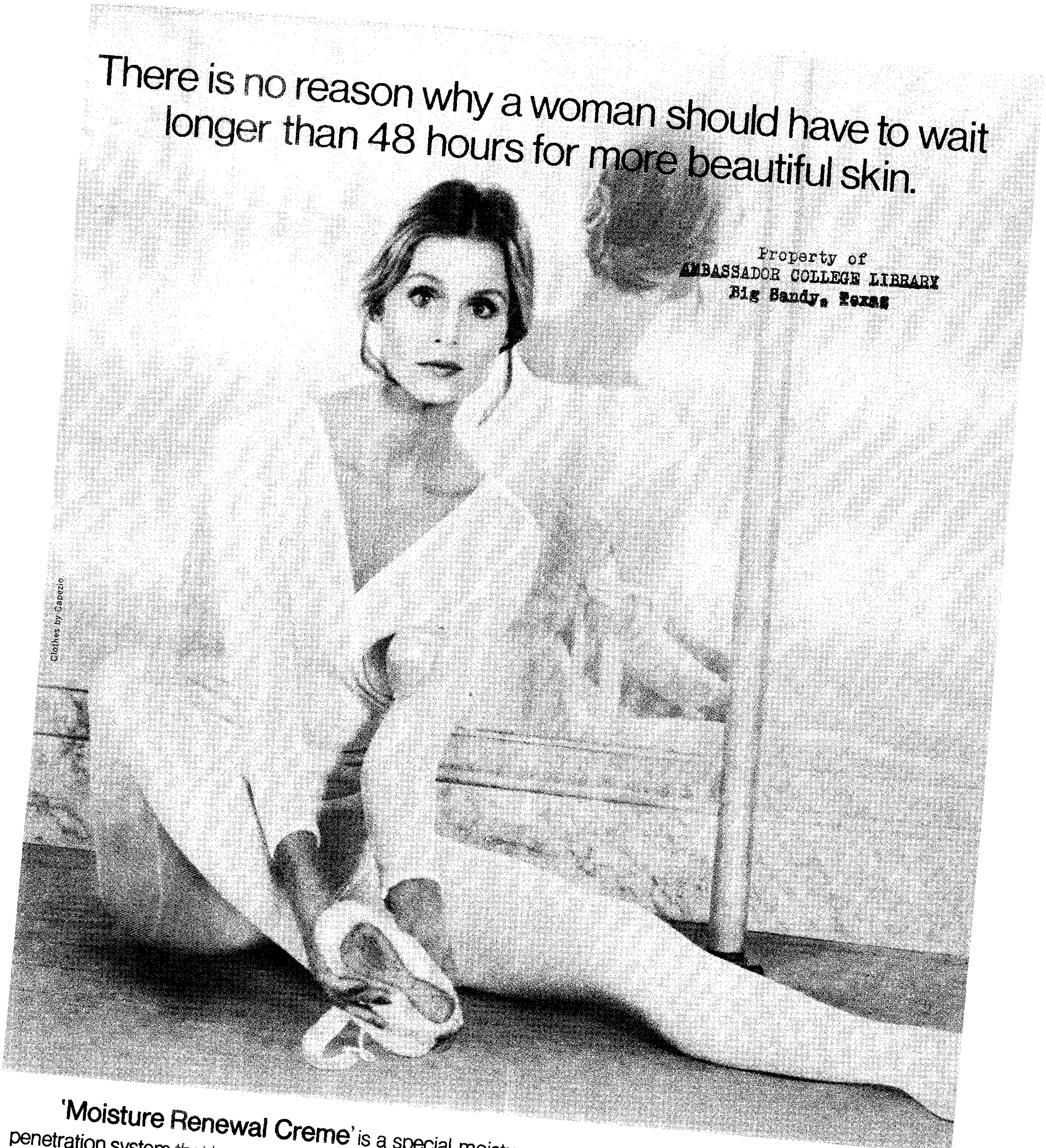

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Keith McDermott, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 11.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,801 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **ME AND BESSIE:** The gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins in a vigorous attempt to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs. Howlett Smith leads the onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming, Dianne de Leeuw, and Jill Shipstad. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 1 and 5. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Known previously as Studio 77, this ground-floor loft space has reopened and been transformed into an unpretentious but comfortable, very high-ceilinged bar. The proprietor, all-out drummer **RASHIED ALI**, is onstage Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 26-29, with tenor saxophonists Frank Wright and Marvin Blackman, James Vass on alto, pianist Don Pullen, bassist Benny Wilson, and Royal Blue, a young blues singer. Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, tenor saxophonist **KALAPARUSHA MAURICE MC INTYRE** and his group, Light, will perform heavily percussive new Chicago jazz. Drummer **SUNNY MURRAY** and his band will take over beginning Friday, Sept. 3. Music from about ten.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A reliable spot for hearing consistently high-quality jazz—most of the music centers on the contemporary mainstream. This is *the* place to hear outstanding, if not famous, players like Sonny Fortune, Cecil McBee, Woody Shaw, Charles Sullivan, Junior Cook, and many others. Through Saturday, Aug. 28, two more up-to-date and respected musicians, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** and trumpeter **DANNY MOORE**, co-pilot a fine quintet. On Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 30-31, guitarist Teruo Nakamura will head up a combo, and beginning Wednesday, Sept. 1, keyboard whirlwind and composer **LARRY YOUNG** will perform with his quintet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Something for nearly everyone. Singer, guitarist, and ex-Byrd Roger McGuinn, who seems to be happily locked into 1965, is on hand with his band through Thursday, Aug. 26. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 27-29, **JOHN HANDY**, a saxophonist who turned quite a few rock-and-rollers on to jazz a decade ago and who just made his first record as a leader in eight years, will alternate with singer Al Jarreau. Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1, conga whiz **RAY BARRETTO** will direct his orchestra opposite the Dave Sanborn group. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. Pianist Peggy Stern works with bassist George Mraz through Saturday, Aug. 28. On Monday, Aug. 30, **CEDAR WALTON** and his bassist, **SAM JONES**, will arrive to compete with the talkers. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS**, whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**DWIKE MITCHELL** has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar from Marian McPartland for the rest of the summer. Mitchell is an overwhelming pianist out of Art Tatum by way of Bill Evans. Marian McPartland sometimes had trouble taming the talkers who congregate here. Mitchell drives right through them. Music from nine to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow college-rustic bar—the place has the feel of a small college-town hangout—with rows of neon beer signs hanging from the ceiling. The C.B.G.B. Underground Rock Festival, which has presented five bands a night for the past twenty-five nights, will run out of steam, time, and underground rock bands on Sunday, Aug. 29. The proceedings will then revert to the usual one, two, or three bands a night. On Wednesday, Sept. 1, Talking Heads, one of the more interesting (but not necessarily recommended) regular bands, will be onstage. A conceptual-rock trio from the Rhode Island School of Design, Talking Heads performs music constructed with off-beat, repetitive, harpsichord-like harmonies; simple, limited rhythms; and near-falsetto, chantlike, Oops!-I-just-stubbed-my-toe vocals. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mondays through Saturdays, the forthright **HELEN HUMES** delivers delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs with backing from Jerry Wiggins and bassist Major Holley. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** has the floor. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Aug. 31, singer Barbara Lea will participate with the regulars, and on Sunday, Aug. 29, pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** will drop by with a quartet at eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swing revival, which can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. The other members of the group are **SONNY GREER**, eighty years old and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-eight, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE** work with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** On Sunday, Aug. 29, Chiasson and Little will team up with pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS**, from five to nine. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neat staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Trumpeter **HARRY EDISON**, apparently still going strong, is on hand with a combo Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Clarence

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Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Johnny Hartman's ballad singing is buoyed by pianist Hank Jones, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Cole Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar. Saxophonist Denny Morouse and his no-frills rhythm-and-blues band perform here Mondays through Thursdays. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An assortment of rock (by the Good Rats, a Long Island band), folk (by Lisa McGregor), and one-liners (by Gary Yudman) through Sunday, Aug. 29. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, **DOUG SAHM** will arrive with his rock-Chicano-Cajun-redneck-blues-country-swing band, the Texas Tornadoes. They'll share a bill with the Rob Stoner band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Dave Liebman, a saxophonist and Miles Davis alumnus who has struck out on his own, teams up with pianist Richie Beirach and bassist Frank Tusa through Sunday, Aug. 29. On Wednesday, Sept. 1, guitarist Joe Puma and the colorful bassist Eddie Gomez will come in for five nights. They'll work with tenor saxophonist Al Cohn until Thursday, Sept. 2, and then they'll take up with saxophonist Carmen Leggio, from Friday, Sept. 3. Mondays and Tuesdays are set aside for a trio led by **JACK WILKINS**, probably the most exciting young guitarist in town. Wilkins never seems to let up, even when he's comping behind another player's solo, and he is able to play clearly, cleanly, and, most important, musically at a breakneck pace. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A place that draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Vibraharpist Roy Ayers fronts a quintet through Sunday, Aug. 29. On Tuesday, Aug. 31, **DIZZY GILLESPIE** will take over the downstairs music room with his longtime drummer, Mickey Roker, and his newer, younger associates—guitarist Rodney Jones, bassist Benjamin Brown, and Assedin Weston, on congas. Music from ten. Snacks. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK**, continuing his remarkable recovery from the stroke he suffered last November, is here right now, singing and playing tenor, flute, harmonica, and, occasionally, two saxophones simultaneously. His energy and urgency are undiminished. Pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** brings in his youthful, with-it big band for Monday-night workouts. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: Mondays and Tuesdays belong to trumpeter Franc Williams and a quartet that features **EDDIE DURHAM**, a trombonist and one of the very first electric jazz guitarists. On Wednesdays, **JO JONES** is seated behind his drums and is very much in command of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to ex-Basie-ites like Benny Morton, Earle Warren, Paul Quinichette, and a rhythm section. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Saxophonist Ted Brown fronts a quartet through Saturday, Aug. 28; on Wednesday, Sept. 1, drummer Don Carter will bring in *his* quartet. On Sundays, the piano is left in the capable, versatile, and entertaining hands of **JAKI BYARD**, accompanied by bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. On Tuesdays, after ten-thirty, Ron Roullier is in charge of a seventeen-piece band. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Quincy Jones and **Lou Rawls**—With the Quincy Jones orchestra and dancers and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Aug. 28, at 7 and 11, and Sunday, Aug. 29, at 6 and 10.)

Johnny and Edgar Winter—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, at 8.

Salsa—Celia Cruz, Cheo Feliciano, Johnny Pacheco, Tipica '73, Bobby Rodriguez, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Sept. 3, at 8.)

Eddie Palmieri and **McCoy Tyner**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Friday, Sept. 3, at 8.

The Jazz Trumpet—An exhibit of photographs, musical instruments, art work, and memorabilia. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6. Optional contribution for admission.)

ART

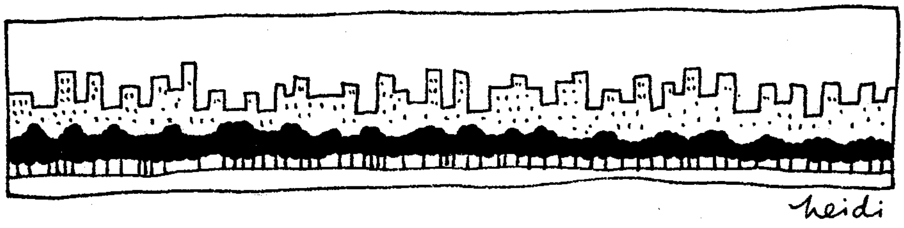
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Karel Appel—Paintings from the fifties and early sixties, done with the thick, raw colors and wild, primitive-looking draftsmanship characteristic of the Cobra group, of which this artist was a founding member. Through Sept. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Cecily Firestein—More than thirty rubbings on hemp paper, taken from the decorative surfaces of churches, hotels, manhole covers, and other shards of this city's civilization. Through Friday, Aug. 27. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures in diverse styles by American and European artists, among them Robert Motherwell, Paul Klee,



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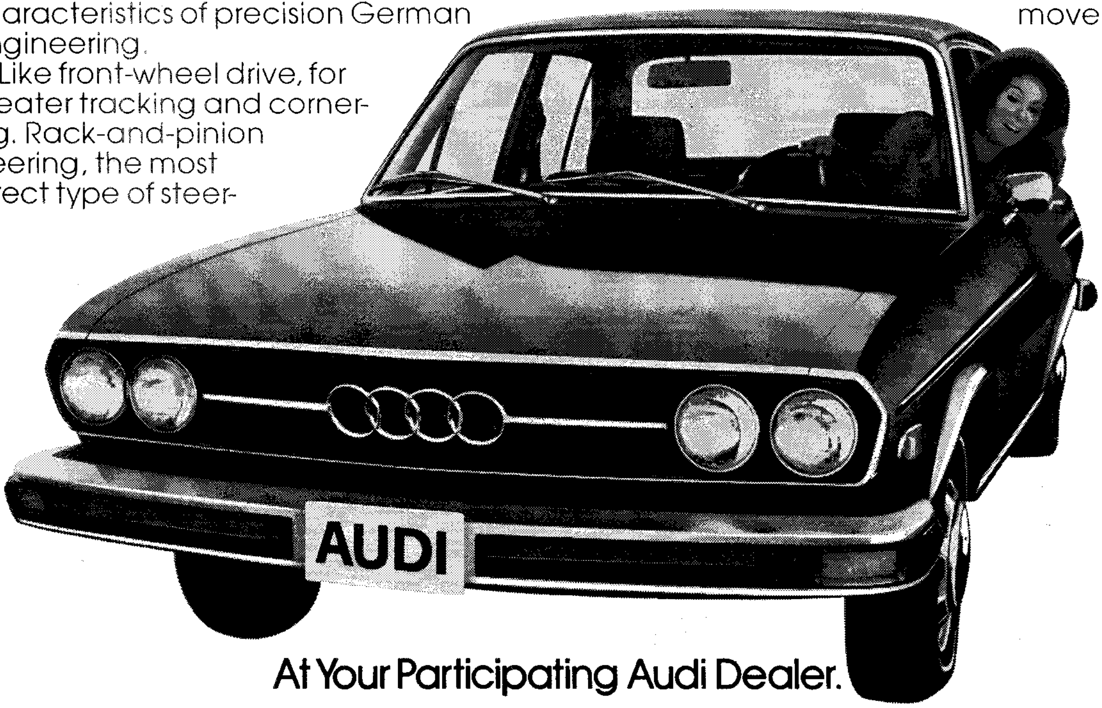

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Anthony Caro. Through Friday, Sept. 3. . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Donald Judd, Richard Serra, Frank Stella, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St.: A watercolor landscape apiece by Pissarro and Rockwell Kent, and a pencil drawing of two figures by Bonnard are among the works in a showing of nineteenth- and twentieth-century watercolors and drawings. Through Sept. 25. . . . **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.: In the summer exhibition here are a large four-panel study of a dinner table crowded with white china on white napery (one of the white bowls contains a clutch of white eggs) by Kaffe Fassett; one of Peter Miller's quiltlike oils made up of her own hex symbols; and a surrealist sort of work by Gordon Russell depicting a rickety wagon perched on the tip end of an equally rickety masonry structure. Rockwell Kent and Leonid are also among the artists represented. Through Friday, Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: A selection of works by gallery artists includes sculptures by Louise Nevelson and Guy Dill and paintings by Lee Krasner and Jack Youngerman. Through Sept. 24.

PROJECT REBUILD—Fairly representative works by more than fifty artists, including Carl Andre, Saul Steinberg, Jane Wilson, Willem de Kooning, and Mark di Suvero, who donated them to the exhibition, which takes its name from a collective effort to alleviate the effects of the recent earthquakes in northern Italy. Through Friday, Aug. 27. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University, which can be entered on Washington Place, just east of Washington Square.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

NICHOLAS NIXON—Pictures taken with a view camera, including a score of high-vantage-point photographs of Boston. Through Oct. 5. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **ASIA HOUSE**, 112 E. 64th St.: More than a hundred photographs that were taken in India, primarily by British photographers, between 1840 and 1910. The exhibit includes a series of studio portraits of maharajas and of British military officers, a group of Samuel Bourne landscapes of the Himalayas, as well as photographs recording leisure activities of Britons in place. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Several exhibits are on view through Sept. 12, notably one of photographs (dating from 1845) of well-known American women. Some of the contemporary photographers are Jill Krementz, Richard Avedon, and Arnold Newman. Another exhibit features about forty-five works by Henri Cartier-Bresson. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.) . . . **SEAGRAM BUILDING**, fourth floor, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.: An exhibit of twenty-six photographs (interiors, mostly) documenting the rise (and, in some respects, fall) of the county courthouse in the United States. Through Friday, Aug. 27. . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Fifty prints by Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976) covering just about all her working career. / Frederick H. Evans, P. H. Emerson, Julia Margaret Cameron, and other nineteenth-century British photographers. Through Saturday, Sept. 4. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of ninety drawings (landscapes, genre scenes, and portraits) by Europeans, among them Rembrandt, Delacroix, and Gainsborough, from the Robert Lehman collection, many of which have not previously been on view. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty-seven prints, all done in the sixties and seventies by American artists Jasper Johns, Helen Frankenthaler, James Rosenquist, and others. Starts Thursday, Aug. 26. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—who were noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Tuesday, Aug. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Five taxicabs, new in design, built by two American and three European car manufacturers to specifications developed by the museum. Also a 1968 London cab. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A survey of drawings by American and European painters and sculptors (Charles Burchfield, Man Ray, Picasso, and Modigliani, among them) covering the years 1919-39. Through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ A small group of recently acquired drawings by David Smith, Morris Kantor, Lee Krasner, and others. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Photographs by Nicholas Nixon. Through Oct. 5. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of popular music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. The final day to see the entire exhibit will be Sunday, Aug. 29; after that the show will be dismantled in several stages, beginning with the outdoor pieces. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of watercolors and pastels (late eighteenth century to the present) by American artists, including Homer, Sargent, Burchfield, Avery, and O'Keeffe. Through Sept. 19. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such nonpareils as a diamond necklace made up of about five hundred diamonds to the order of King George III in 1776, the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

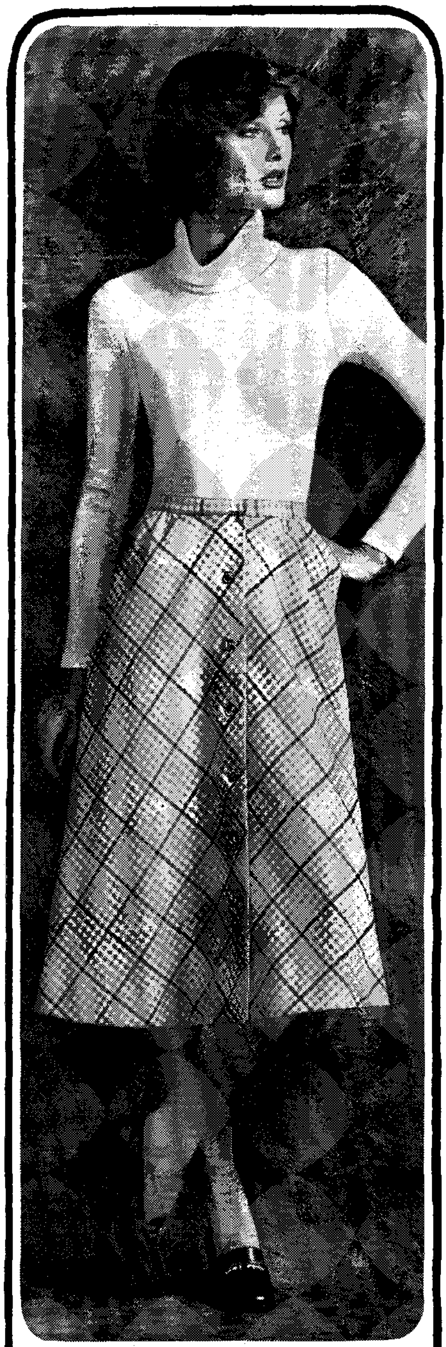
MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of objects by Americans who work in wood, fibre, metal, glass, and ceramics. A painted freestanding ceramic sculpture depicting a house, tree, and sky by Robert Arneson, and a wall hanging incorporating bluejeans, workshirt, granny glasses, and other apparel of today and yesterday, by Alma Lesch, are among the pieces on view. Through Sept. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

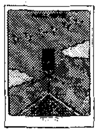
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—More than fifty prints by Josef Albers, with examples from his entire career (1888-1976). Through Oct. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 14—Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Catherine Malfitano, Ermanno Mauro, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 2, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, John Alexander, Reid Bunger, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 3, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Richard Fredricks, and Gary Glaze; John Miner. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4, at 2: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Roberta Palmer, Lando Bartolini, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Sung-Sook Lee, Ermanno Mauro, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—The season of orches-





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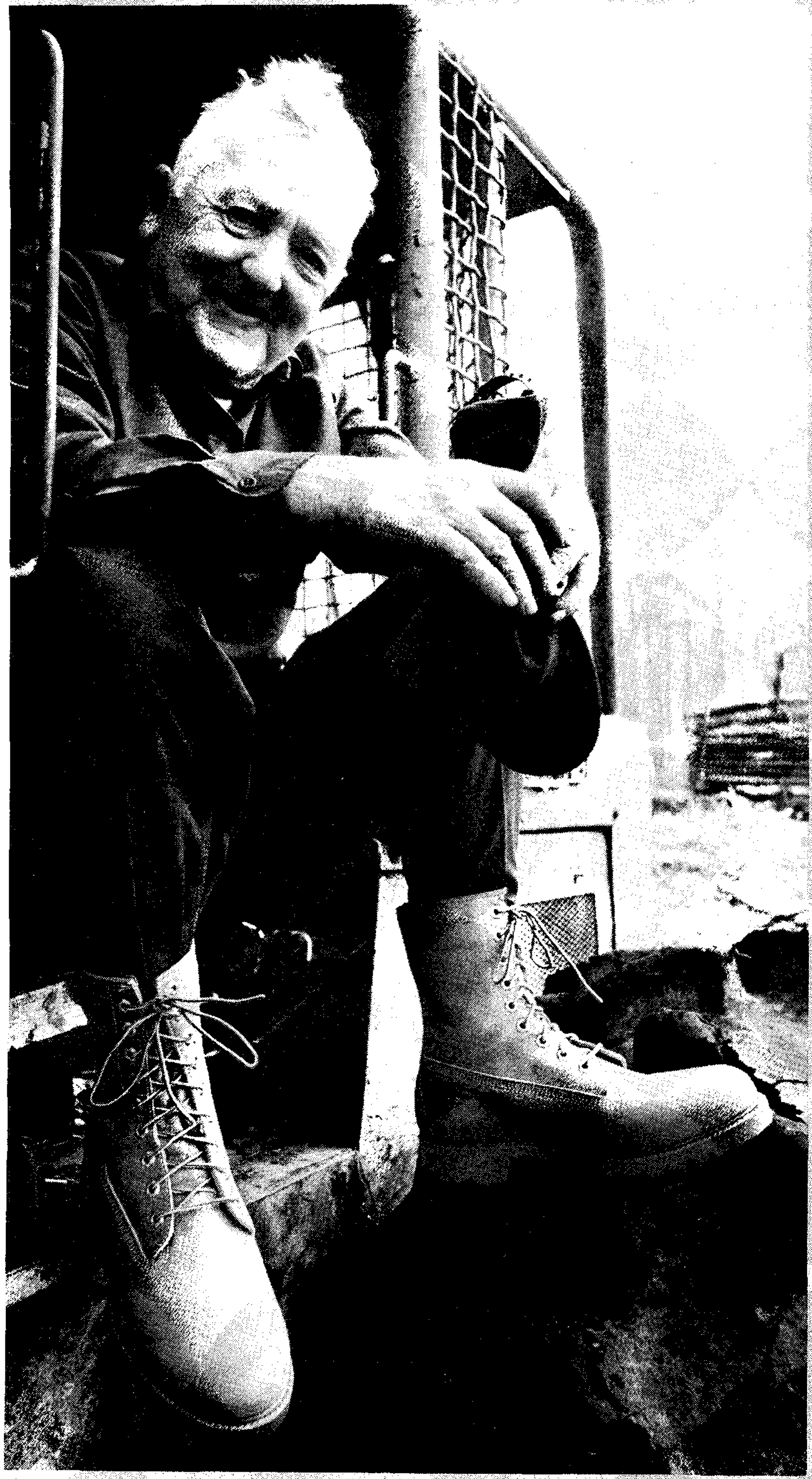
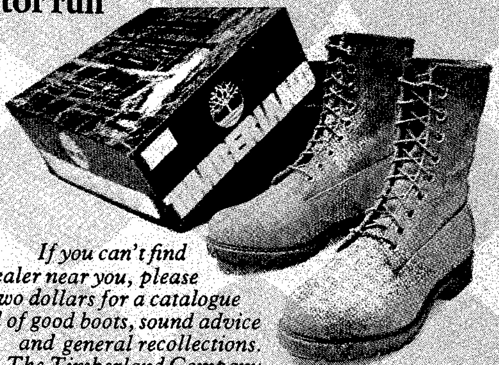


It was two of those fellers from the city come up the road in a big green car, asked me if I wanted some new boots. I didn't. Already had boots, had 'em for seven years. But they talked and we drank some, and then we looked at the boots some, and I tried 'em on. Now, I have to say, they did seem to have my size. So I walked 'em about for maybe a week, and once I went over and stood in Orville Wade's creek, just to see if they were waterproof, which they were. When those boys came back from the city, this is what I said. One, I said thank you for the fine boots, which are warm and dry as a hen's bottom. Two, I'd like a pair of 13-wides for Cousin Luther, double-wide on the left foot where the tractor run it over.



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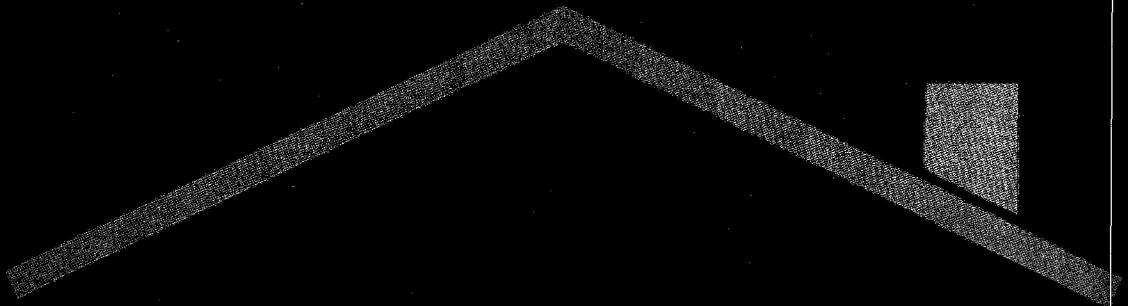

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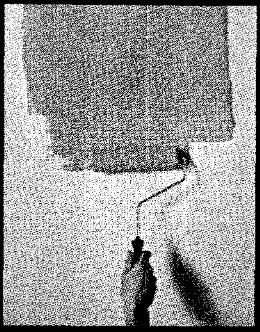

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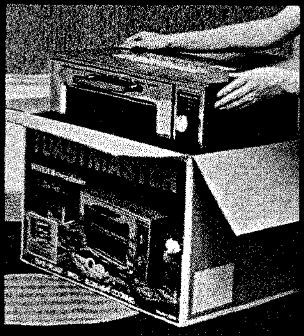

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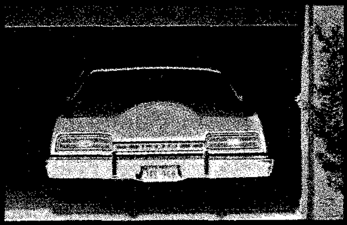

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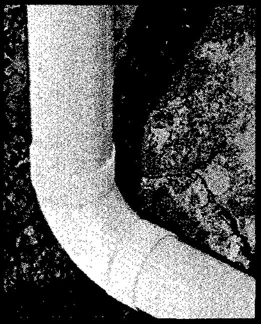

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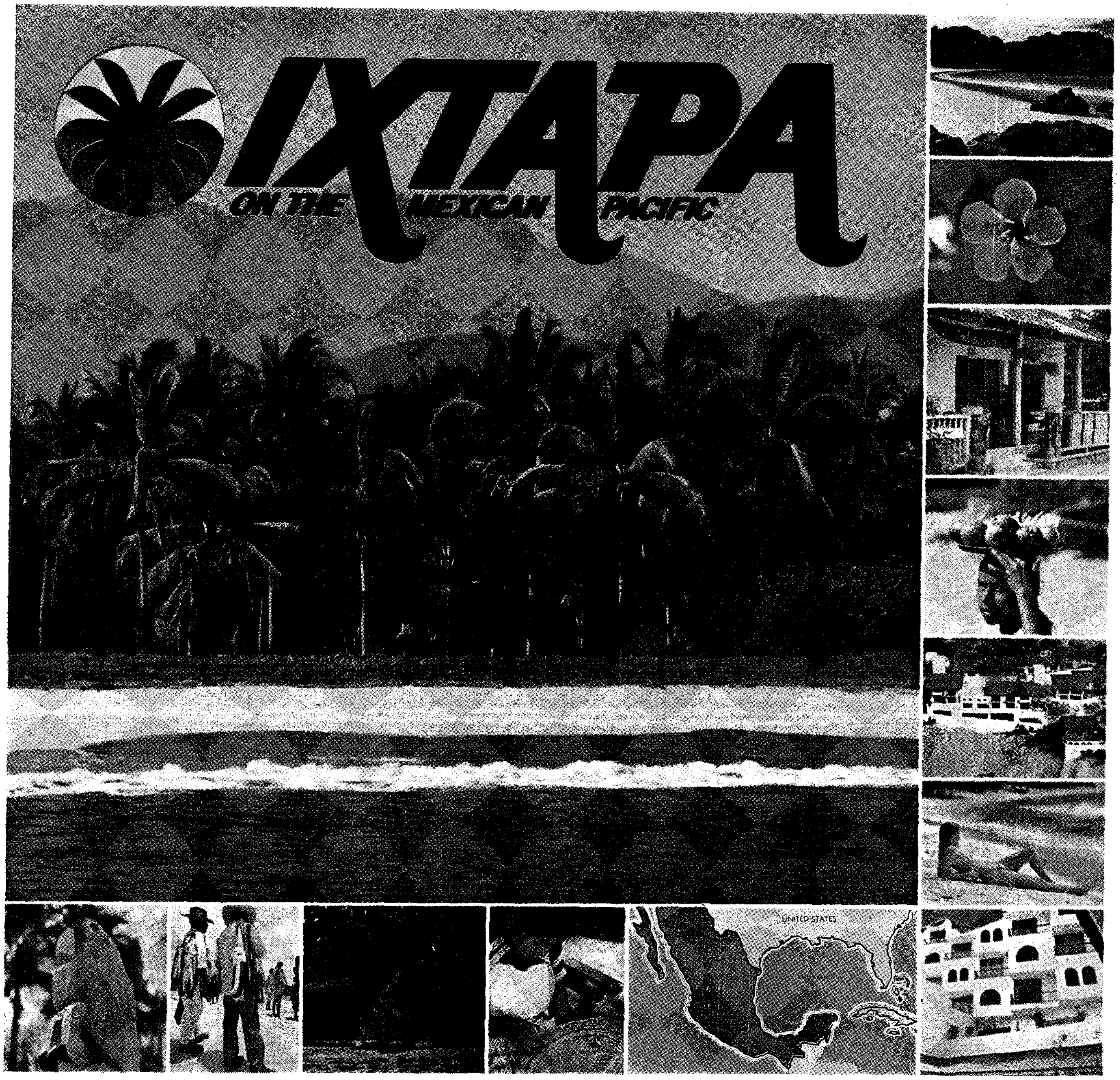

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tral, chamber-music, and recital programs will close with Neville Marriner conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Anton Kuerti, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 25-28, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 27, at 7: Maureen Forrester, contralto; Benjamin Luxon, tenor; and Yehudi Wyner, piano, in a performance of Mahler's "Des Knaben Wunderhorn."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a performance of Mahler's Fifth Symphony.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8:30: Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting a varied program; no soloists.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, at 1: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Miss Forrester; Mr. Luxon, Kenneth Riegel, and Seth McCoy, tenors; Richard Stilwell, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 7:30: Linda Ronstadt and Andrew Gold.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 3, at 7:30: David Crosby and Graham Nash.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 5, at 1: Bonnie Raitt and Tom Waits. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 7: Linda Ronstadt and Andrew Gold.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, at 7: The Beach Boys.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, at 8:15: The New York Philharmonic, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with (on Friday) Stanley Drucker, clarinet.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, at 7: Barry Manilow with Lady Flash.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 30, at 8:15: Bobby Vinton.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 31, at 7: America.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 7: David Crosby and Graham Nash.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 3, at 7: Chicago.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4, at 7: The Electric Light Orchestra.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 5: To be announced. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Final performances of a week's engagement in Newport. Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 8: Judith Jamison and the American Dance Machine.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8, and Friday, Aug. 27, at 9 (a benefit performance): The Paul Taylor Dance Company. (Rogers High School Auditorium, Wykeham Rd., Newport, R. I.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 8.... **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 28, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 29, at 2:05.... ¶ San Francisco, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, at 8:05, and Thursday, Sept. 2, at 2:05.... ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 3, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 4, at 2:15.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Washington Redskins, in an exhibition game. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8.)

RACING—At **SARATOGA**: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Seneca Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 25; the Spinaway, Friday, Aug. 27; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 28.... **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 30, through Saturday, Oct. 23. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 30, and the Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 4.... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.)... **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursdays, at 7:15. The Matchmaker, Saturday, Aug. 28.

TENNIS—Tennis Week Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 29.)... ¶ United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Sept. 1, through Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 11:30 and 8, and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 9-12, at 11:30. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 16.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 25-29.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Final free performances of **MEASURE FOR MEASURE**. The spirit and clarity of the acting, under John Pasquin's direction, make even the ludicrous plot of this ramshackle, fascinating play acceptable. With good performances by Sam Waterston (the Duke), Meryl Streep (Isabella), and especially Lenny Baker (Lucio). (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK DANCE FESTIVAL—The first two in a series of twelve free performances will be presented by Zina Yevtikova and Luis Villanueva, the Don Redlich Dance Company, Margaret Beals & Impulses Company, Carmen de Lavallade, and the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 25: Nitty Gritty Dirt Band.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28: Grover Washington, Jr., Hank Crawford, and others.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 30: Jimmy Cliff.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 1: Gary Wright.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 3: Foghat.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4: David Bromberg and Vassar Clements. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—A three-week festival of musical theatre, dance, cabaret, recitals, chamber music, jazz (as well as country and Latin music), and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA**: Wednesday, Aug. 25, the National Theatre Company (for children) at 11, the Rod Rodgers Dance Company at 2:30, and Parachute People at 5.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, Martin Josman directing the National Chorale Ensemble at 12:15.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, the Howard University Children's Theatre at 11, the Fairmont Deaf Theatre at 2:30, and Theatre 47 at 5.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28, Dr. Quackenbush Traveling Medicine Show, Marc Maislen and Phaser Beam, and the Electronic Music Mobile at noon, Theatre for Asian American Performing Artists at 2:30, and Theatre for the New City at 5.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, the Country Dance and Song Society, clown Charlie Senack, and Jehan Clements (storytelling) at noon, Barbara Clarke's puppetry workshop at 1, Afro-American Total Theatre at 2:30, and the Philippine Dance Company at 5.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 30, the Times Square Basstet at 12:15, the Richard Morse Mime Theatre at 2:30, and the Laura Veldhuis Dance Company at 5.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 31, The Imaginary People at 11, Cameo Productions at 2:30, and the Riverdale Contemporary Theatre at 5.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 1, The Fools Company (for children) at 11, The Street Theatre, Inc., at 2:30, and Walter Nicks Dance Company at 5.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 2, Valerie Capers' jazz quartet at 12:15, the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre at 2:30, and the Street Corner Society at 5.... **DAMROSCH PARK**: Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:15, the Alvin Ailey Repertory Workshop.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, at noon, Hester and Christine, cello and oboe.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, at 8:30, Mary Lou Williams and Josh White, Jr.... ¶ Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1, at 8:15, the Chapman Roberts Singers in a performance of "US, The American Folk Oratorio," by Stan Satlin.... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 2-4, at 8:15, the Charles Ives Show with the Paul Winter Consort and Friends.

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **SHOWBOAT**, with Robert Peterson, Barbara Meister, Max Showalter, and Beth Fowler, is this summer's production. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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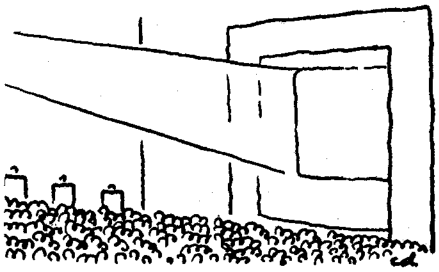
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 31: "Singin' in the Rain" and "The Wizard of Oz."
From Sept. 1: "The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
"The Omen" and "Race with the Devil."

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 31: "Tunnelvision."
From Sept. 1 (tentative): "The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Omen."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through Aug. 26: "Bambi" and "Follow Me, Boys!"
From Aug. 27: "The Three Caballeros" and "Treasure of Matecumbe."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Shootist."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Silent Movie."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Gator."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Clockmaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Obsession."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Obsession."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Aug. 26: "Futureworld."
From Aug. 27: "At the Earth's Core."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"King Kong."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ritz."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Silent Movie."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
"The Omen."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Aug. 31: "The Gumball Rally."
From Sept. 1: "St. Ives."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Harry and Walter Go to New York."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"My Friends."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Let's Talk About Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 31: "Murder by Death."
From Sept. 1: "Logan's Run."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Drum."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Shootist."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Gator."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"J. D.'s Revenge."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 26: "Bambi" and "Follow Me, Boys!"
From Aug. 27: "The Three Caballeros" and "Treasure of Matecumbe."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Face to Face."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Gator."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: "Alpha Beta."
Theatre 3: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
Theatre 4: "The Clockmaker."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Swashbuckler."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Return of a Man Called Horse."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Aug. 26: "Bambi" and "Follow Me, Boys!"
From Aug. 27: "The Three Caballeros" and "Treasure of Matecumbe."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 31: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" and "The War Between Men and Women."
From Sept. 1: "Murder by Death" and "The Stepford Wives."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Lovers and Other Relatives."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Silent Movie."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 31: "The Omen."
From Sept. 1: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 31: "Murder by Death."
From Sept. 1: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 26: "Bambi" and "Follow Me, Boys!" Aug. 27-31: "The Three Caballeros" and "Treasure of Matecumbe." From Sept. 1: "Obsession."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 31: "Ode to Billy Joe." From Sept. 1: "St. Ives."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 26: "Harry and Walter Go to New York." From Aug. 27: "At the Earth's Core."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Gator."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Alpha Beta."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 31: "That's Entertainment, Part 2" and "Love and Death."
From Sept. 1: "Murder by Death" and "Hard Times."

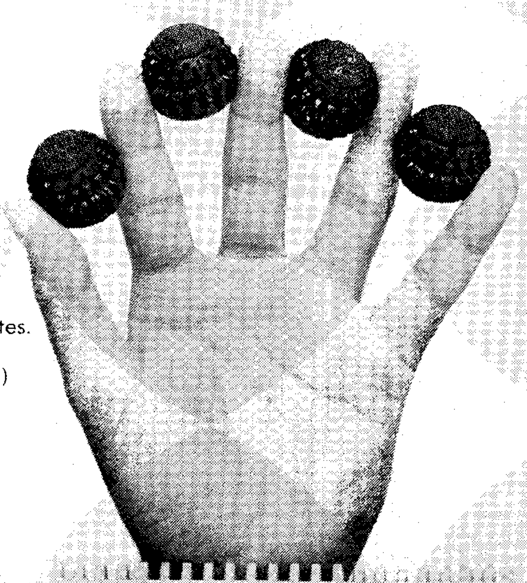
REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 25: "Summer Interlude" (1951), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Maj-Britt Nilsson; and "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine.
Aug. 26: "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller; and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford.
Aug. 27: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Ugetsu." (†)
Aug. 28: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The Ladykillers" (1956), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom.
Aug. 29: "La Strada" (†) and "The Clowns." (†)
Aug. 30: "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica; and "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
Aug. 31: "The Seven Samurai." (†)
Sept. 1: "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang; and "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre.
Sept. 2: "The Virgin Spring" (†) and "Smiles of a Summer Night." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 25: "Ordet" (1955), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer; and "Teorema" (1969), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano.
Aug. 26: "The Balcony" (1963), directed by Joseph Strick, with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, Jeff Corey, and Kent Smith; and "Mademoiselle" (1966), directed by Tony Richardson, with Jeanne Moreau.
Aug. 27: "The Eternal Return" (†) and "Symphonie Pastorale." (†)
Aug. 28: "Elvira Madigan" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Bo Widerberg, with Thommy Berggren and Pia Degermark; and "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Aug. 29: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman; and "Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter." (†)
Aug. 30: "Travels with My Aunt" (†) and "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller.
Aug. 31: "Madame Bovary" (†) and "Daisy Miller." (†)
Sept. 1: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Under Capricorn." (†)
Sept. 2: "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Pretty Poison." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 25: "Chushingura" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.
Aug. 26: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.
Aug. 27: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; "The Magic Christian" (†); and "Candy." (†)
Aug. 28: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.
Aug. 29: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), di-



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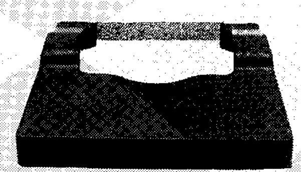

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Aug. 30: "Falstaff" (†); and "King Lear" (1971), directed by Peter Brook, with Paul Scofield.

Aug. 31: "Le Sex Shop" (†) and "Money, Money, Money." (†)

Sept. 1: "Zatoichi's Conspiracy" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi, with Shintaro Katsu; and "Kojiro" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Kiroshi Inagaki, with Kikunosuke Onoe.

Sept. 2: "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention; and "King of Hearts."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through Aug. 26: "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski; and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958), in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda, with Zbigniew Cybulski.

Aug. 27-28: "Winter Light" (1963), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Silence" (1964), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.

Aug. 29-31: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead; and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford.

Sept. 1-2: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (†) and "Major Barbara." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Aug. 31: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "White Heat" (1949), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly.

From Sept. 1: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (†) and "The Mask of Dimitrios." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

Aug. 25: "Distant Thunder" (1973), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray, with Soumitra Chatterji; and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969), in French, directed by Mr. Renoir.

Aug. 26: "Swept Away" (†); and "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin.

Aug. 27: "The Last Picture Show" (1971), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges; and "Shampoo" (1975), directed by Hal Ashby, with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.

Aug. 28: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.

Aug. 29: "Ulysses" (1967), directed by Joseph Strick, with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "Sunday Bloody Sunday." (†)

Aug. 30: "The Passion of Anna" (†) and "Fellini Satyricon." (†)

Aug. 31: "Catch-22" (1970), directed by Mike Nichols, with Alan Arkin; and "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.

Sept. 1: "The Shop on Main Street" (†); and "Loves of a Blonde" (1965), a Czech film, directed by Miloš Forman.

Sept. 2: "Cool Hand Luke" (†); and "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 25: "The White Hell of Pitz Palü" (1929), a German silent film, directed by G. W. Pabst and Arnold Fanck, with Leni Riefenstahl and Gustav Diessl; and "S.O.S. Iceberg" (1933), directed by Tay Garnett, with Leni Riefenstahl, Rod La Rocque, and Gibson Gowland.

Aug. 26-28: "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938), directed by James Hogan, with John Barrymore, John Howard, and Louise Campbell; and "Kennel Murder Case" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue.

Aug. 29-31: "Tales of Manhattan" (†) and "Flesh and Fantasy." (†)

Sept. 1-2: "This Is the Army" (†) and "Private Buckaroo." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 26 at 2:30: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 6: "Midnight" (1939), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and John Barrymore. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 8:30: "Fifth Avenue Girl" (1939), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers and Walter Connolly. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 2:30: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart, and Ruth Hussey. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 6: "The Jones Family in Hollywood" (1939), directed by Mal St. Clair, with Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, and Ken Howell; and "The Girl from Mexico" (1939), directed by Leslie Goodwins, with Lupe Velez, Leon Errol, and Donald Woods. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at noon: "A Chump at Oxford" (1940), directed by Alfred Goulding, with Laurel and Hardy and James Finlayson. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 2:30: "Blondie" (1938), directed by Frank Strayer, with Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake, and Larry Simms. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 5 and Aug. 29 at noon: "The Milky Way" (1936), directed by Leo McCarey, with Harold Lloyd and Adolphe Menjou. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 2:30: "The Great McGinty" (1940), directed by Preston Sturges, with Brian Donlevy, Muriel Angelus, and Akim Tamiroff. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 5: "When the Clouds Roll By" (1919), directed by Victor Fleming, with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at noon: "No Time for Comedy" (1940), directed by William Keighley, with Rosalind Russell and James Stewart. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 2:30: "I Love You Again" (1940), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Frank McHugh. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 6: "The Golden Fleecing" (1940), directed by Leslie Fenton, with Rita Johnson, Lew Ayres, and Lloyd Nolan; and "Whistling in the Dark" (1941), directed by S. Sylvan Simon, with Red Skelton, Conrad Veidt, and Ann Rutherford. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at noon: "Father Takes a Wife" (1941), directed by Jack Hively, with Gloria Swanson, Adolphe Menjou, and Desi Arnaz. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 2:30: "The Golden Fleecing" and "Whistling in the Dark." . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 6: "No Time for Comedy." . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 2:30: "The Villain Still Pursued Her" (1940), directed by Edward Cline, with Anita Louise, Hugh Herbert, and Alan Mowbray; and "You're in the Army Now" (1941), directed by Lewis Seiler, with Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante, and Phil Silvers. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 6: "Never Say Die" (1939), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Bob Hope, Martha Raye, and Andy Devine. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 8:30: "Hellz-a-Poppin" (1941), directed by H. C. Potter, with Olsen and Johnson, Martha Raye, and Mischa Auer. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alpha Beta—Rachel Roberts and Albert Finney in a fine film by Anthony Page, taken from E. A. Whitehead's play about an English suburban marriage. Finney, as Mr. Elliot, is unable to stop himself from uttering scabrous barbs; Miss Roberts, as Mrs. Elliot, is unable to abandon the moroseness that she knows will irritate him. Over the years, this couple, who yearn to be well matched, are turning each other into a philanderer and a scold. Small rows, puny victories. The director makes us see their ambitions for a better life, their vast hopes, their unwitting villainies and small vanities. A first-rate film, thrillingly acted, beautifully written: the knife is on the bone every time. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/9/76.) (Quad Cinema, and Thalia.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie, because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Regency; starting Sept. 1.)

At the Earth's Core—With Doug McClure, Peter Cushing, and Caroline Munro; directed by Kevin Connor. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Aug. 27.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn, Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that when the mother is killed by hunters, small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Félice. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. From the Felix Salten novel. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 26.)

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

Bugs Bunny Superstar—A collection of ten Warner Brothers Looney Tunes cartoons, with Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd, Tweety-Pie, and others. (Guild.)

Candy (1968)—Terry Southern's and Mason Hoffenberg's sex burlesque was turned into a shambles by the director, Christian Marquand, but there are funny pieces: Marlon Brando as Grindl the Guru, Richard Burton in a parody of Dylan Thomas, and James Coburn as Dr. Krankeit. Ewa Aulin, the teen-age American-girl Candide, lacks the necessary dewy freshness and isn't American; she sounds rather like Peter Lorre in his pussycat roles. (Elgin; Aug. 27.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. His son is not even political-minded; he simply feels suffocated by the existing rules. A splendid, sober film, full of the sort of silent pondering that characterizes the clockmaker. Among new directors, Tavernier is one of the best we have. In French. (8/9/76) (Fine Arts, and Quad Cinema.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 29.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Parts are effective—in a hokey, symbol-ridden way. Stuart Rosenberg directed. (Sutton; Sept. 2.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings, full of Rabelaisian cheer. Finely acted by people whom the director has helped to embody a mixture of the droll and the fragile. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

Daisy Miller (1974)—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31.)

Drum—With Warren Oates, Isela Vega, and Ken Norton; directed by Steve Carver. (Loews Orpheum.)

The Eternal Return (1948)—Jean Delannoy directed Jean Cocteau's modern-dress adaptation of the Tristan and Isolde story. Jean Marais, in a celebrated medieval-looking sweater, and the straight-silk-haired, snow-blond Madeleine Sologne are absurdly glamorous lovers; though the film has the decorative look of ballet and is heavy and stilted, they became the rage of Paris. With Yvonne de Bray and the dwarf Piéral. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman, and Waverly.)

Falstaff (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (Elgin; Aug. 30.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Sutton; Aug. 30.)

Flesh and Fantasy (1943)—Three spooky stories by Oscar Wilde, Laslo Vadnay, and Ellis St. Joseph are linked together by a device involving Robert Benchley as a pragmatic type who doesn't believe in the supernatural. Produced by Charles Boyer and the director Julien Duvivier, the film has somewhat more flair and ingenuity than Duvivier's other American trick omnibus film, "Tales of Manhattan," but it still suffers from the overexplicit Hollywood style of the forties, and it lacks the ease and believability of Duvivier's earlier French films. There are a few neat plot twists, though, and, in addition to Boyer as a tightrope walker, the cast includes Barbara Stanwyck, Edward G. Robinson, Thomas Mitchell, and Betty Field as a girl who has got it in her head that she isn't pretty enough to attract—hold it—blobby Robert Cummings. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 29-31.)

Follow Me, Boys! (1966)—From the Disney studios, with Fred MacMurray and Vera Miles, directed by Norman Tokar. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 26.)

Futureworld—With Peter Fonda, Blythe Danner, and Arthur Hill; directed by Richard T. Heffron. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through Aug. 26.)

Gator—With Burt Reynolds, Jack Weston, Lauren Hutton, and Jerry Reed; directed by Mr. Reynolds. (Trans-Lux East, 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Symphony.)

The Gumball Rally—With Michael Sarrazin, directed by Chuck Bail. (Columbia I; through Aug. 31.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished; the big fight sequence, with Bronson pitted against a boulder of flesh (Robert Tessier), makes you feel the way you did as a kid at the movies. You don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Olympia; starting Sept. 1.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 26.)

J. D.'s Revenge—With Glynn Turman, Lou Gossett, and Joan Pringle; directed by Arthur Marks. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the poky side. Robert Hamer directed. (New Yorker; Sept. 1-2.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (D. W. Griffith.)

Let's Talk About Men (1965)—Lina Wertmüller's second film, in four parts. Nino Manfredi plays the Superior Man in all four: a businessman financially less successful than his sumptuous thief of a wife, an aged circus knife-thrower, a sadomasochist, a snoring husband who is blind to his wife's discontent. Wertmüller is not a women's lib polemicist. Politically, she is an intelligent and kindly philosopher, who sees people being turned into society's flunkies. Dramatically, her nature is moved by paradox, fully aware of the ache that often underlies the Latin bombast of her characters. In Italian. (8/16/76) (Loews Tower East.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (72nd Street East; starting Sept. 1.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Olympia; through Aug. 31.)

Lovers and Other Relatives—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Salvatore Samperi. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Madame Bovary (1934)—Flaubert's Emma Bovary has usually been a role for screen beauties—Lila Lee in 1932, Pola Negri in 1937, and Jennifer Jones in 1949—but in this version, adapted and directed by Jean Renoir, Emma is played by Valentine Tessier as an anomalous creature, half swan, half goose. This large woman is not at all what one expects, yet she's surprisingly effective. Renoir's film ran three and a half hours; the backers cut it to two hours. Early viewers who saw the full version pronounced it a masterpiece; what's left is more like a Renoir nature essay on Flaubertian themes. The sunlight and the spaciousness emphasize Emma's loneliness; she's a middle-class woman with an ample figure, drifting along on romantic daydreams. When she's at the opera, she's fatuously carried away from the emptiness of provincial life. The director's brother, Pierre Renoir, plays the uncomprehending philistine Charles Bovary, Max Dearly is M. Homais, and Robert Le Vigan is Lheureux. The film was a commercial flop; it lacks Flaubert's intensity, but it has fine, unstressed images and scenes that stay with one. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31.)

The Magic Christian (1970)—The Terry Southern novel, in a slovenly version, directed by Joseph McGrath, that never quite seems on target. There are funny moments, but they don't add up to enough. With Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan, Raquel Welch, Leonard Frey, and Christopher Lee. (Elgin; Aug. 27.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Terrible, but bearable; there's a fascination to its clunkiness. Shaw had allowed "Pygmalion" to be cut and adapted for the screen, and it was a great success, but he got stubborn on this one and hung on to his dialogue; Gabriel Pascal, who had produced "Pygmalion," had also been spoiled by its success and decided to direct this time. Their failings were compounded: the actors posture and talk, and the movie goes on and on until whatever it's meant to be about no longer seems to matter. It's too cheerful to be really boring, however. The cast includes Rex Harrison (in a role based on Gilbert Murray), Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, Robert Newton, Emlyn Williams, Deborah Kerr, and Stanley Holloway. William Walton did the score, Cecil Beaton the costumes. (New Yorker; Sept. 1-2.)

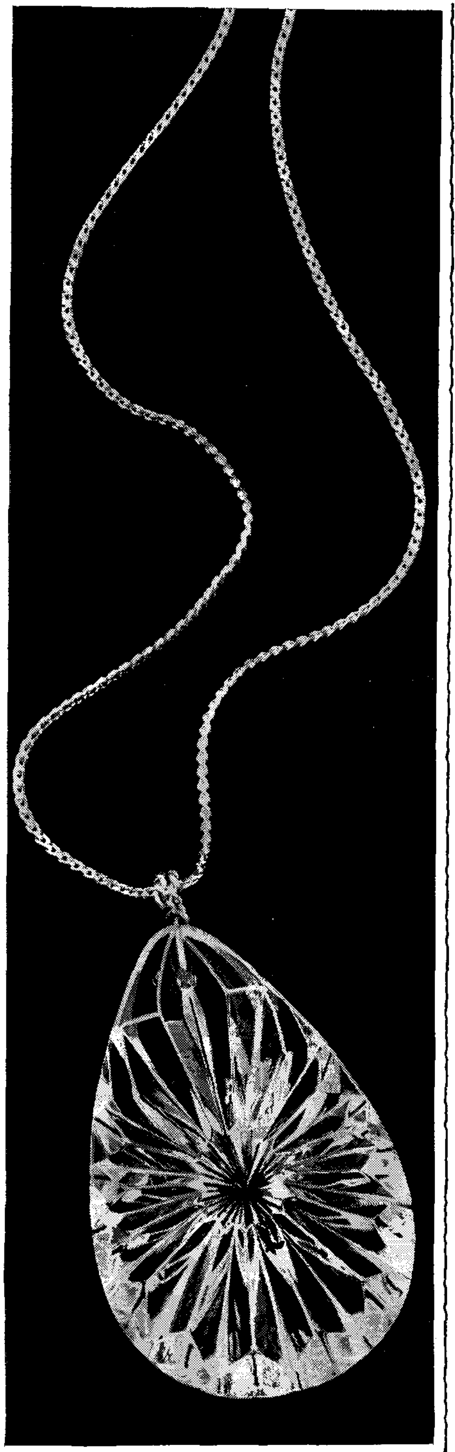
The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Plaza, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 1.)

The Man Who Skied Down Everest—An Oscar-winning Japanese documentary about the celebrated skier Miura, who toiled most of the way up Everest with a caravan of Sherpas and scientists, and then skied down part of it, at a hundred miles an hour. Six Sherpas died. There is a difference between an endeavor and a feat. (6/7/76) (Art; starting Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; starting Sept. 1, tentative.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—Modest little "international" thriller from an Eric Ambler story. With Zachary Scott, and Peter Lorre as—surprise—the good guy. (Regency; starting Sept. 1.)

Money, Money, Money (1973)—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but it amuses. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 31.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by



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Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (72nd Street East, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Playboy, and Olympia; starting Sept. 1.)

My Friends—An Italian film about friendship—a salute to male camaraderie, bravery in mufti, benevolence to friends' failings. Philippe Noiret plays one of the quartet of friends—a poached-egg-eyed crime reporter. Directed by Pietro Germi and, after his death, by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (7/26/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Obsession—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a Daddi in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (8/2/76) (Baronet, and Coronet. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Sept. 1.)

Ode to Billy Joe—With Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor, directed by Max Baer. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 31.)

The Omen—Directed by Richard Donner, starring a very sonorous and vapid Gregory Peck, who is married to Lee Remick (in a good performance). The plot involves the replacing of her stillborn baby with an orphan who turns out to be the child of Satan. The cult of Satanism may be the "Jaws" of next year. (7/5/76) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and First Avenue Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Aug. 31.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. With Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Sutton; Aug. 30.)

Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter (1971)—For children, but even more for us. The Royal Ballet's halcyon transposition of Miss Potter's stories into dance. We are in Cumberland. Greenest grass, stone walls, lakes like glass that support flotillas of squirrels on homemade rafts; a world of picnics where Mr. Jeremy Fisher, a frog dressed in galoshes and the most beautiful brocade waistcoat, does amazing leaps while mice trample joyfully in the jam tarts and two pigs in love have a pas de deux. The film looks like Miss Potter's watercolor drawings. Sir Frederick Ashton did the choreography. A day off, prodigal. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 29.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 2.)

Private Buckaroo (1942)—The Andrews Sisters sing "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anyone Else But Me" and a batch of less well-remembered songs in a musical comedy directed by Edward Cline for Universal. With Joe E. Lewis and Dick Foran. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 1-2.)

Race with the Devil (1975)—With Peter Fonda, Loretta Swit, and Warren Oates; directed by Jack Starrett. (St. Marks Cinema.)

The Return of a Man Called Horse—Richard Harris as an English peer who becomes the blood brother of a Sioux tribe. Directed by Irvin Kershner. There is much patronage about the white man's role as savior of natives in distress, much repulsive dwelling on initiatory torture, much bovine acting, and much, much bad illustrative music. (8/16/76) (Ziegfeld.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns. The play told us a good deal about the sudden outbreaks of spite and veiled peril that underscore the wit of homosexual life; the film might almost as well be set in any classical heterosexual setting of farce (hotels, ocean liners, a middle-class suburban cookout housebound by bad weather). But Lester's work is always to be seen, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (Cinema I.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Playboy; through Aug. 31.)

St. Ives—With Charles Bronson, John Houseman, Jacqueline Bisset, and Maximilian Schell; directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Columbia I, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Sept. 1.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 31.)

Le Sex Shop (1973)—A film written and directed by Claude Berri, and starring Berri himself as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He opens up a store called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. In French. (Elgin, Aug. 31.)

The Shootist—A Western, with John Wayne and Lauren Bacall, directed by Don Siegel. (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

The Shop on Main Street (1964)—An exceptionally fine film from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (Sutton; Sept. 1.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (34th St. East, Cinema II, and Paramount.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Art; through Aug. 31.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 2.)

The Stepford Wives (1975)—The first women's-lib gothic—hardly the landmark the world has been waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. (2/24/75) (Playboy; starting Sept. 1.)

La Strada (1954)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 29.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Sutton; Aug. 29.)

Swashbuckler—With Robert Shaw, James Earl Jones, Peter Boyle, Geneviève Bujold, Beau Bridges, and Geoffrey Holder; directed by James Goldstone. (Music Hall.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Sutton; Aug. 26.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—André Gide supervised this too little known version of his early, subtly disquieting novel. The director Jean Delannoy is, as usual, careful and literal, and this time his sensitivity enables Pierre Blanchar and Michèle Morgan to give perhaps their most memorable performances; the film itself is emotionally overwhelming. Blanchar plays a Swiss pastor who finds an ignorant, neglected blind girl (Morgan) and teaches her to live without sight. The pastor's passion for the blind girl destroys his wife and family, and when the girl gains her sight, she realizes the damage she has caused and becomes tormented and withdrawn. The film is about the spiritual and psychological blindness that people cannot overcome. With Jean Desailly and Line Noro; score by Georges Auric. Truffaut did homage to this film in Marie Dubois's death scene in the snow in "Shoot the Piano Player," and also in "The Wild Child," and he used Desailly in the central role in "The Soft Skin." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27.)

Tales of Manhattan (1942)—This five-episode film was planned by its producers, Boris Morros and S. P. Eagle (known now as Sam Spiegel), as a flamboyant, star-filled, gimmicky package. Ten top screenwriters, including Ben Hecht, Donald Ogden Stewart, and Ferenc Molnar concocted this script (which resembles a series of O. Henry rejects), and the performers who were hired include Charles Boyer, Henry Fonda, Paul Robeson, Rita Hayworth, Edward G. Robinson, Ginger Rogers, Charles Laughton, Ethel Waters, Roland Young, Thomas Mitchell, James Gleason, Cesar Romero, and the Hall Johnson Choir. The story is about the jacket of a full-dress suit; as this tailcoat, cursed by its cutter, passes from one owner to the next, it changes the luck of those who handle it. One director, Julien Duvivier, wrestled with the hyperactive, overextended vignettes, bringing the film a gaudy unity, but not a single episode is convincing on any level. The Edward G. Robinson portion has, at least, a little suspense; in competition for the most embarrassing section are the ones with Laughton as a symphony conductor and a miracle featuring Robeson and Waters. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 29-31.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Olympia; through Aug. 31.)

This Is the Army (1943)—The celebrated patriotic stage revue, with music by Irving Berlin, originally performed by enlisted men, was given a story line for the movie, and the cast was padded out with civilian screen actors and other notables. The plot spans two wars and features the curious, near-beer prophetic father-son pairing of George Murphy, as Jerry Jones, a First World War soldier who writes an Army show called "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," and Ronald Reagan, as Johnny Jones, who writes the Second World War show "This Is the Army." Having presented these fictitious authors, when it comes time for Irving Berlin to appear (as Irving Berlin) and sing "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," the film has the devil's own time explaining who *he* is. It's a huge two-hour musical that reeks of uplift, but there are a few funny lines, an impressive soldier chorus, and many tolerable, if wholesome, numbers. This is not the Army of "From Here to Eternity." Michael Curtiz directed; with Joe Louis, Kate Smith, George Tobias, Joan Leslie, Charles Butterworth, Gertrude Niesen, Frances Langford, Ruth Donnelly, Dolores Costello, Una Merkel, and, from the original cast, the tap-dancer Private James Cross and the singer Sergeant Robert Shanley. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 1-2.)

The Three Caballeros (1945)—Ostensibly Walt Disney's patriotic attempt to cement our relations with South America. Actually it is a mixture of authentic fantasy, atrocious taste, and bogus mysticism. The technique is mixed, involving an ambitious combination of living women and caricatured animals and a series of backgrounds that are half stylized drawing and half what appear to be photographs of picture postcards, all executed in Technicolor. If you want to see how quasi-obscene Disney's innocent zoological humor could be, take a look at the sequences featuring the romance between a two-foot high animated duck and a full-size mortal woman. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; Aug. 27-31.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 30.)

Treasure of Matecumbe—From the Disney studios, with Robert Foxworth, Joan Hackett, Peter Ustinov, and Vic Morrow; directed by Vincent McEveety. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; Aug. 27-31.)

Tunnelvision—With Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor, directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel. (Cinema Village; through Aug. 31.)

Ugetsu (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 27.)

Under Capricorn (1940)—A Hitchcock stinker, set in Australia in the early nineteenth century (though shot in England, for Warners). High-born English Ingrid Bergman (!) is Lady Henrietta, who elopes with a stableman, Joseph Cotten (!), becomes alcoholic, and falls in love with her visiting cousin, Michael Wilding. The casting in this movie defies all reason, and includes Margaret Leighton as a servant. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 1.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her way to church, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 2.)

The War Between Men and Women (1972)—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Playboy; through Aug. 31.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Art; through Aug. 31.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

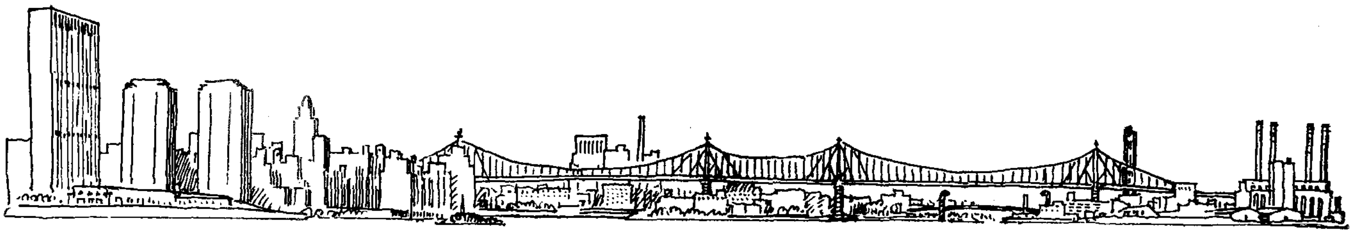
Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours has written us as follows:

One afternoon this spring, on the upper East Side of Manhattan, about eighty people sat in pews in a low-ceilinged, rectangular room that had been converted into a chapel. The chapel was an annex of the main church, and, though it was expensively fitted out, had an impersonal, functional character that made one think of the word "service" not in the sense of a religious ritual but in the sense in which the word is linked to "commodity." The presiding minister went well with this impression. The commodity he was providing that afternoon was a funeral, and he delivered the psalms and led the hymns with a professional sincerity that resonated through voids of lost faith. The mood of the congregation, however, was strikingly intent. I would not describe it as either religious or secular; it seemed, rather, to be a sharply focussed mood, bearing witness to a life and death. This focus of feeling cohered within the boundaries of the ceremony like a liquid contained by a centripetal force of its own within a broken, leaky vessel.

I had not been close to the woman whose funeral this was. Let's call her Mary Jones. She and her husband, Robert, had spent their summers in the community in which I, two generations younger, was growing up, and this meant that I had seen her often during my life but did not mean, as far as I could remember, that I had ever had a substantial conversation with her. She was, however, part of a privately held image; and it was in honor of this image that I was there, and with it that I contributed to the centripetal force in the room. Every summer for as far back as I could remember, I had watched Robert and Mary Jones walking down the beach to the water for a swim: she a tall, big-boned woman, clearly beautiful when young, a person with a languorous, faintly ironic style suggesting both character and humor; he a small man, distinguished (although not as glamorous as she), upright (in spirit and body), cheerfully earnest, energetic. A slightly comical couple because of their difference in size, they would walk at a leisurely pace, several feet apart, conversing. I never overheard much of what they said, but it was apparent that the conversation ranged from serious discussion to banter. Often it was punctuated with laughter; I remember the laughter most vividly. When they reached the water, they would wade in, still talking, losing their balance somewhat on the rocks underfoot, talk some more, and, finally, sink in and swim around a little—in a semi-upright position that allowed them to continue talking. Their enjoyment of each other was arresting—sharp as pepper, golden. I have seen other happy old couples, but this picture of the Joneses, renewed many times, came to represent to me an essence of human exchange—something indescribably moving and precious, which comes to fruition only toward the end of a lifelong marriage. Whatever that essence is, I find it dazzling. It has always struck me as one of the great possibilities life has to offer.

All through the successive movements of personal emancipation which have been washing across our world in the last century, and particularly in the last decade—drawing power from the most profound intellectual currents of the century, but for the first time forming the values and governing the lives of most of a generation—I have held on to this image of the Joneses. That was not because I disagreed with the principles: the spirit of emancipation has also touched deep nerves of truth, has also opened windows on life's great possibilities. I kept hold of the image not as a refutation of my generation's values but because it reminded me of their limitations: of the blind side of our age, and the cost of the blindness; of a perhaps fatal stupidity intertwined with our enlightenment. The idea of emancipation, after all, has to do with an escape from bonds, not a strengthening of bonds. Emancipation has to do with power, not love; and a view of life in terms of emancipation—or liberation—will tend to be a political view, or, at least, it will interpret life with the political metaphor. Finally, the object of emancipation is the individual, not the connection between individuals; the doctrines of this emancipation stress terms like "self-awareness," "self-fulfillment," "self-discovery," "self-determination," and "self-sufficiency"—terms that crowd anybody other than the "self" right out of one's imagination. The doctrines claim that the relationships between people will be better, on the whole, for the participants' having been emancipated, but even if


Richard Edes Harrison

this is sometimes true, it is fairly plain that the better relationship is not a goal in itself; what is considered worth working for is the individual self-fulfillment possible within the better relationship. (When the relationship—no matter how good—gets in the way of self-fulfillment, it is clear which one has to go.) This may seem to be a purely academic difference of emphasis, but I don't think it is. I don't think that it's a coincidence, for example, that more and more people are living alone these days, that more are getting divorced, that fewer are getting married; it's no coincidence, in other words, that in the age of emancipation—all the talk about "healthier" relationships notwithstanding—there are going to be fewer and fewer Robert and Mary Joneses.

During Mary Jones's funeral, I basked in the thought of her marriage, hoarding the warmth against the astral chill of an unknown future. The future chilled me not because I think it promises to eradicate long, happy marriages from the face of the earth; only the most tyrannical social system could accomplish that. What chilled me was a more general sense of the transformation of our society from one that strengthens the bonds between people to one that is, at best, indifferent to them; a sense of an inevitable fraying of the net of connections between people at many critical intersections, of which the marital knot is only one. Each fraying accelerates others. A break in one connection, such as attachment to a stable community, puts pressure on other connections: marriage, the relationship between parents and children, religious affiliation, a feeling of connection with the past—even citizenship, that sense of membership in a large community which grows best when it is grounded in membership in a small one. If one examines these points of disintegration separately, one finds they have a common cause—the overriding value placed on the idea of individual emancipation and fulfillment, in the light of which, more and more, the old bonds are seen not as enriching but as confining. We are coming to look upon life as a lone adventure, a great personal odyssey, and there is much in this view which is exhilarating and strengthening, but we seem to be carrying it to such an extreme that if each of us is an Odysseus, he is an Odysseus with no Telemachus to pursue him, with no Ithaca to long for, with no Penelope to return to—an Odysseus on a journey that has been rendered pointless by becoming limitless. The pointlessness of unlimited dispersal: that was the chill against which I hoarded a small, indirect warmth, against which all the people in the room seemed to be exercising, through sheer power of attention, a centripetal, connective force. Death, as always, had reminded me, and perhaps all of us there, of the passionate loneliness at the center of each destiny, and this has no doubt always been a side of human awareness. But the other side—that we give form and meaning to those solitary destinies through our associations with others—has been allowed to fade away, leaving us exposed to a new kind of cold; leaving us to be bound occasionally by the fleeting miracle of coinciding emotions—as in that chapel this spring—but otherwise to hold together through the sheer quixotic effort of individual will alone.

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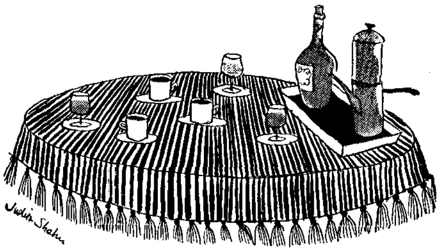
Scoops

UNTIL an optometrist from Utah decided to behave like a dentist and yanked out the New York State delegation's—or, to put it another way, Nelson Rockefeller's—telephone during the third session of the Republican National Convention, we were concerned that the previously unaroused New York delegates in Kansas City weren't having such a swell time. We gathered this impression (a) because, despite their occasional preoccupation with funny hats and noisemakers and campaign buttons (the best: "Stop Stassen"), the New Yorkers seemed ponderously businesslike, and (b) because of some disappointments suffered along the way by Fred Brown, a subway conductor and alternate delegate from the Bronx, and Clara Fells, a non-delegate from Queens. We will get to Fred Brown and Clara Fells in a moment, but first a few words from J. C. (Jiggs) Whitley. For the record, Mr. Whitley is the Southwestern Bell employee from Fort Worth, Texas, who performed emergency surgery after Doug Bischoff, the aforementioned eye specialist from Salt Lake City, mortally wounded the New York delegation's hot line to the Ford command trailer in reaction to Vice-President Rockefeller's whimsical decision to fold and mutilate a Reagan poster.



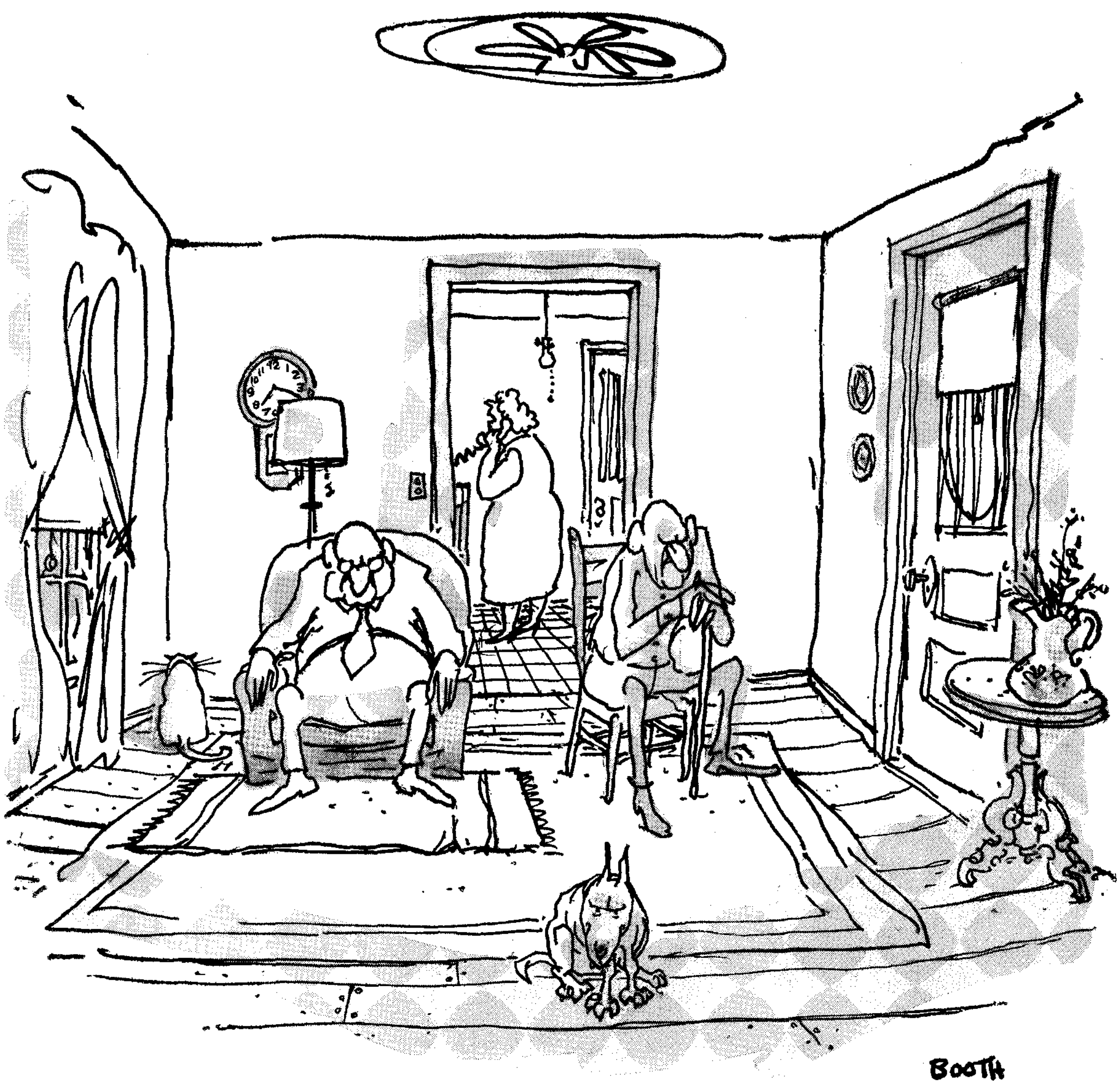
"I can't give you all the fine details," said Mr. Whitley as he relaxed and smoked a cigarette shortly after finishing the job. "See, I was standin' back here without much to do, and I understand a delegate came along and just ripped the thing out. Normally, it only takes a few minutes to fix a phone, but we didn't have that much room to work, with the Vice-President's feet in the way. Also, sometimes you can fix these phones without replacing 'em, but the way this one was tore up, some of the wires inside was ruined. Then, the first replacement phone we brought down was the wrong kind. And I had to spend part of my time on the floor looking over my shoulder in case some hothead decided to come back for some more action. Anyways, we got it fixed. My only problem now is where's all my tools? You can say what you want about politics—and I myself happen to be a Democrat—but one thing I can't get along without is my scissors and my long-nosed pliers."

The harsh realities of political life dictated that Jiggs Whitley's heroics went almost unnoticed, while Richard Rosenbaum, the chairman of the New York State delegation, who had been a heavyweight boxer during his college days, collected heaps of praise for chasing Dr. Bischoff from the Convention floor. This is particularly curious because the Doctor was described by witnesses as "fighting mad" and "a pretty big dude," and Mr. Rosenbaum failed to connect with a single punch.

"I was sitting next to Rockefeller, and that guy looked like he was about six foot six when he was coming after the phone," said the imposingly bald Mr. Rosenbaum. "My right's my best hand if I can get it in. My left isn't bad, either. Do I remember my last fight? Yeah. It was about a year ago—a charity benefit against Floyd Patterson, in Rochester. Jersey Joe Walcott refereed. It was supposed to last three rounds, but Jersey Joe stopped it after two, because I caught a left hook with my right eye and came out of my corner at the beginning of the third round seeing double. I saw double for about two weeks."

Meanwhile, the saga of Fred Brown jockeyed for position as the most poignant human-interest story of the Convention, ultimately losing out to the apocryphal tale of the three Florida delegates who planned to risk going to jail in order to vote for Ronald Reagan in contravention of the Florida law committing them to President Ford on the first two ballots. Mr. Brown's story, which at least has the virtue of being true, was verified by us when we tracked him down one afternoon in a hotel lobby as he was on his way to visit his sister, who lives in Kansas City. The way Mr. Brown figures it, the trouble that befell him in Kansas City began to materialize ten weeks before he arrived, when an air-conditioner condenser pipe at the Phillips House burst and flooded fourteen floors of the hotel.

"My guess is they must have missed my room during the clean-up," said Mr. Brown. "I went in, the bellhop put my bags down, and I looked around. The television was broken, the bathroom was unworkable, and the rug—well, never mind the rug. I headed straight downstairs and told the manager that the room was unfit for human habitation. We debated the situation for quite some time. The worst part was that they had other rooms in the hotel on reserve, but they wouldn't give me one of those. I asked for my money back, and they wouldn't give me that, either. My approach to the problem was 'Get me another room or get me out of the hotel,' but eventually I decided, as a matter of principle, to camp out in the lobby. A couple of my fellow-members from the Brown-Highbridge Republican Club—James Wilson, the president, and Rebecca Rollins, the co-leader—joined me there. Actually, it wasn't exactly camping out and it wasn't sleeping. We just sat there all night watching our luggage. They finally found a different room for me the next afternoon. I'm still having an argument with the hotel, because they want to charge me for the first night even though I didn't use the room. We might go to court over that one; I don't know. Why didn't I go stay at my sister's house? I didn't want to miss any of the action here."



"George Stoner is here from Terre Haute. He and Henry are talking over old times."

• •

Which brings us, in oblique fashion, to Clara Fells, who went to the Convention with her husband, William, treasurer of the Queens County Republican Party, not to politick but simply to watch the action. On the morning of the second day of the Convention, the New York delegates held a private caucus in the Continental Hotel, barring the press and several invited guests, including Elliot Richardson, Jack Ford, and Christopher Bond, the governor of Missouri. While these dignitaries were being turned away, Mrs. Fells was standing in the lobby downstairs waiting to board a bus for a tour of Kansas City. When Elliot Richardson moved through the lobby and was met outside by several reporters, Mrs. Fells walked toward the door, stared for a moment, turned to her friend, and said with sarcasm, "Great. The only time he's worth listening to is when he's singing."

"Who are you talking about?" asked her friend—Gladys Klein, the wife of Melvin Klein, a delegate from Far Rockaway, Queens.

"That fellow in the tan suit—Pat Boone."

Mrs. Klein pointed out that the man in the tan suit was Elliot Richardson.

"Well, then, where's Pat Boone?" asked Mrs. Fells. "Oh, there he is, coming out of the elevator—the fellow with the white shoes."

Pat Boone, a Reagan delegate from California, had indeed come out of the elevator, along with Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Don Defore, who, we were reminded by a Secret Service man, played the role of Mr. Baxter in the old "Hazel" television series.

"I heard John Wayne was supposed to be here," said Mrs. Klein. "I wonder who he's for."

A newspaper photographer standing

nearby said to a reporter, "I got pics of Rosenbaum."

"Did you get Pat Boone?" asked Mrs. Fells.

A few minutes later, the tour bus arrived, and Mrs. Klein and Mrs. Fells boarded, along with Mr. Fells, and Lawrence Costiglio, also from Queens. The bus wasn't crowded, and the four took seats in the rear. The tour proceeded along a route that displayed the crème de Kansas City—the River Quay, a restored section downtown; Crown Center; the Country Club Plaza Shopping Center; the William Rockhill Nelson Art Gallery—and most of the passengers admired what they saw. Mr. Costiglio appreciated the clean streets. Mrs. Klein liked the idea that none of the store windows had protective bars. Mr. Fells, a carpenter and building contractor, marvelled at the slate and tile roofs of the large homes in suburban Kansas. Only Mrs. Fells seemed unimpressed. When the bus moved past the Plaza Theatre, where the featured attraction was "Harry and Walter Go to New York," we asked her what she thought of Kansas City.

Mrs. Fells shrugged, and said, "I guess it's O.K., but I wouldn't want to live here."

"Why not?" we asked.

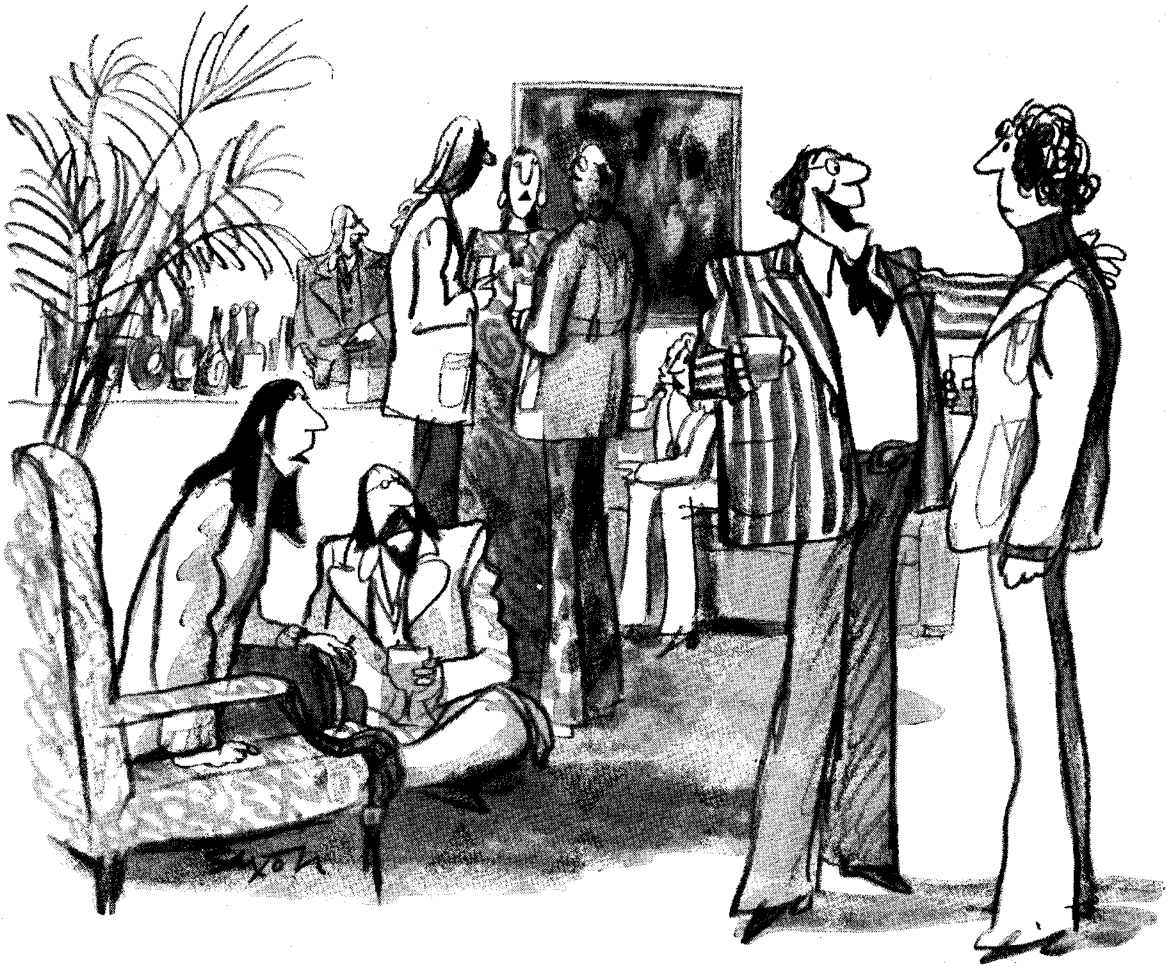
"It's too far away," she said.

Trouble-Shooters

EARLY on a Wednesday morning, nine representatives of the Chrysler Corporation and a chief judge of the Chrysler-sponsored International Plymouth Trouble Shooting Contest parked three 1976 six-cylinder Plymouth Volarés—identical except that one was red, one was white, and one was blue, and except that one had a Mexican, one had a Canadian, and one had an American flag on the antenna—on the white-and-gray terrazzo of the Americas Plaza, in front of the Time & Life Building. Then they removed three hundred and forty-six parts from the engine of each car, including the intake manifold, the exhaust manifold, the starter, the carbon filter from the ignition-control unit, the cylinder head, the valve springs, the valves, the valve covers, the rocker arms, the alternator, the carburetor, the radiator, and the fan. Then they replaced some of the parts with defective parts, and they spread all the disassembled parts on a canvas sheet in front of each car. At a little past eleven o'clock, three teams, representing Mexico, Canada, and the United States (two high-school-student mechanics per team), went to work on the cars to see which team could reassemble the engines and find the defective parts in the shortest time and with the fewest mistakes. People stood five deep around the police barrier to watch, and the air carried a tempting new-car smell across the plaza. The competitors looked wildly for the right wrenches on their tool tables, newsmen got in the way, conversations about car trouble spread among the spectators ("I had a new distributor and set of plugs put in last week—fifty bucks"), and the man who likes to drum on the pavements around Rockefeller Center continued to beat out an interesting rhythm by the curb, spare drumstick in the back pocket of his shorts.

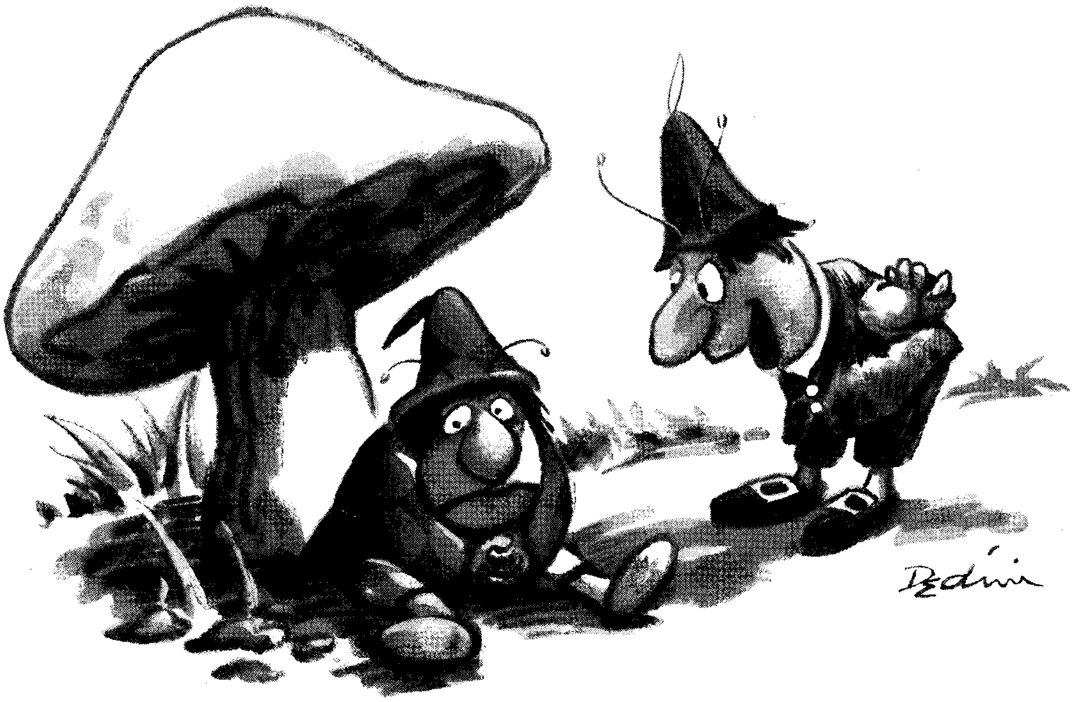
Two big speaker cabinets faced the crowd, and from them came the running commentary of Ed Schmidt, the man who is head of warranty return for Chrysler. "These cars are a far cry from the cars of forty or fifty years ago," he said. "Wait till the boys get them started up. The prettiest sound in the world is a Plymouth two-hundred-twenty-five-cubic-inch, six-cylinder engine. If the Lord made anything better, He kept it for Himself. I see Mexico's about got the battery hooked up. I asked the coach if his boys were going to be able to resist taking a siesta when the noon hour rolled around. I sure was wrong. Look at them go to town. They're fine representatives of their country."

Less than an hour after they began, the Mexican team had their car running, with the muffler off, and it made a nice, throaty echo. A minute later, the Americans' car started. The Mexican team found the defective parts, and, satisfied that everything was hooked up correctly, they closed their hood at one hour and thirty-three min-



"Watch out for Archie Hopkins. He collects people."

utes into the contest. The Americans finished six minutes later. About an hour and a half after that, the Canadians finished. The judges looked over each car and ruled that the Americans came in first, the Canadians second, and the Mexicans third. The Americans had made one mistake, the Canadians two, and the Mexicans three. One of the members of the Mexican team kissed the flag hanging from his car's antenna. Eighteen-year-old Dennis G. Strickland, from North Johnston High School, in Kenly, North Carolina, one of the members of the American team, leaned on the rear bumper of the repaired Volaré and smoked a Salem in a champion-trouble-shooter way and said that the real problem had been finding the short in the starter relay. He added that when he got back to Kenly he was going to look for a job.



"Oh, c'mon now! Let's see that elfin grin!"

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All the competitors in the International Plymouth Trouble Shooting Contest got an all-expenses-paid trip to New York and then to Washington, where they had breakfast with Secretary of Labor W. J. Usery. The American team, for their victory, also received a several-tiered trophy to take back to their school in Kenly. As a Chrysler official took the trophy from its stand to award it, he noticed that a cup on top was loose. He walked over to the tool table, picked out a three-eighths-inch wrench, and, with three quick strokes, tightened up the bolt that held the cup before the trophy was presented.

Boz Scaggs

WE went to the Wollman Memorial Rink, in Central Park, the other evening to hear Boz Scaggs, a singer who comes from Texas, perform. There are a few things we have always liked about Boz Scaggs. We like his performing name (Boz Scaggs) and we like his real name (William Royce Scaggs). We like the songs he sings, which are mostly his own compositions and are mostly about bad boys (as in a song called "Lowdown") and bad girls (as in a song called "Georgia"). When we saw him in the Park, we found other things to like. For instance, his live singing voice isn't at all far removed from his recorded singing voice; he talks with a nice Texas drawl; and he never once asked the audience if everybody was feeling all right or to accompany his singing with handclaps.

Boz Scaggs is not a new performer or a widely popular old performer. During the late sixties, he was a member of the Steve Miller Band, a San Francisco rock group. Since then, as a solo performer, he has had a "following." He's been very popular in cities like San Francisco, where he now lives, and New York. But his popularity seems to be getting national. We took a look at *Billboard*, the music-trade magazine, and saw that his latest album was in the Top Forty of both the regular chart and the black-music chart.

At the Wollman Memorial Rink, we saw many people wearing T-shirts that said simply "BOZ." Onstage, Boz Scaggs, a tallish, handsome man with brown hair that he wears swept back in a beatniklike style, wore blue pants, a red turtleneck sweater, and white sneakers. He was accompanied by some other musicians and by two pretty girl singers wearing white backless gowns. Sometimes he sang and played a white guitar, sometimes he sang and played a gold guitar, sometimes he sang and played a piano, and sometimes he sang and danced around. Almost always he said something about the song he was about to sing. He said, "This song is about a lady thing; it's about when it's all over," and he sang a song called "It's Over." He said, "This is a song about a cat who's inside doing time all because of a girl named Georgia. If you listen, you'll know why," and he sang "Georgia." Then he sang a song called "What Can I Say." It's our favorite Boz Scaggs song, because of these two lines: "Stop makin' like a little schoolgirl" and "Could be your lucky day, baby." That song made us very happy.

Two Sisters

THE other day, a young woman we know was, she reports, rather pompously discussing writers' blocks with her little sister. Our friend is thirty-one and a writer. Her little sister is thirteen and a horseback rider.

"It's a prolonged version of what sometimes happens when you're going over a jump," said our friend. "At the last moment, your concentration wavers and you lose your stirrups or fall off."

"Oh," said the little sister forthrightly. "You're afraid. You don't have confidence."

Our friend suffered an unexpected withering of self-esteem. "Yes," she was forced to say. "That's right. Surely you've had that experience."

"Well, I myself don't have that problem," said the little sister. "The only time I run into trouble is when things are easy and I mess up because I'm not paying attention. When I face a hard jump, I always do what I have set out to do." She smiled in a way that showed she was telling the truth, and added reassuringly, "But I have known several horses that have your problem."

GOODBYE MARCUS GOODBYE ROSE

"WHEN first I wore my old shako," sang Captain Cardew, "Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years ago," and Phoebe thought what a wonderful bass voice he had. This was the second time he had called to take her for a walk, and again he had brought her a large box of chocolates.

Captain Cardew and his wife were spending the winter of 1898 in Jamaica, when they visited the small island of Dominica where she lived and found it so attractive and unspoilt that they decided to stay. They even talked of buying a house and settling there for good.

He was not only a very handsome old man but a hero who had fought bravely in some long-ago war which she thought you only read about in history books. He'd been wounded and had a serious operation without an anesthetic. Anesthetics weren't much used in those days. (Better not think too much about that.)

It had been impressed on her how kind it was of him to bother with a little girl like herself. Anyway, she liked him; he was always so carefully polite to her, treating her as though she were a grownup girl. A calm unruffled man, he grew annoyed only if people called him "Captain" too often. Sometimes he lost his temper and would say loudly things like: "What d'you think I'm Captain of now—a penny-a-liner?" What was a penny-a-liner? She never found out.

It was a lovely afternoon and they set out. She was wearing a white blouse with a sailor collar, a long full white skirt, black stockings, black buttoned boots, and a large wide-brimmed white hat anchored firmly under her chin with elastic.

When they reached the Botanical Gardens, she offered to take him to a shady bench and they walked slowly to the secluded part of the Gardens that she'd spoken of and sat under a large tree. Beyond its shadow they could see the yellow dancing patches of sunlight.

"Do you mind if I take off my hat? The elastic is hurting me," Phoebe said.

"Then take it off, take it off," said the Captain.

Phoebe took off her hat and began to talk in what she hoped was a grown-up way about the curator, Mr. Harcourt-Smith, who'd really made the Gardens as beautiful as they were. He'd come from a place in England called the Kew. Had he ever heard of it?

Yes he had heard of it. He said, "How old are you, Phoebe?"

"I'm twelve," said Phoebe, "—and a bit."

"Ho!" said the Captain. "Then soon you'll be old enough to have a lover!" His hand, which had been lying quietly by his side, darted toward her, dived inside her blouse, and clamped itself around one very small breast. "Quite old enough," he remarked.

Phoebe remained perfectly still. He's making a great mistake, a great mistake, she thought. If I don't move he'll take his hand away without really noticing what he's done.

However the Captain showed no sign of that at all. He was breathing rather heavily when a couple came strolling round the corner. Calmly, without hurry, he withdrew his hand and after a while said, "Perhaps we ought to be going home now."

Phoebe, who was in a ferment, said nothing. They walked out of the shade into the sun, and as they walked she looked up at him as though at some aged but ageless god. He talked of usual things in a usual voice, and she made up her mind that she would tell nobody of what had happened. Nobody. It was not a thing you could possibly talk about. Also, no one would believe exactly how it had happened, and whether they believed her or not she would be blamed.

If he was as absentminded as all that—for surely it could be nothing but absentmindedness—perhaps there oughtn't to be any more walks. She could excuse herself by saying that she had a headache. But that would only do for once. The walks continued. They'd go into the Gardens or up the Morne, a hill overlooking the town. There were benches and seats there but few houses and hardly anybody about.

He never touched her again, but all through the long bright afternoons Captain Cardew talked of love and Phoebe listened, shocked and fascinated. Sometimes she doubted what he said: surely it was impossible, horrifyingly impossible. Sometimes she was on the point of saying not "You oughtn't to talk to me like this" but, babyishly, "I want to go home." He always knew when she felt this and would at once change the subject and tell her amusing stories of his life when he was a young man and a subaltern in India.

a. ehrenberg

"Hot?" he'd say. "This isn't hot. India's hot. Sometimes the only thing to do is take off your clothes and see that the punkah's going."

Or he'd talk about London long ago. Someone—was it Byron?—had said that women were never so unattractive as when they were eating, and it was still most unfashionable for them to eat heartily. He'd watch in wonder as the ethereal creatures pecked daintily, then sent away almost untouched plates. One day he had seen a maid taking a tray laden with food up to the bedrooms, and the mystery was explained.

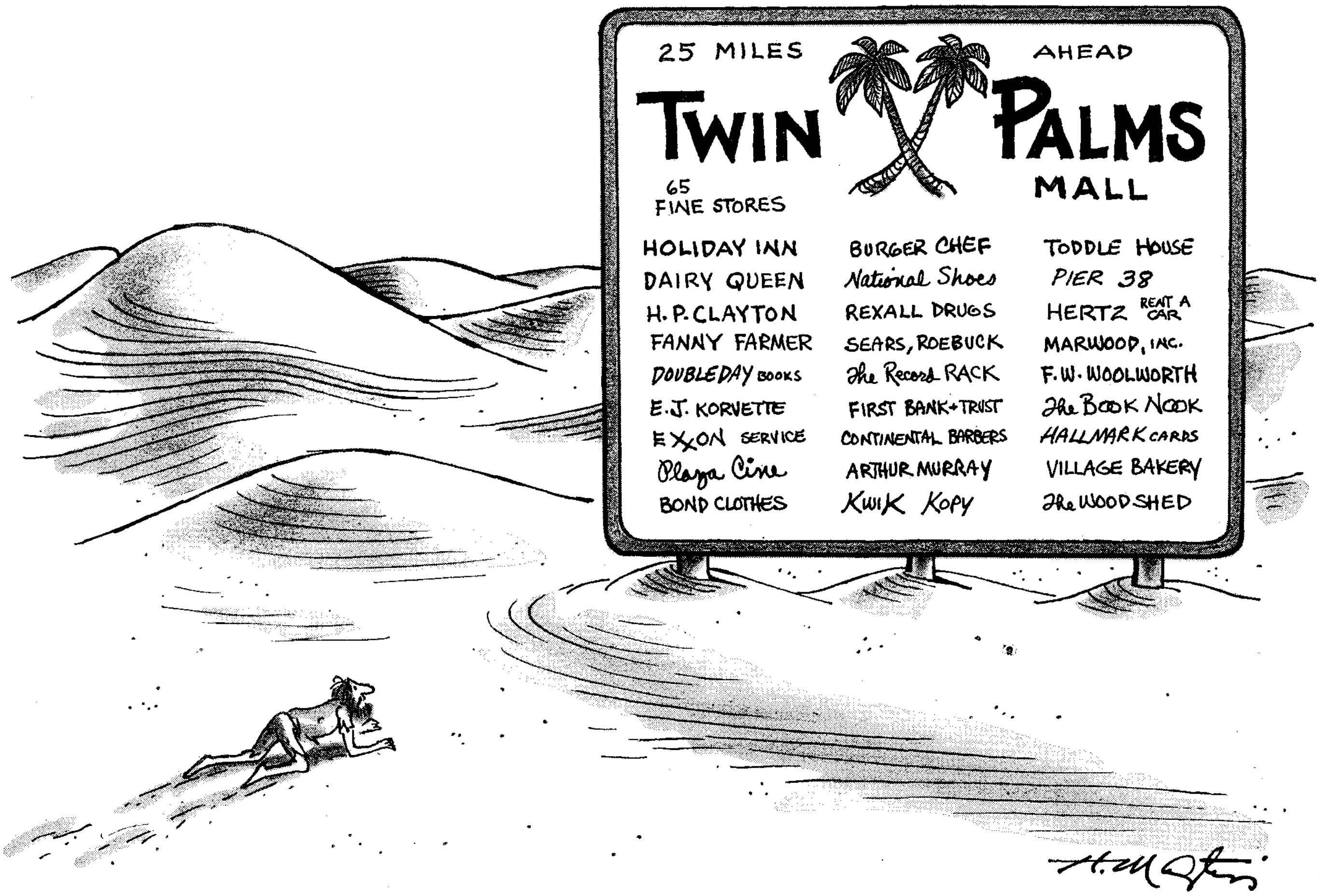
But these stories were only intervals in the ceaseless talk of love, various ways of making love, various sorts of love. He'd explain that love was not kind and gentle, as she had imagined, but violent. Violence, even cruelty, was an essential part of it. He would expand on this; it seemed to be his favorite subject.

The walks had gone on for some time when the Captain's wife, Edith, who was a good deal younger than her husband, became suspicious and began making very sarcastic remarks. Early one evening, when the entire party had gone up the Morne to watch the sunset, she'd said to her husband, after a long look at Phoebe, "Do you really find the game worth the candle?" Captain Cardew said nothing. He watched the sun going down without expression, then remarked that it was quite true that the only way to get rid of a temptation was to yield to it.

Phoebe had never liked Mrs. Cardew very much. Now she began to dislike her. One afternoon they were in a room together and Mrs. Cardew said, "Do you see how white my hair's becoming? It's all because of you." And when Phoebe answered truthfully that she didn't notice any white hairs: "What a really dreadful little liar you are!"

After this she must have spoken to Phoebe's mother, a silent, reserved woman, who said nothing to her daughter but began to watch her in a puzzled, incredulous, even faintly suspicious way. Phoebe knew that very soon she would be questioned; she'd have to explain.

So she was more than half relieved


25 MILES AHEAD
TWIN PALMS MALL
65 FINE STORES
HOLIDAY INN
DAIRY QUEEN
H.P. CLAYTON
FANNY FARMER
DOUBLEDAY BOOKS
E.J. KORVETTE
EXXON SERVICE
Plaza Cine
BOND CLOTHES
BURGER CHEF
National Shoes
REXALL DRUGS
SEARS, ROEBUCK
The Record RACK
FIRST BANK+TRUST
CONTINENTAL BARBERS
ARTHUR MURRAY
KWIK KOPY
TODDLE HOUSE
PIER 38
HERTZ RENT A CAR
MARWOOD, INC.
F.W. WOOLWORTH
The BOOK NOOK
HALLMARK CARDS
VILLAGE BAKERY
The WOODSHED

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when Edith Cardew announced that they'd quite given up their first idea of spending the rest of the winter on the island and were going back to England by the next boat. When Captain Cardew said "Goodbye" formally the evening before they left, she had smiled and shaken hands, not quite realizing that she was very unlikely ever to see him again.

THERE was a flat roof outside her bedroom window. On hot fine nights she'd often lie there in her nightgown, looking up at the huge brilliant stars. She'd once tried to write a poem about them but not got beyond the first line: "My stars. Familiar jewels." But that night she knew that she would never finish it. They were not jewels. They were not familiar. They were cold, infinitely far away, quite indifferent.

The roof looked onto the yard and she could hear Victoria and Joseph talking and laughing outside the pantry; then they must have gone away and it was quite silent. She was alone in the house, for she'd not gone with the others to see the Cardews off. She was sure that now they had gone her mother would be very unlikely to question her, and then began to wonder how he had been so sure not only that she'd never tell anybody but that she'd make no effort at all to stop him talking. That could only mean that he'd seen at once that she was not a good girl—who would object—but a wicked one—who would listen. He must know. He knew. It was so.

It was so, and she felt not so much unhappy about this as uncomfortable, even dismayed. It was like wearing a dress that was much too big for her, a dress that swallowed her up.

Wasn't it quite difficult being a wicked girl? Even more difficult than being a good one? Besides, didn't the nuns say that Chastity in Thought, Word, and Deed was your most precious possession? She remembered Mother Sacred Heart, her second favorite, reciting in her lovely English voice: "So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity . . ." How did it go on? Something about "a thousand liveried angels lackey her. . . ."

"A thousand liveried angels" now no more. The thought of some vague irreparable loss saddened her. Then she told herself that anyway she needn't bother any longer about whether she'd get married or not. The older girls that she knew talked a great deal about marriage; some of them talked about very little else. And they seemed so sure. No sooner had they put their hair up and begun going to dances than they'd marry someone handsome (and rich). Then the fun of being grownup and important, of doing what you wanted instead of what you were told to do, would start. And go on for a long long time.

But she'd always doubted if this would happen to her. Even if numbers of rich and handsome young men suddenly appeared, would she be one of the chosen?

If no one ever marries me—
And I don't see why they should—
For nurse says I'm not pretty
And I'm seldom very good. . . .

Well there was one thing. Now she felt very wise, very grownup, and she could forget these childish worries. She could hardly believe that only a few weeks ago she, like all the others, had secretly made lists of her trousseau, decided on the names of her three children: Jack. Marcus. And Rose.

Now goodbye Marcus. Goodbye Rose. The prospect before her might be difficult and uncertain, but it was far more exciting. —JEAN RHYS

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Through the governance of the number of bedrooms in two-family units or non-high rise multiple-dwelling units, the planning board said it could control the size of the school population.—*Palisades Park (N.J.) Bergen News.*

Oh, come! Love always finds a way.

SLOW PITCH

Arriving

OUT the main road a half mile from the center of town, past the last church, burger joint, and funeral home, there's a right turn you might not see that leads to Memorial Field. It's a short, straight, bumpy road, and after the last game at night (there are two games a night, four nights a week, five months of the year) this road becomes a thunderous avalanche of Barracudas, G.T.O.s, Javelins, Challengers, Hondas, Harleys, Cougars, Vettes, pickups, Furys, Darts, choppers, and various aging muscle cars as the players and spectators come dragging out of the parking lot. Headlights are pale in the swirling dust. Arriving is a different matter. A good time is around six-thirty, when the sun is not too high above the trees. Find a place to park down behind left field, then walk up the grassy slope toward the whistling, catcalls, clapping, cheers.

Getting Settled

THE bleachers are made of heavy wooden planks, and there are three levels to choose from. The highest one is about the right height to put your elbows on, if you prefer to stand at the back rather than settle down. Each level has an accompanying plank a little in front and below, to put your feet on. Some spectators like to put their feet on the seat in front of them; this not only permits the stretching of one's legs but gives one a mild yet agreeable sense of occupying more territory, of being what you might call a two-seat person—a bit of grandeur along with the comfort. Some people never settle down. Small children run up, down, and along the bleachers, using the spectators as obstacles. A lonely old man keeps shifting from one place to another, seeking congenial conversation and company; when the responses begin to lag, he moves.

The best place to sit is close to third; it has everything. You are in the center of the bleachers; you are deep in the social life of the spectators; you can hear the talk between the third-base coach and the runner; you can see the infield clearly, and the outfield, and you have a splendid view of the sunset above the woods behind right field. And once in a while, to keep you alert, there will be a wild throw to third, and as the runner slides and the third baseman leaps, the ball will come right at you.

All things considered, sit behind third.

"I was bringing you one perfect rose, but the engine conked out in Darien."

High Foul

A HIGH foul soars out of the field on a crazy trajectory, then begins its swift descent toward the parking area. Suspense: the crowd waits. . . . A loud metallic THUMP as it hits a (somebody else's?) car. Laughter from the fans.

Beautiful Girl

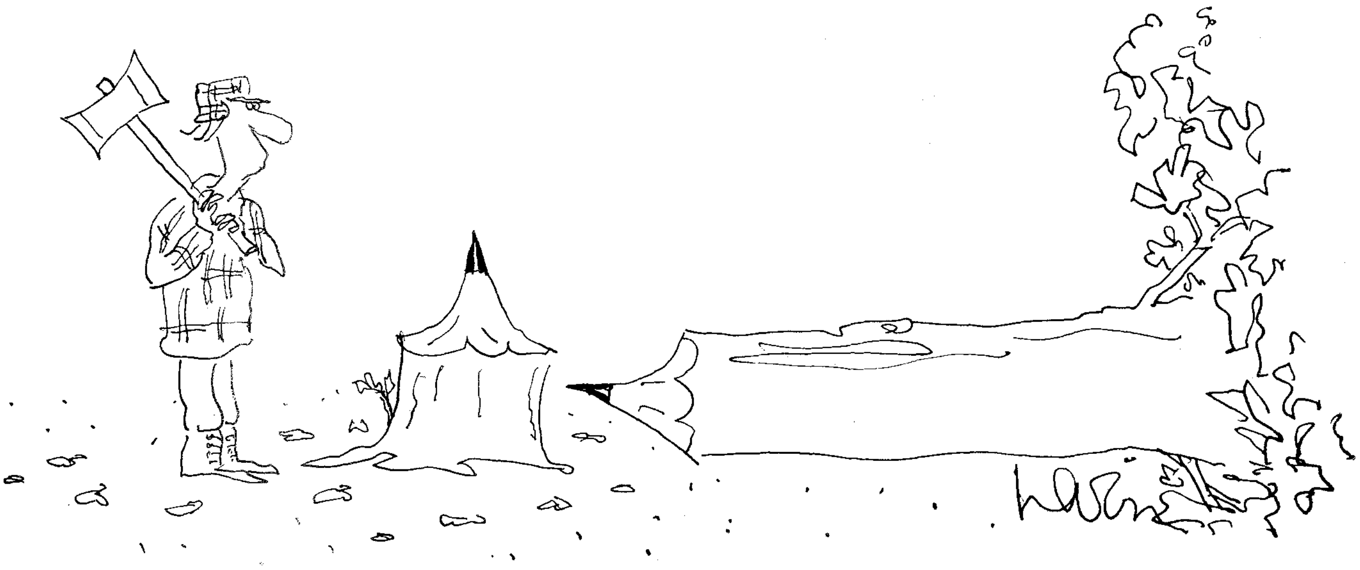
THERE'S a beautiful girl in the stands tonight. Perhaps she's nineteen or twenty. Long hair, T-shirt, worn jeans. Her face is fine, the bones superb, but the perfect order of her features contrasts with an anarchy of manner. Her eyes are vague; her speech is sluggish. She is with another girl, two boys; she holds a brown paper bag containing an open bottle of wine. Every few minutes, she takes a drink. "I haven't had any food today," she remarks. "All day." She counts some loose change in her hand. "Let's go to New York," she says.

Slow Pitch

THIS is slow-pitch softball. The pitch sails upward in a leisurely arc and crosses the plate on the way down. The mildness of the pitch means several things to the temper of the game: almost all the batters will hit the ball (strikeouts are rare, and so are walks); nobody can get beaned; there will be little pressure on the pitchers for precision work (just get it over the plate—with a little spin, of course—and let the fielders do the rest); and it gives the evening an easiness, a gracious quality, so that no single pitch or hit or inning seems too important. The game, in fact, is not crucial, either, since there are so many games. One way or another, the next game will be different. It comes down, then, to the evening, to the sunset, and the people; a good time in a good place; the chance of a breeze.

Teams

TONIGHT, Nick's Seafood is playing Four Star Tavern. There are eight or ten teams that play here, perhaps more; each team has its own identity and style, and some have their own special shirts. The unifying factor on a team, however, is the common age of its players, and this is seen through (a) the size of the stomach, and (b) the hairstyle. The former is



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simple and self-evident (the older the player the bigger the pot), but the latter is more complicated. The oldest teams—men in their forties—have late-nineteen-forties and early-fifties Vitalis Style, in which the top central portion of the hair is combed laterally across the skull, while the frontmost cowlick is combed backward, at right angles to the rest. (This requires two hands to execute properly: one hand, using a comb, sweeps backward over the other hand, which is placed flat across the cranium; this flat hand pushes forward as the comb pushes back, and the result of these counterpressures is a dramatic frontal crest perhaps an inch and a half in height.) Other styles include the Butch, or Flattop, which indicates extreme age, or Last Gasp at Sports; Standard Long Hair (Four Star Tavern members wear this, and they come mostly from one or two of the high-school baseball teams of the late nineteen-sixties); and Las Vegas Super-Styled Hair—moderately long and expensively sculpted—which is popular with teams in their mid-to-late thirties.

Donald the Scorekeeper

DONALD is a celebrity in the seventh grade, and probably the richest kid around. He is purported to have earned three hundred dollars last season. He's the league scorekeeper, and he sits in a special booth high up behind home plate. For those in the seventh grade, and others, there is only one way to see the ballgame: it's to be invited by Donald to join him up in the scorekeeper's box.

The Furies

SCATTERED through the bleachers are unescorted middle-aged women with fierce, strident voices—harridans who shriek at the players and at the ump. They also cheer their favorites, but it is their abuse that is heard most clearly. They punctuate their contempt with mild scatology when attention flags, and they tell the teams what to do, when, and how. Their voices reach like claws to the farthest part of the outfield. A player selected for their scorn is pursued everywhere, and cannot escape.

Experts

SINCE the difference between an out and a home run is generally just a matter of a few yards in the vicinity of the high wire fence in the outfield, it takes a practiced eye to predict, as the ball begins its climb over the infield, how successful it will be. There are those who gasp, cheer, clap, or shriek as the hit unfolds—only to see it drop into the waiting glove a moment later. The experts have barely noted its passing; they check the catch, but coldly; they have no commitment to a mere pop fly. Yet they know the real thing from the instant the bat connects, and they murmur, "That's gone."

Mother

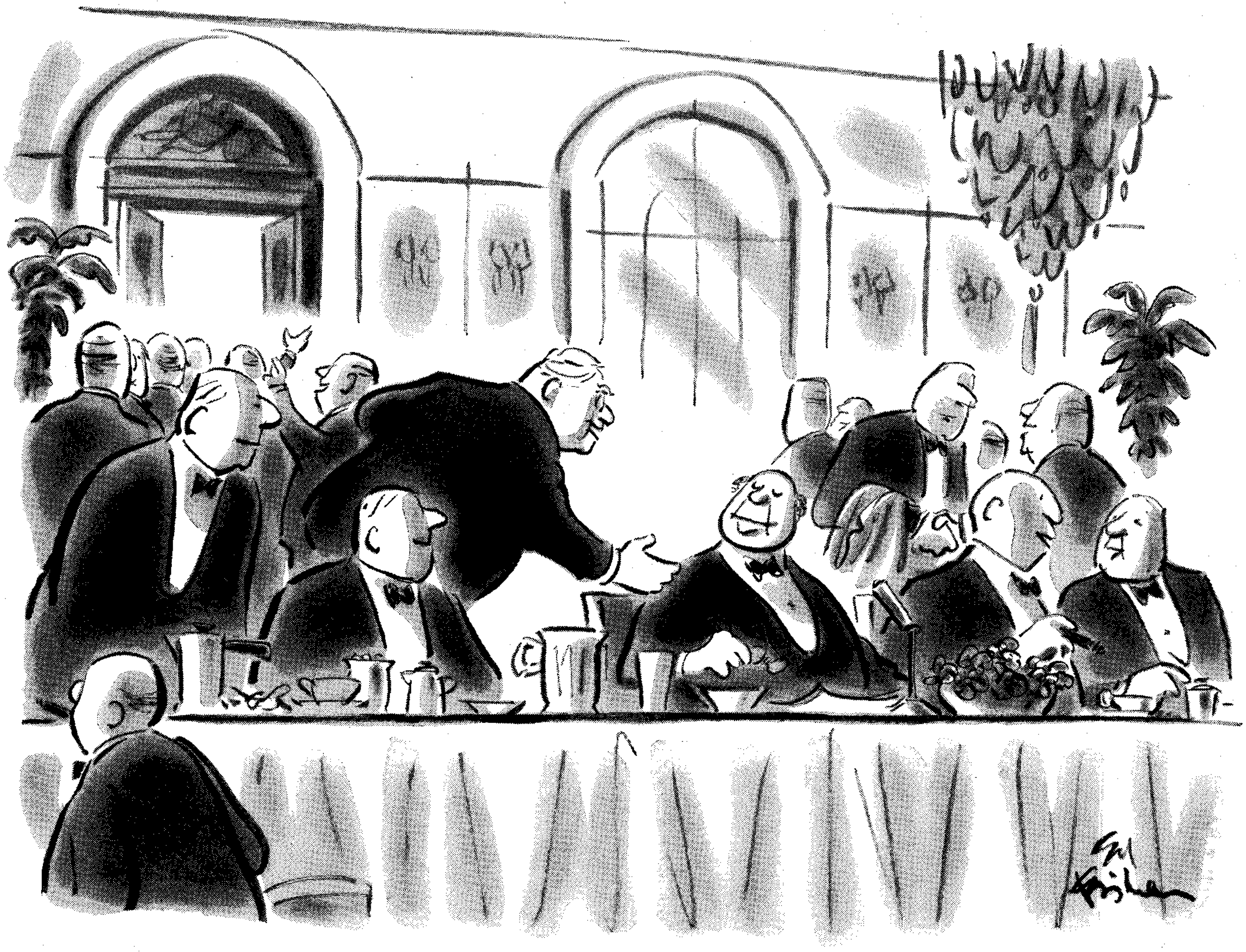
A PLUMP young mother whose child is rolling in the dirt with other kids behind the stands waves her can of beer and calls across the bleachers to a friend; she describes a recent victory over a nosy neighbor. "Last night, I come home around twelve-thirty, you know, and I ring her doorbell. I ring and ring, and finally she comes down the stairs in her wrapper, and she opens the door a little crack, you know. 'Who is it?' she says. 'It's me,' I says, 'I'm *home*.' " The mother laughs—the spectators seated between her and her friend smile politely, or pretend they didn't hear the story—and drinks her beer and chuckles to herself.

Weather Report

IT is still very hot. The sun is below the treetops. The mosquitoes are here—fat, indolent, vicious. It is not enough to put bug spray on your face, neck, arms, and ankles; you must get a light coating from head to toe. To these mosquitoes, a shirt is merely a challenge.

Outcast

AN older player, built like a tub, has been pitching for Nick's Seafood, and poorly; he walks yet another man, the bases fill up, and he curses the umpire. He shouts at him that the calls are wrong, the ump can't see, isn't smart, doesn't know anything—and suddenly he throws his glove across the infield. The ump, his dignity increasing in proportion to the pitcher's rage, instructs him to leave the game. The pitcher rants, then starts to leave; stops, shouts imprecations, starts to leave again. He makes jerky progress, trying to insure that he departs with maximum respect—but he stalls too long. Had he simply cursed the ump and marched away, he might have retained the sympathy of the crowd, but in protesting overlong he lost the role of victim and became merely a sorehead. The crowd is jeering now. He marches down toward the parking area. Moments later, he reappears, holding a beer. He goes to the bleachers, and starts to yell again. The ump ignores him for a while, then orders him to leave entirely: *Get out.* The scene has moved beyond ritual to ugliness. The former pitcher mutters a remark or two, making it clear that he is leaving of his own free will, that



"By God, Carmichael, you're that rarity among today's breed of terse, low-key after-dinner speakers—a real windbag!"

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exile is his choice. He swaggers away, beer in hand, deaf to disapproval.

The Other Field

NOT far away—past center field—is a Babe Ruth Field. There, if you wander over to take a look between games, you'll see hardball, played by kids in uniform. The crowd is different here: it's parents, watching their children and judging them, measuring them against the other children. The uniforms are snappy, and the score and the batter and who's on deck are all announced over a loud p.a. system. There's even a snack bar behind the stands. No hot cars or choppers parked over here; no longhairs, no beer, no rednecks, no drunks, no dope smokers, no harridans—the atmosphere is bland and joyless. The parent watches grimly as the son strikes out, drops the fly, boots the grounder.

Trouble

THERE is trouble behind the bleachers at the slow-pitch field. Murmurs. Furtive looks. Who? What? A large, livid man is restrained by friends. Loud threats. A second man is backing away. What is it? Nobody knows. Somebody knows. Moments pass. A single—no, a double play. Where is he now? Over there. Three outs. More whispers. Somebody comes strolling back from the cars. What's happening? Information arrives slowly, creeping like a vine through the stands. What? Who? It seems . . . Oh. She did? . . . Oh . . . The intelligence is repeated, altered, enhanced, distorted, made lurid, passed on. His wife has been messing around, and he's going to kill the bastard. Right now. Heads turn, gazing at the man. Would he? Yes, he looks as though he would. And could. He might. Within moments, a police car arrives, and then another police car. One state, one local. The angry man is being coerced into the local car. The second man has drifted off. The cop is talking to the angry man. They sit side by side in the front seat. Friends lean in the window, also talking. The game goes on. A single to right, two outs. The next time people look, the police cars are gone. The man is gone.

Last Innings

THE sun has set; they have turned on the lights for the last innings. The players move in a haze; it seems to slow things down. The spectators are in no hurry to leave. Who knows? There may be a colossal hit, a fantastic catch, a perfect throw—these are a kind of acupuncture, mysterious but familiar, cancelling out for a while the distant pain, the blistered heart, the relentless longing, the unhealing wound that waits. When the game is done and the lights are off, the field will vanish, the fences disappear, darkness will flow in once more, and the cars will growl and snarl at the night. It's the top of the ninth. *Smack* goes the bat; *pop* goes the beer can. Laughter and cheers crackle through the stands. The heat that would never end is dying, and now . . . look at the trees . . . there . . . yes . . . feel that? . . . A breeze.

—James Stevenson

ACCOMMODATIONS AT UNCLE SOL'S

IN a magnificent farmhouse near Great Barrington, Massachusetts, lives my father's elder brother, Uncle Sol. He is seventy-seven years old and a spry, gnomish bald man with big ears and a big nose. I don't know where he gets his money from, what there is of it. I do know that he is an old "progressive" from way back, that he subscribes to the *Daily World*, and that he speaks constantly of the holocaust or catastrophe that he sees lying in wait for us around the next turn in history. When he was much younger, Uncle Sol worked as a labor organizer in New York City, and he has always been famous among his friends and family for helping people—especially young people—when they lose their way or their job or the knack of just getting along. When I was a child, before my family moved to the suburbs, my parents sent me and our maid, Wreatha, to Uncle Sol's every summer. They wanted to get me away from the city's polio epidemics and parochial-school children. I still go there for one week every summer, by myself, during my vacation.

This summer, Uncle Sol said to me the night I arrived, "I just can't handle all the work around this place. I'm tired as a dog. Of course, I really don't care how the place looks anymore, but I think I'll go over to Pittsfield and see if I can't get this boy Larry to help me."

THE next day, he drove away in the morning and returned at noon with Larry riding in the front seat. Larry is the son of Ethel, Uncle Sol's former cook and housekeeper. He is fourteen years old, a frail boy, very black. Uncle Sol put him right to work scraping the huge white double doors of the horse barn, which were badly in need of painting.

"I had to get that boy out of Pittsfield," Uncle Sol said to me as Larry went to work. "It's no good for him to be in the city with nothing to do. God knows I owe that much to his mother. She has helped me more than anyone." We stood in the driveway and watched Larry, who in two or three minutes reduced his attack upon the doors to bemused pickings interspersed with intricate and rather accomplished drum rhythms of the metal scraper against the aging wood.

I went and got another scraper from the toolshed and set to work helping Larry. The job was particularly hard, since there were at least four layers of paint, which adhered stubbornly to the wood even though they were cracked and blistered. Larry, whom I hadn't seen since my week at Uncle Sol's the summer before, started a conversation.

"You know them tractor-trailers, Davey," he said.

"Yeah."

"I *like* them tractor-trailers, man. The truckers over in Pittsfield, they let me go with them on some trips into New York State. You set real high off the road."

"Do you want to be a truck driver?" I asked.

"Yeah, man. You could make some money."

There was a silence.

"Say, Davey, is that where you live, over in New York?"

"Yes. In the city."

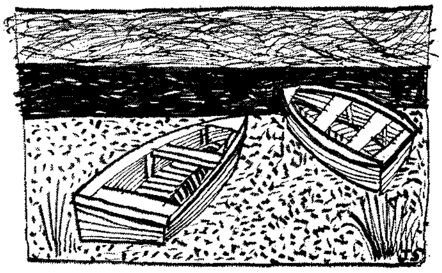
"You mean where all them streets and lights is?"

"Yeah."

"You know, man, it's good to go and see different places," he said quite gravely. "It's good to get out of Pittsfield sometimes."

IN the living room, later the same day, Uncle Sol was talking to Ella. She is my second cousin—technically in the same generation as me—but she is over seventy. During the winter, Ella lives alone in the Bronx on her schoolteacher's pension. Her mother ran one of those green newsstands in Manhattan after her father abandoned the family. She put Ella through college, is the famous story. Every summer Ella comes to stay at Uncle Sol's. She tries to help him in the gardens and cleaning up the house, and she gets quite a bit done, considering that she is blind in one eye, only partly sighted in the other, and almost deaf. In fact, she is very helpful and beats everyone at Scrabble. ("She just drives me crazy," Uncle Sol says to me. "It's sad, don't you think? I let her believe she's helping me, but then I have to do everything she does over again.")

"You know, he is very expensive to keep here," Uncle Sol was shouting at Ella. I had come in from the horse barn, Larry and I having finished all the scraping that was possible without splitting off wood underneath. I got some iced tea and sat down in the living room.



"And I just can't count on him to be around when I need him," Uncle Sol said. "I'd rather hire a reliable man and pay him."

Ella, who pretends to hear more than she does, moved her head around in a strategic gesture that was neither yes nor no. Uncle Sol was speaking of Tom Guillermin, a young man from California who had somehow come to live at the farmhouse last winter as a kind of caretaker and stayed on in the summer in a corn crib that he had converted into sleeping quarters. "I think he has turned surly," Uncle Sol continued. "He has met so many girls and he goes off on dates and I never know when he'll be here."

Ella bobbed.

"You know, he broke the lawnmower a week ago. He cuts the grass like a wild man, he's in such a hurry to get through. He doesn't watch for rocks. He didn't tell me about breaking it; I had to find out for myself. Don't you think it's like a child, not telling me about something like that? When I gave the mower to Segalla, he told me that it had busted because it had been misused."

"When will it be ready?" I asked.

"It should be ready now," Uncle Sol said.

"Why don't I drive over to Canaan and get it?"

"Oh, Davey, you don't have to; you're supposed to be on vacation."

"I don't mind," I said. "I'll even put some blankets down in the back of your station wagon, so the mower won't scrape."

"You needn't bother with the blankets."

"In that case, I won't bother with the blankets."

"In that case, you'd better."

WHEN I picked up the lawnmower at Segalla's, I asked the manager if the damage had come from mishandling. "Oh, no," he said. "This kind of breakdown just comes from heavy use. The summer has been wet, and the lawns grow like wildfire. We've had a lot of cases like this."

THE next morning, Ella and I were in the kitchen having breakfast. Larry had already eaten and was outside knocking off blossoms with jets from the garden hose. As long as I can remember, Larry has loved playing with the hose, whipping its stream across the gardens and lawns as if he meant to punish them. Uncle Sol slept late; he often has great trouble getting to sleep, and reads into the early-morning hours. Ella wandered around the kitchen picking abstractedly at some food in a bowl. Some cottage cheese had gotten stuck on her nose. I was trying to make waffles on an old iron. The batter kept sticking to the iron. Finally, a fuse blew.

"God damn it," I said.

"What?"

"I said, This God-damned waffle iron thinks it's a Stradivarius."

Ella bobbed. "Are you going to cook some waffles?"

"I blew a fuse," I yelled.

Suddenly, Tom appeared in the doorway.

"Where have *you* been, Mister?" Ella asked as she walked out of the kitchen.

"Hi, Tom," I said. "Uncle Sol is mad at you. I heard him telling Ella yesterday that you're never around when he needs you and that you're very expensive to keep."

"Expensive! What does he mean? He doesn't pay me anything, and all I do is have two or three meals a day when I'm here, and he can ask me to do anything he wants."

"Well, I don't know," I said. "I guess he doesn't have very much money, and he really wants somebody to be at his elbow, anticipating his every need. I just thought I'd tell you. Where were you—on a date?"

"Yeah. I went down to New York. I met this girl who is a buyer for the men's department at Bloomingdale's. She's a cousin of some friend of Sol's who has a place on Lake Buel Road, and they came over here for a visit a couple of weeks ago. Are you on vacation?"

"Yeah. What's this girl's name from Bloomingdale's?"

"Diane."

"So was she Miss Right?"

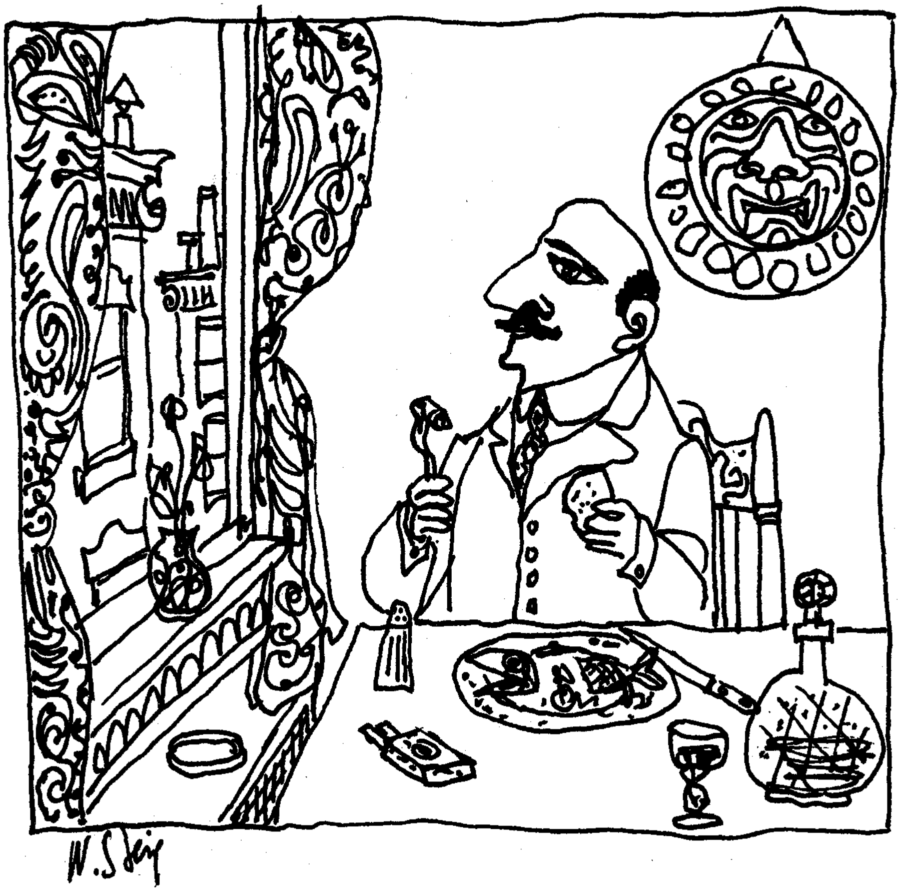
Tom laughed.

"Are you going to cook waffles?" he asked, looking at the gluey iron.

"I was going to, but the iron kept sticking and now I've blown a fuse."

"I'll fix it and show you how to work the iron. Your batter looks too thin anyway."

Tom changed the fuse and came downstairs again to thicken the batter, which was in a cup. When he finished adding stuff to it, I poured it into a blender, but the white-yellow batter was so thick now that some of it stuck to the cup. I knocked the cup against the blender's glass container. It still stuck. I knocked the cup a little harder and cracked the container.



Herring and Wine

"Uh-oh. Don't tell Uncle Sol. I'll drive into Great Barrington this afternoon and try to replace it," I said to Tom. I buried the broken glass under some other trash in the garbage can and hid the base of the blender in a cranny.

SINCE I didn't know whether Uncle Sol wanted the barn doors painted right away, I went to work with Tom after breakfast, scraping the north side of the house itself. Tom's main work for the summer was painting the house, and he had it three-quarters finished. I had suggested the project to him during the winter, when I had come up to go skiing and met Tom for the first time. I had noticed that the house was peeling badly, and when Tom wondered out loud what he could do to earn his keep if he decided to stay for the summer, I assured him that once Uncle Sol got back from Mexico, where he was performing some mysterious "progressive" errands and taking care of his sinuses, he would find plenty that needed to be done. I suggested that painting the house would be a good place to start in the spring.

We stripped down for the job, since it was an oppressively hot day, with thunderclouds already marching up from the south. I had never seen Tom without a shirt before. He had been a world-class pole-vaulter a few years back, and his athlete's body was nothing but knots of muscles. Soon Larry came to join us and started drumming his scraper on the house.

After an hour or so, I took a break and walked around to the front of the house. I found Uncle Sol regarding the barn doors like a general reviewing ragged troops.

"Good morning, Uncle Sol," I said. "Do you want the barn doors painted now? What kind of paint should we use, and where is it?"

"More paint needs to come off," he said.

"But if you take any more of the old paint off, rotten wood comes off with it. I think we should just go ahead and finish it. It'll look O.K."

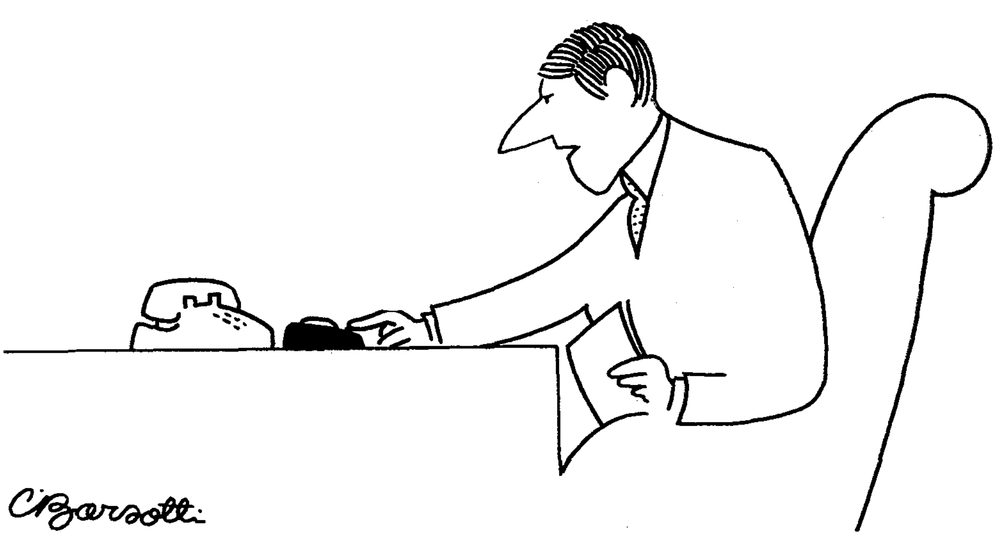
"Listen, Davey, it's not that I don't appreciate what you do for me when you come up, but you just don't know about these things."

"All right," I said. "I'll try to get some more off." I got out the stepladder and set about hunting for overlooked scrapable sections. Uncle Sol went back into the house and lay down.

We all took another break at about two o'clock, and I snuck off into town with the blender base. "Why, that's a

Sun Monarch," the man at the hardware store told me. "That's a real old blender and a good one. We don't have any replacements for that. You'll have to send out to St. Louis—if they're still in business. Come on, Herb, look at this old Sun Monarch," he called to his helper. "I haven't seen one of these in fifteen years. It's a pity they're not around anymore."

"I'll say," I said. I decided not to mention the blender to Uncle Sol until I left, in a few days.



"Miss Christopher, send in a wise old head, please."

ON the way back to the farmhouse, I stopped at a roadside stand and ordered a steak hero (they call them "subs" in Massachusetts), with the works, for lunch. It was delicious, but I could eat only half of it.

By the time I got back, the clouds had banded together into a sky of sullen lead. Uncle Sol was standing in the driveway. "What's that you got in your hand, boy?" he said as I walked toward him.

"Oh, half a steak sub," I said. "I was hungry."

"That's crazy. We would have fed you here; you know that. Why spend your money?"

"I'm on vacation, and I like to spend money on vacation," I said.

Uncle Sol smote his forehead with the heel of his hand.

Tom was wheeling the lawnmower out from the toolshed. "Better get the lawns before it rains," he said. "They're already like jungles." He had put the scrapers and ladders away. I went into the house and put the wrapped-up half hero in the refrigerator.

I've never seen anyone mow a lawn as Tom did that afternoon. He approached the two acres of lawn that lie around the farmhouse as if they were foreign, hostile territories that had to be conquered and ruled with an iron hand. He laid out the various sections into subsections by cutting boundaries into them with the mower. He mowed so that all the grass was thrown toward the middle of a subsection, making Larry's and my raking and wheelbarrow loading quite easy. He had three caches of gasoline in three different outbuildings, each of them near a place where he knew he would run out. He mowed very quickly, taking the biggest possible swaths of lawn but never leaving any "holidays," as Uncle Sol called them—the narrow ridges of grass that result from too much ambition. He knew where every rock was and avoided each of them gracefully, leaving only a few tufts behind.

He had nearly finished the last section, in back of the house, when dusk finally started to fall. Ella rang the cowbell for supper, but Tom wanted to finish. Uncle Sol came out and told us to stop—that everything would get cold if we didn't. "I don't know why he won't let me take five more minutes," Tom said to me as we walked into the house. "He never lets me complete anything."

"YOU know, I don't know why nobody ever finishes anything around here," Uncle Sol shouted to Ella later that evening. Larry and Tom and I had gone to bed at about eleven, with the rain falling and the thunder making artillery rumbles in the distance. But I could hear Uncle Sol through the grate in my room, upstairs above the living room. "They got that door scraped and then put that aside and did the lawn, and Tom never even finished the lawn. And he must have hit twenty rocks." I could almost hear Ella bobbing.

A little later on, I went downstairs for some aspirin. I found Uncle Sol in the kitchen, eating the rest of my steak hero.

A COUPLE of days later, when I was leaving Uncle Sol's, he said to me in the driveway, "You know, you should have told me about that blender. I wanted to purée some tomatoes this morning for your mama down in Nyack. I couldn't find the container, and then Tom told me you'd broken it. Now, that was like a child, not telling me about it."

"Well, I was trying to replace it in town," I said. "I was just about to tell you. I didn't see any point in upsetting you about it if there was no need."

"I'm not upset; you didn't need to worry about that," Uncle Sol said. "I don't mind when these things happen; I just want to know, that's all. Are you afraid of me, boy?"

"Yes."

"That's the craziest thing I've ever heard. You and I have never had any trouble."

ON Monday, back in New York, before I went to my office, I stopped at Korvette's on Fifth Avenue. I bought an exquisite Osterizer blender, with so many buttons and dials on its front that it looked like the console of a jet fighter. I asked the salesman, Mr. Dubowsky, to have it sent to Uncle Sol's. Mr. Dubowsky had a bad cold, and shreds of white Kleenex clung to his suit. "It's for his birthday," I explained to Mr. Dubowsky, who hadn't asked. "His birthday is in a few weeks, and I just thought he might be able to use a good blender. I heard Osterizer was the best."

"The best blender ever made," said Mr. Dubowsky, with a scholar's certainty, "was the Sun Monarch. They stopped making them about ten years ago, and nothing since then has come close."

—DANIEL MENAKER

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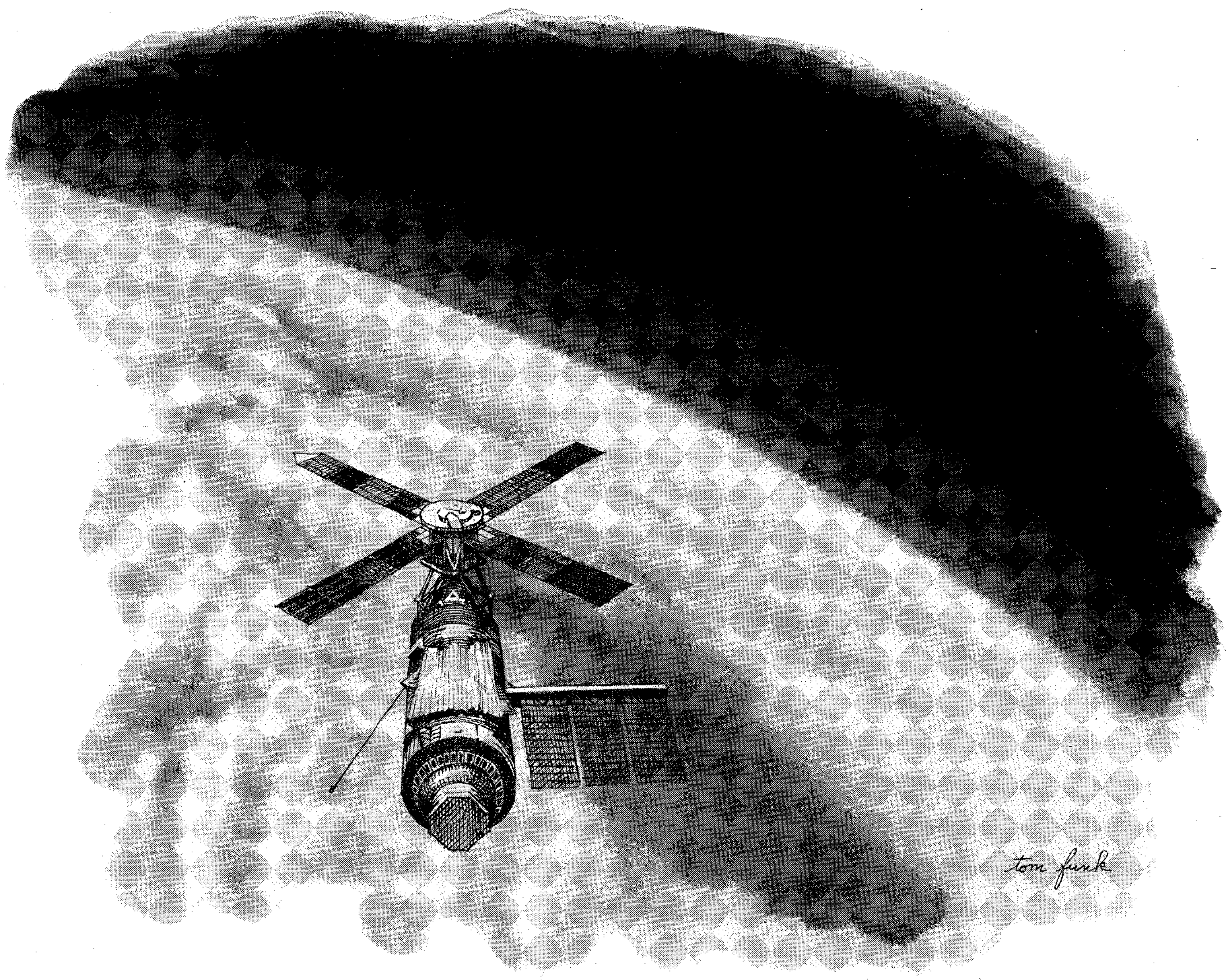
BERKELEY (UPI)—Famed undersea explorer Jacques Cousteau says the ocean is on its deathbed.

"The ocean is sick, very sick," Cousteau told a cheering crowd at the University of California.—*Las Vegas Review-Journal.*

The bloody ghouls!

A REPORTER AT LARGE

LIFE IN A SPACE STATION—I



Oh, baby, when I was a little kid, I never dreamed anything like this even could happen. Nope, I never dreamed it could happen to anybody, let alone me. —*Edward G. Gibson, Science Pilot, Third Skylab Crew.*

ONCE every five days, Skylab, the abandoned space station, orbits overhead, two hundred and seventy miles above New York City. If its passage occurs just before dawn or just after sunset, the empty hulk looks like a bright star speeding across the sky. When the third and final crew of astronauts to live there departed, on February 8, 1974, they left the space station in such condition that it could easily be visited again by other astronauts. Near the entrance hatch they put a bag containing food, film, and a number of other items that any future visitors might want to bring back to earth, for scientists are interested in learning how various materials are affected by long stays in space. Future visitors to Skylab won't stay long, though, for even before the third crew went home some of the space station's systems—in particular, the one for guidance and navigation—had begun to fail. As the last Skylab astronauts pulled away from the station, they suspected, one of them said later, that no one would ever again live aboard Skylab, floating weightless through its rooms, wrestling with experiments, and simply peering out the window for hours at a stretch, as they had been doing from the time of their arrival, on November 16, 1973.

When the members of the third crew, whose sojourn aboard Skylab was the longest and the most complex, took up residence, Skylab—originally gold, white, and silver on the outside—was somewhat battered. After six months in space, the white paint had browned slightly, and the gold had baked and blackened. The space station was also minus one of a pair of stubby, winglike lateral solar panels for generating electricity, which had broken off shortly after Skylab was launched from Cape Kennedy, on May 14, 1973; the mishap occurred when the wind generated by the craft's passage through the atmosphere had shredded an outer sheathing of aluminum insulation, which was to have protected the station from the sun and from micrometeorites throughout its life in space; the solar panel had partially deployed, and wind created by a blast from one of the staging rockets had then torn the panel off. The first crew, which arrived eleven days after the launching, on May 25th, had erected a protective parasol over the space station; and the second crew, which arrived on July 28th, had spread a huge awning over that. Consequently, with its awning, its parasol, and its single remaining wing, and, overhead, a big, rotorlike array of more solar panels, Skylab looked to the third crew less like a space station than like Uncle Wiggily's airship.

Skylab was a primitive space station knocked together from old Apollo parts. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration might well have built a more advanced station if it had planned one from scratch instead of setting out to find a use for surplus Apollo hardware, which was how the project started, but in that case there might not have been one at all. The astronauts sometimes called Skylab "the cluster" and sometimes "the can," and both terms were correct, for it was a cluster of cans. By far the biggest can, the workshop, was a converted Saturn rocket booster of the sort that used to power Apollo astronauts out of earth orbit toward the moon; it was forty-eight feet long and twenty-one and a half feet in diameter. Inside the forward end was the airlock module, from which the astronauts ventured on space walks; and farther out was the multiple docking adapter, at the tip of which each crew landed. When a command-and-service module docked, it temporarily became part of the cluster, so that Skylab was then almost a hundred and twenty feet from end to end, and if the station had still been on the ground it would have weighed almost two hundred thousand pounds. It was the biggest man-made structure any astronaut had ever seen in space.

When the three astronauts of the third crew came aboard, they floated headfirst out of the conical command-and-service module; through the docking adapter, a white tunnel of a room ten feet in diameter and seventeen feet long; through a hatch into the airlock module; through another hatch and on through a ring of water tanks and ventilating equipment; and finally on into the cavernous workshop, which filled what in the Saturn booster would have been a huge liquid-hydrogen fuel tank. (A smaller tank, to the rear, which would have been a liquid-oxygen tank, was now used for garbage.) The workshop was divided into an upper deck and a lower deck, the upper one being far larger; the ceiling of the lower, which the astronauts floated into last of all, was only a little higher than a man, and this deck contained the living quarters, consisting of a wardroom, a sleeping compartment with three separate "bedrooms," a bathroom, and an experiment compartment. The long tunnels ending in the huge workshop chamber made Skylab look comfortably womblike; indeed, while the astronauts were in the workshop they floated about weightlessly, and even adopted slightly crouching, almost fetal positions. When they emerged many weeks later to go home, they were different physically and, some astronauts would later claim, mentally as well.

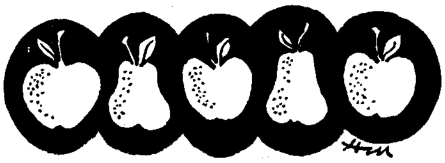
FROM the standpoint of time spent in space as well as from the standpoint of the large size of the space station, both of which imposed special sets of circumstances, men had never before experienced anything like Skylab. Earlier missions had amounted to making a quick trip through space in a vehicle the size of a car; the Skylab astronauts moved there to stay awhile, in a house with rooms and corridors. These men were the first successfully to take up residence in weightlessness for a long stay. Like many a long visit, the one aboard Skylab evolved into what almost became a state of mind. It was not suspenseful, as the expeditions to the moon had been, but, rather, was a steady, continuous experience, like a settled life on earth. On a normal day during the third mission, the three astronauts were awakened by an alarm at six in the morning, Central Time, which was the time at the Johnson Space Center, outside Houston, from which the flight was controlled. They felt refreshed; they logged much more sleep than the Apollo astronauts, who had been under more strain and, besides, had not had individual bedrooms. Though the Skylab astronauts slept an hour or so less than they did on earth, they may not have needed as much sleep in space, where physical existence was less arduous. Before they could get out of their beds, which were like sleeping bags hung vertically against the walls of the bedrooms, they had to unzip the light cloth bags and undo some straps over their bodies, which had kept them from floating off during the night. Then they soared upward out of bed, as if by magic. They moved about without using their feet—or if they did "walk" their momentum kept them right on going after they ceased the movements, until they hit something. If, when stationary, they thrust out their arms in one direction, they rotated in the other. They could not have experienced these phenomena so readily in the small craft used by earlier astronauts; by its size, Skylab added a dimension to weightlessness. They and every unanchored thing they handled moved in a dreamlike, disembodied way; they were, of course, experiencing

ICE CREAM
DRUGS
COLD DRINKS
CREAM
FILM
NEWSPAPERS MAGA
CocaCola
Modell

"Stick to local papers and you won't get so depressed."

a suspension of the natural laws that prevail on earth. For at least three and a half billion years—since the first cell formed—life on this planet has been conditioned by those laws, and all evolution has been determined by them. In gravity, where everything has weight, skeletons are needed for rigidity and leverage, muscles are needed for any sustained motion, and a circulatory system is needed to pump blood against gravity. Arms, legs, fins, and cilia were all developed for locomotion in gravity. In weightlessness, the effects of gravity vanish, and, with them, most of the reasons men and other creatures of the earth are the way they are.

In September, NASA will unveil a sort of combination rocket and airplane called the space shuttle, which will make getting to space and back a lot easier than it has been, and—assuming a certain amount of traffic—about a fifth as expensive. Although the shuttle will have many uses, what NASA hopes for eventually is the construction of a permanent space station; indeed, the very word "shuttle" implies a terminal in space for it to fly to and from. In the back of NASA's mind are projects like building huge power satellites to supply solar-generated electricity to the earth; and in order to build and maintain them men would have to be able to spend long periods in space stations. Yet after the American flights preceding Skylab—the longest was that of Gemini 7, which orbited the earth two hundred and six times in 1965, and lasted fourteen days—the flight surgeons had noticed certain changes in the returning astronauts. They lost substantial amounts of weight, and some of the loss may have been muscle tissue, hence their physical strength was reduced. They had lost some calcium, which was a normal bone response to inactivity. The response of their cardiovascular systems was weaker. The redistribution of their body fluids resulted in a reduction of total circulating blood volume, which caused the astronauts to lose water and reduced the manufacture of red blood cells. (This was thought to be due in part to the hundred-per-cent-oxygen atmosphere.) The doctors had no idea whether these declines would continue steadily as long as an astronaut was in space—or, if they levelled off at a point that was safe in space, whether that point would prove dangerous after the astronaut's return to the ground. One thing seemed certain at that time: the longer a man was in space, the worse condition he was in when he came back. Two Soviet cosmonauts who had been in space for eighteen days in 1970 had been so debilitated when they landed that they had had to be carried from their spacecraft. And three Soviet cosmonauts who had been in space for twenty-four days in 1971—the longest of any stay before Skylab—had died upon their return to earth, under circumstances that American flight surgeons felt had never been satisfactorily explained. Yet the first Skylab mission would last twenty-eight days, the second would last fifty-nine, and the third, originally planned for fifty-six, would be extended to eighty-four. (Though the Russians have not yet broken this record, a two-man crew remained aboard the Soviet Union's Salyut 4 space station for sixty-three days last summer, and another two-man crew, which boarded Salyut 5 on July 7th this year and is there now, may try to stay up longer than the last American Skylab crew.)



NOTES FROM THE CASTLE

The sunlight was not our concern or even
The pane it shone through, and no one was going
Down for the mail, and the four lettuces
The gardener brought as a gift seemed to be
A calculated bounty, so that early on
We knew we were going to be stuck with ourselves
The rest of the day, the vicissitudes
Marching in rows from the forest, the balms
Not arriving till nightfall. On the prowl
Since morning, the wind had a touch too much
Of motivation, an annoying way
Of exactly ruffling the same oak leaf
As if it were practicing a piano trill;
All day, repetitive birds, far off,
Were either boring themselves to death
Or, drunk on instinct, doing their thing:
Ritual dances, territorial rites—
The whole imperial egg. What nests
Ambition is weaving in us is hard
To say: After the flat occasion,
The unshared sphere, what childish wish
Doesn't grow hopeless faced by the unnatural?
And all the recommended cures are useless:
A cheery hello to the disaffected
At breakfast? A soupful of tears at dinner?
You could spill the whole silly story out
To one more demanding, ill-tempered beauty
Who happened to cross your path in the aisle
Of the cereal section of the A. & P.,
And still every greedy shopping cart,
First overstuffed and then abandoned
In the parking lot, would leave in its wake
Some human need, ignored, half starved . . .
Torn between having nothing to say
And saying it, whole diaries get down:
How terrible to have dressed beautifully for the rain! . . .
I was launched on New York's bisexual muddle . . .
And so on. And always the hoped-for redeemer
Turns up and turns with a country stare:
The girl in the lime linen shorts, the boy
With blond corn-silk tow hair, the heart
Speeding up until they speak: the dross
Of cars, the sportsman's life, and money;
And so, believing that you had come
To rest among the innocent soldiers
Of sleep, you had merely stumbled on
Another temporary battlefield
As never-lasting as the shine of water.

—Howard Moss

• •

"When I said, 'What fools these mortals be,' I meant just us, Chief—not you."

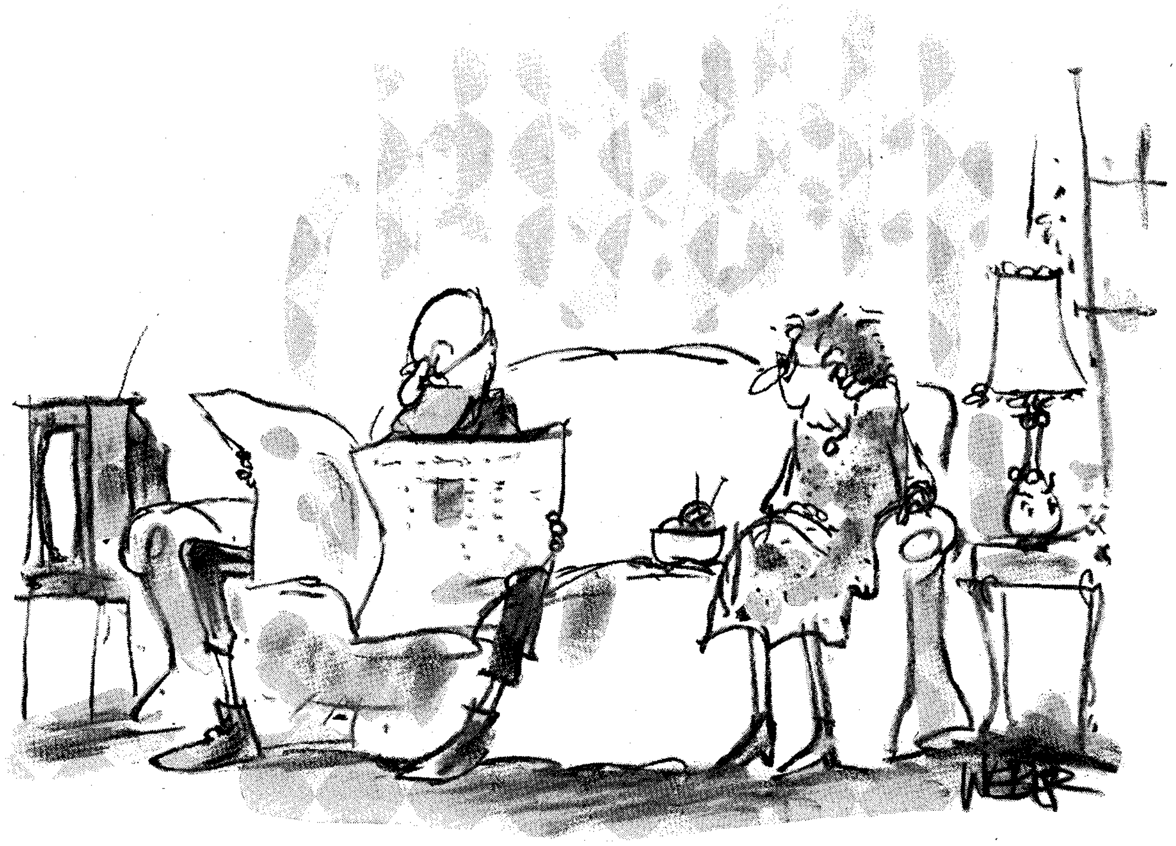
• •

Like any complex modern experiment, Skylab was carefully controlled. The men had to report every mouthful of food they ate and keep track of every urination and bowel movement. Never before had so much information been gathered about a group of men for so long a time. In a sense, Skylab was a test tube, with each crew a tiny colony isolated in it, to be observed and manipulated by the computers and men at Mission Control, in Houston. The crew members were kept to a rigid timetable, and almost every minute was planned for them by the ground. What nobody foresaw—though it may have been one of the most important results of the experiment—was that some of the astronauts would rebel.

The members of the third crew didn't always wake up refreshed in the morning, and sometimes they weren't eager to pop out of bed. Flight controllers and others at the Space Center, who had never been faced with reluctant astronauts before, openly described them as lethargic and negative. The men at the Space Center worried about the men in Skylab, and wondered whether some strange alchemy of space had changed their characters. The astronauts were often unaccountably irritable, even when they were simply getting dressed in the morning. They complained that there weren't enough changes of clothes—and they were right about that, for they had fresh socks and underwear to put on only every other day and fresh outer clothes only about once a week. On days when they pulled socks and underwear from their clothing bundles, a dozen other items floated out, filling their bedrooms with a flurry of clean laundry and causing the astronauts to complain that the bundles had been packed too tightly. They also grumbled that they didn't have a sufficient variety of clothes; there were always the same golden-brown trousers and golden-brown turtleneck shirts, both fitted with elasticized cuffs so that the legs and the sleeves wouldn't ride up in weightlessness. In spite of the grumbling, the clothing was quite versatile: if the astronauts planned to spend much time in the docking adapter, which was usually chilly, they could pull on golden-brown jackets, and if they planned to remain on the lower deck, which was warm, they could unzip the lower half of their trouser legs to convert them into golden-brown shorts.

All the clothes were golden brown, because that was the color of the fire-resistant material they were made of. The astronauts didn't like that, either. "I just get tired of this darn brown!" said Edward G. Gibson, the third team's science pilot, who was thirty-seven years old, and who, since becoming an astronaut, in 1965, had gained a reputation as a natty dresser. "I feel like I've been drafted into the Army with this darn brown; it gets pretty obnoxious after a while. I'd like to get some different-color T-shirts." Gibson, a lean, dark native of Buffalo, was perhaps the contrariest astronaut ever to depart from Cape Kennedy; his two crewmates also complained a lot. In addition to Gibson, who was a civilian and a physicist, the third crew consisted of Lieutenant Colonel Gerald P. Carr, a Marine with a wide, friendly face, who was the commander; and Lieutenant Colonel William R. Pogue, a stocky Air Force officer, who was the pilot. Aboard Skylab, Carr and Pogue grew thick beards, which the flight controllers in Houston could see on television getting thicker, and which, combined with the blistering language from the space station, made the men on the ground uneasy.

As the astronauts got dressed, they patted their pockets to make sure they had with them a number of items they would be needing—scissors, checklists, penlights, pencils, all sorts of odds and ends. Because Skylab was so big that any object that wasn't held down could easily get lost, their clothing had a great many pockets—in the sleeves, on the chests, and down the legs. When the pockets were full, the astronauts looked like football players. "I'd like to have a couple of garments around here which don't have these blooming pockets, just for comfortable, casual wear," Gibson grumbled. They had to make sure that the flaps on the pockets were snapped shut. Sometimes the flaps popped open and the pockets' contents floated away. The third crew complained that some of the pockets were too small for the items they were supposed to contain, and that therefore



"We haven't much time left, Jake. What do you say we take a stab at la dolce vita?"

• •

the flaps didn't close properly. "The pockets that are designed for the scissors don't have a flap long enough to cover the scissors," Carr said one day. "The one designed for the flashlight has the same problem. And so you end up having to put other things in those pockets, and you put the scissors and the flashlight in other pockets. In fact, the way it stands now, I have my flashlight in my scissors pocket, I have pencils in my flashlight pocket, and I have my scissors in the upper-right light pocket. And every time I raise my right foot to tie my shoelace, I jab myself in the groin with the scissors."

Carr, a previously easygoing Californian of forty-one, had some reason to be impatient. He had been an astronaut for seven years, and this was his first spaceflight; in fact, out of his particular class of astronauts, a group of nineteen who had been appointed in April of 1966, he was the twelfth to go into space. Both the other Skylab commanders—Captain Charles Conrad, Jr., on the first mission, and Captain Alan L. Bean, on the second—were veterans. Both had been to the moon. Astronauts regarded the moon as the ultimate trip. If the Apollo program had continued for three more missions, as it had originally been scheduled to do, Carr most likely would have flown Apollo instead of Skylab, a fact that sometimes made him a little regretful—particularly since the booster shell housing the Skylab workshop was identical to the one that would have propelled him toward the moon. During his long wait, he had worked hard on other moon missions—he had helped develop and test the lunar rover that Conrad and Bean used on the moon, and he had been the capsule communicator, or CAPCOM, when their spacecraft, Apollo 12, was struck by lightning shortly after lift-off. None of the third crew had ever been in space before; just prior to being launched, Carr had told a reporter, "I'm sure that our lack of experience will be an embarrassment at one time or another in the mission." He was right.

The astronauts put on their shoes last. This was the hardest part of getting dressed, for without gravity they had to force themselves to bend. "Up here, you've got to use those stomach muscles to pull your foot up close to you to tie your shoe or work on a sock or something like that, and it really gives them a workout," Carr said on one occasion. He was right about that, too. The astronauts' stomach muscles were the only ones that were stronger after their sojourn in space. As the men bent, their feet rose from the floor, and they sometimes did backward somersaults before they got their shoes tied. The shoes had fabric tops and resembled gym shoes. They had aluminum soles coated with rubber, to which the astronauts could fasten one of two varieties of cleats. The floor in many parts of the spacecraft was a triangular grid, and without cleats to attach them to it they would have always been floating away. One type of cleat was triangular and fitted exactly into the triangles in the grid, and hence had to be slipped into the grid carefully; when it was twisted into place, though, it held the astronaut firmly. The other type was a round cleat, which came in a couple of different sizes, with a flange that the astronauts could slip in and out of the grid more easily, though it did not hold them as securely. It looked like a mushroom, and that is what the astronauts called it. They were supposed to try both varieties and decide which they liked better, and, as it turned out, they spent more time fiddling with their cleats than with any other piece of equipment; one astronaut wore the two types simultaneously for a while—a triangle on one foot and a mushroom on the other. The cleats were heavy, and as the astronauts left their bedrooms, they had to be careful not to let their legs flail around, lest they club something or someone.

ONE morning during the first mission, while the astronauts were getting dressed, a speaker box mounted on the wall of the experiment compartment buzzed, indicating a call from Houston, and the commander, Captain Conrad, who had just finished putting his shoes on, floated out of his sleeping compartment to answer it. Conrad was the stuff of which astronautical legends are made. He and his crewmates had saved Skylab. Not only had the space station lost its insulation and one of the pair of solar panels on its sides, but the other solar panel had been immobilized so that it could not be deployed after Skylab had achieved orbit. Those panels were to have supplied most of Skylab's electricity. Now only the overhead array of solar panels resembling a helicopter rotor was left to power the space station. Without the insulation, the temperature inside had soared. When Conrad and his two crewmates—Commander Joseph P. Kerwin, the science pilot, and Commander Paul J. Weitz, the pilot (they were all Navy officers)—arrived, eleven days later, the temperature inside the workshop was a hundred and twenty-five degrees. Conrad, Kerwin, and Weitz had to spend most of the first few days in the command module and the docking adapter, where it was cooler, and make only short forays into the workshop. Though Conrad was not one of the younger astronauts—he had been born in Philadelphia forty-two years before, and had graduated from Princeton in 1953—he proved to be in about the best physical shape of any of them. During the jaunts into the workshop, he and Weitz, a muscular astronaut, managed, between them, to push the protective parasol out an airlock hatch. (The parasol had been specially prepared in Houston after the mishap, and was brought up to Skylab by the first crew.) Kerwin, a reserved, thoughtful man, who was a doctor in the Navy Medical Corps, watched from a window in the command module as the sunshade slowly emerged and then popped open into a big rectangular golden umbrella. After that, the temperature began to drop, though a week passed before it fell into the seventies. The space station was still underpowered, though, and Conrad and his crew had to turn out lights behind them wherever they went. Conrad later said that he had felt like a mole. At the end of the second week, Conrad and Kerwin had gone outside and managed to free the solar panel that had been pinned to the side of the workshop; without the extra power it provided, all the Skylab missions would have been severely restricted.

With the speaker in the experiment compartment still buzzing, Conrad quickly twisted his triangular cleats into the grid on the floor beneath it. If he had been in more of a hurry, he might simply have stuck a toe in the grid—something the harried first crew did so often, in fact, that the tops of the toes of their shoes wore through. (As a result, the second crew's shoes were hastily outfitted with toe guards, which the third crew also wore.) "Houston, Skylab," he said into the speaker.

"Good morning, Skylab. We're in radio contact over Carnarvon [a NASA radio station in Australia] for the next five minutes," the voice of the CAPCOM, also an astronaut, boomed through the space station. There were several speakers, known as "squawk boxes," spotted around Skylab, so that the astronauts could talk to the ground, and to one another, in various parts of the space station.

"Good morning," the commander answered.

"You sound awful cheerful this morning," the CAPCOM said. Conrad was noted in the astronaut corps for running cheerful operations; when he had landed on the moon as commander of Apollo 12, he and his partner, Bean, had filled the airwaves with jokes, howls of laughter, and snatches of song.

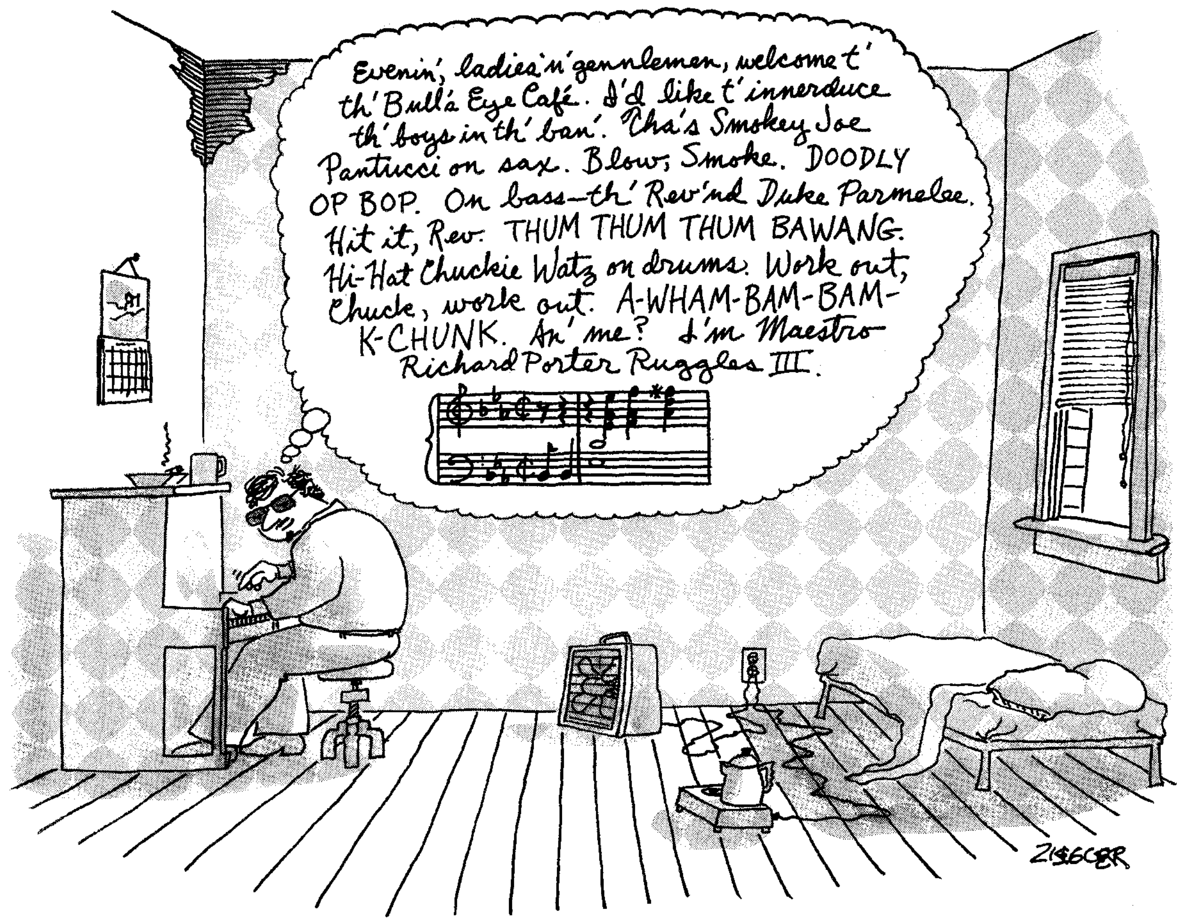
"Yeah, we got a good night's sleep last night," Conrad answered. "And I think we're just getting more used to sleeping up here. Everybody has tramped out. I've got to see where they are." He called to Kerwin and Weitz. Conrad had to shout, because in the space station's low-pressure atmosphere—a third as dense as that on earth—sound didn't travel well.

Having found the others in their bedrooms, Conrad reported, "Everybody is awake, and the science pilot is just angling himself from his bunny cap." The bunny cap contained a number of electrodes; each crew's science pilot wore one on certain nights, permitting his sleep to be monitored. None of the science pilots liked wearing it.

Kerwin, minus his bunny cap, came to the radio speaker to give a brief account of how he had slept. "I woke up about three hours into the sleep period, checked the brain cap, and I had good contact on the electrodes," he began.

Conrad interrupted. "What he really did was wake up three hours into the sleep period and go slip the bunny cap on the *pilot's* head," he said, sounding almost as if he meant it.

The period of radio contact was about over, and the CAPCOM said hurriedly that he would pick the astronauts up again forty-five minutes later. Skylab, which orbited the earth once every ninety-three minutes, was in touch with Mission Control only about a quarter of the time—far less than the continuous contact available on the


Evenin', ladies 'n' gennlemen, welcome t' th' Bull's Eye Café. I'd like t' innerduce th' boys in th' ban'. Tha's Smokey Joe Panticci on sax. Blow, Smoke. DOODLY OP BOP. On bass—th' Rev'nd Duke Parmelee. Hit it, Rev. THUM THUM THUM BAWANG. Hi-Hat Chuckie Watz on drums. Work out, Chuck, work out. A-WHAM-BAM-BAM-K-CHUNK. An' me? I'm Maestro Richard Porter Ruggles III.
ZIEGLER

Apollo moon flights. NASA's network of ground stations is mostly near the equator, from which previous flights had never strayed very far, but Skylab's orbit was so steeply inclined away from the equator—fifty degrees—that the craft might be in touch with a ground station for only a few minutes about twice each orbit, and frequently less than that. The intermittent scraps of conversation were annoying to both the astronauts and the men on the ground. The flight controllers could get the telemetry that told them the condition of the spacecraft only during those brief radio contacts; it always took them a few minutes to analyze it, and, consequently, the CAPCOM often had to cram everything he wanted to say into the last few minutes of a contact—and occasionally he was cut off before he had finished. Because the astronauts were in touch with the ground so sporadically, they talked to the CAPCOM mainly about immediate operational matters; whenever they had anything less urgent to communicate, such as a long report on an experiment, or comments on the space station, they dictated it into a special tape-recording system. Then, when Skylab was over a ground station, the tapes were rapidly transmitted to the ground over a radio frequency called the A channel—to distinguish it from the B channel, over which the astronauts talked with the CAPCOM. One astronaut said later that he actually preferred using the A channel, because it made him feel that he was talking to only one person—or maybe just to himself. Indeed, the third crew, whose communications with the CAPCOM were terse at times, made up for this taciturnity by being positively garrulous over the A channel. Gibson had started out with the intention of keeping a diary, but he gave up the idea and used the A channel instead. Some of the astronauts initially were under the misapprehension that the A channel would be kept private, and so were quite candid when they used it.

ONE morning during the second mission, the commander of that crew, Captain Bean, who had just finished a before-breakfast chat with Mission Control, pushed himself off the wall by the squawk box in the experiment compartment and drifted slowly toward the bathroom. No astronauts had moved around this way before Skylab, because their spacecraft had been too confining; in fact, they had hardly been able to move around at all. By the end of a week or so, Bean and the other Skylab astronauts didn't think much about their novel form of transportation. "Seems to me that after eight to ten days, I decided that it just seemed natural to be in zero G. . . . It's not uncomfortable, it's pleasant," the second crew's science pilot, a civilian scientist from Oklahoma named Owen K. Garriott, said into the tape recorder. The experiment compartment was the biggest and most cluttered on the lower deck. It contained the bicycle ergometer, an exercising machine that looked like a bicycle; the lower-body negative-pressure experiment, an aluminum barrel big enough for an astronaut to get into; and the human-vestibular-function experiment, a rotating chair. It would have been easier if Bean had simply floated over all this bulky equipment; however, the astronauts always moved about on the lower deck (where the ceiling was low) the way Bean was doing—by shoving themselves sidewise off a wall so that they glided along, upright, as though they were on skates. Sometimes they actually walked, which they managed by pushing against the ceiling with their arms and then stepping with their legs.

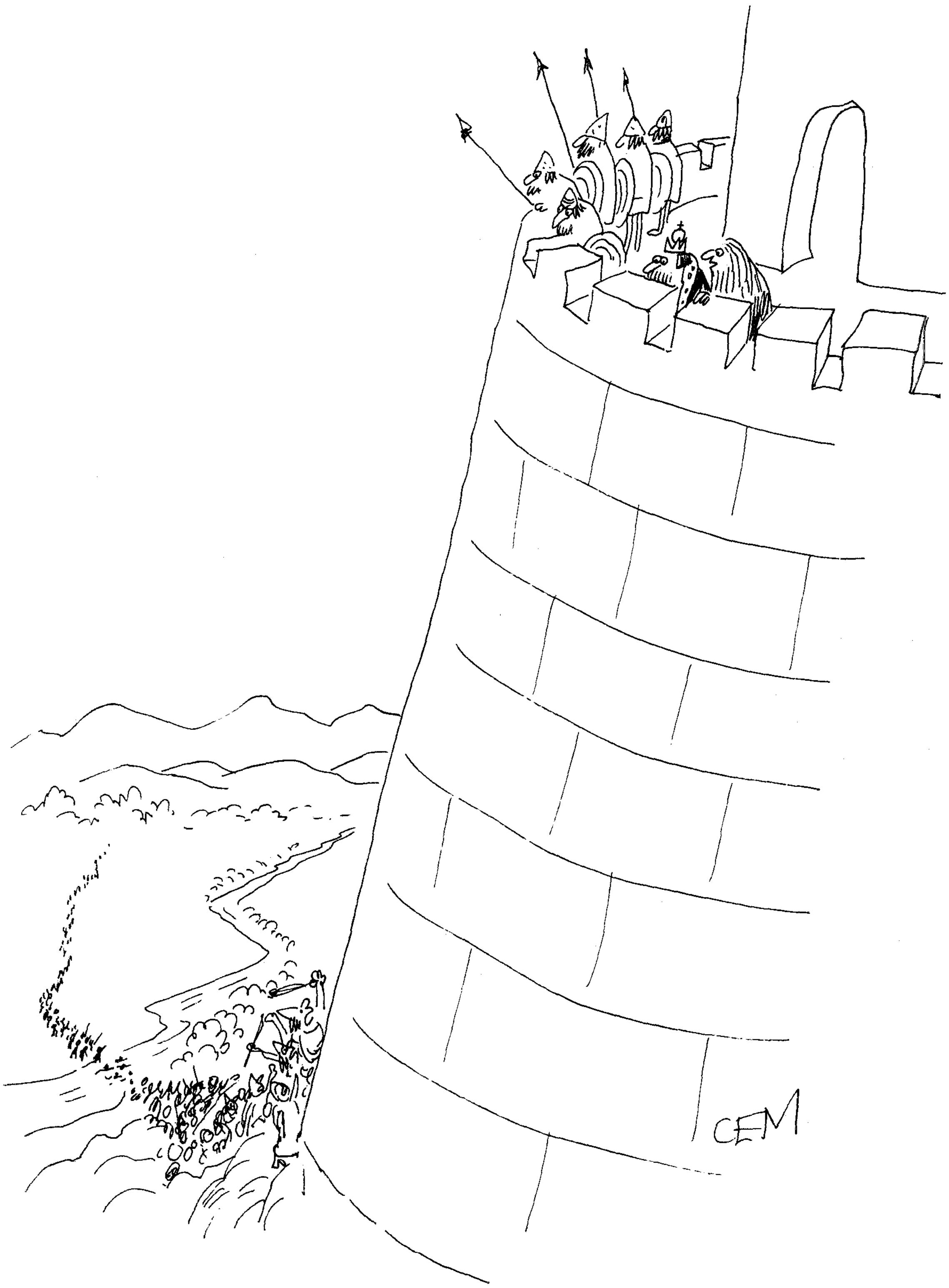
There was a reason for the astronauts' keeping themselves upright. Although there is no gravity in space, the workshop was designed as if there were; that is, a definite sense of up and down, or what the astronauts called a "local vertical," was provided architecturally by a definite floor and ceiling, and the astronauts felt most comfortable when they and the room were the same way up. Getting out of kilter was both exhilarating and worrisome—as Garriott found out one day when he took a walk on the ceiling of the experiment room. "It gives a very strange sensation," he said later. "You see brand-new things. You just have no idea how cluttered up the ceiling, which is now the floor, has become. Wires and cables and everything else tumbling over. And it's really like a whole new room that you walk into. It's a fascinating new room. It's a pleasant psychological sensation just to see it with the lights underneath your feet, and it's just an amazing situation to find yourself in." Previous astronauts had not had this feeling, because, in their small craft, they had always known exactly where they were. Gibson noticed that he could actually get lost inside the space station by entering a room sideways or upside down. The three science pilots—Kerwin, Garriott, and Gibson—seemed to think more about the curious perspectives of weightlessness than the others; and Kerwin, who thought about the matter most of all, told the A channel, "It turns out that you carry with you your own body-oriented world, independent of anything else, in which up is over your head, down is below your feet, right is this way and left is that way; and you take this world around with you wherever you go." The flight surgeons were interested, for this phenomenon had never been so apparent on earth, where a man's experience of his local vertical was overridden by his sense of balance. In space, the astronauts could change their sense of the upright at will. A sense of balance, of course, was irrelevant in space, but some flight surgeons wondered whether that sense might have been affected in some way as well. In part, the sense is governed by three semicircular canals, filled with fluid, in the inner ear; the same apparatus is also responsible for motion sickness. In a motion-sickness experiment, the astronauts strapped themselves into the rotating chair in the experiment compartment, whirling as fast as thirty times a minute, and at the same time moving their heads backward and forward, and from side to side. If a man tries this on earth, he quickly becomes dizzy and ill, but no astronaut had any trouble after the first few days in space—when, in fact, some astronauts felt nauseous. The flight surgeons had expected such a workout to have at least some effect on an astronaut's susceptibility to motion sickness, which is usually a response to the effect of centrifugal flow on the fluids inside the three semicircular canals of the inner ear. Something was going on inside the inner ear that the flight surgeons did not understand. Though Pogue found that opposing his own personal vertical to a Skylab local vertical was "good for kicks," it was clearly more trouble than it was worth, and as a rule the astronauts preferred staying close to "the floor."

The astronauts felt most at home in the shallow space of the lower deck. It was very much like an ordinary apartment on earth (except that it was circular and the rooms were more or less wedge-shaped), and most of the astronauts found that it was easier to get around there than in other parts of the space station.

As Bean floated upright across the experiment compartment on this particular morning, he could look through the triangular-grid ceiling, which served as the floor of the upper deck, and make out the rounded dome far away at the top, and the hatch at the dome's center that led on into the tunnels of the airlock module and the docking adapter. Up there, where the astronauts had to get about in less terrestrial ways, existence would be more challenging.

Bean glided into Skylab's bathroom through a nearly rectangular doorway, in contrast to the round hatches he had to dive through headfirst in other parts of Skylab. He closed the bathroom door, a little like the folding door of a telephone booth, behind him; the Skylab astronauts had much greater privacy than their predecessors. The bathroom—NASA called it the waste-management compartment—was only a little bit larger than a similar compartment on an airplane, and Bean bobbed about in it as though he were riding through air turbulence. This happened because the compartment lacked the triangular gridwork, which was hard to keep clean; instead, the floor was of sheet metal. "You just ricochet off the wall like a BB in a tin can," one of the third crew later complained. Bean pushed himself into a corner and opened the door of a cabinet, which contained his hygiene kit. Immediately, his toothbrush, toothpaste, razor, and everything else came floating out, and he had to corral them all back in. This was a phenomenon that was common to cabinets all over Skylab; the engineers in Houston had dubbed it "the jack-in-the-box effect." Bean later lined the bottom of the cabinet with Velcro (a plastic adhesive with interlocking bristles) and painstakingly glued small patches of Velcro to all his bathroom utensils and in this way he kept everything laid out in an almost military fashion—a trick he recommended to future space-station occupants. Bean was an efficient, good-humored man—he had laughed as much as Conrad on that happy trip to the moon aboard Apollo 12—and so were the two other members of the second crew: Garriott and Major Jack R. Lousma, the pilot.

The second crew was the antithesis of the third, and, in a way, was almost a continuation of the first, for both groups were happy with the space station and were well disposed toward the ground. There were a number of close connections between the first two crews: the two commanders not only had gone to the moon together but had served in the same Naval Air Group; Conrad had been Bean's instructor at the Naval Air Test Center, Patuxent River, Maryland, in 1960, and it was Conrad who had later persuaded Bean to join the astronaut corps. Bean, in turn, had encouraged Weitz, the pilot of the first crew, to become an astronaut; and Weitz had known



"What it boils down to, Sire, is that they seek a life style more similar to your own."

• •

Lousma, a Marine, when they were together at the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School, in Monterey, in the mid-nineteen-sixties. Bean and his two crewmates were clearly the favorites of Mission Control. They were obliging and cheerful and did everything they were told, and when they had finished their work, which was always performed expeditiously and efficiently, they were apt to ask for more. When the third crew was flying, Mission Control would look back wistfully toward the second mission and wonder what had gone wrong.

BLISTERS

Our enemies grow fat in the shade, waiting.
Beef-fed by docile wives, reaching their fighting weight.
The answer is work. Dirty hands.
Thickening walls, mending bridges
to meet them halfway.
Honest-to-God sweat they do not understand.
Be prepared. Save your maxims for yourself.
Who is to say from where the pressure will come
or how mad we shall be by then?
When our cousins from Europe visit, this year
or next, they will be pleased to see us. Pray!
After each day's sun, we will live on—
little water under a white skin.

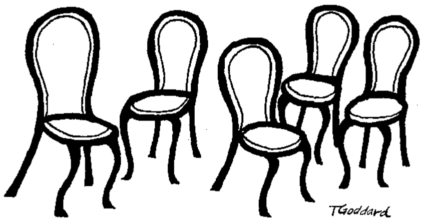
—Christopher Hope

• •

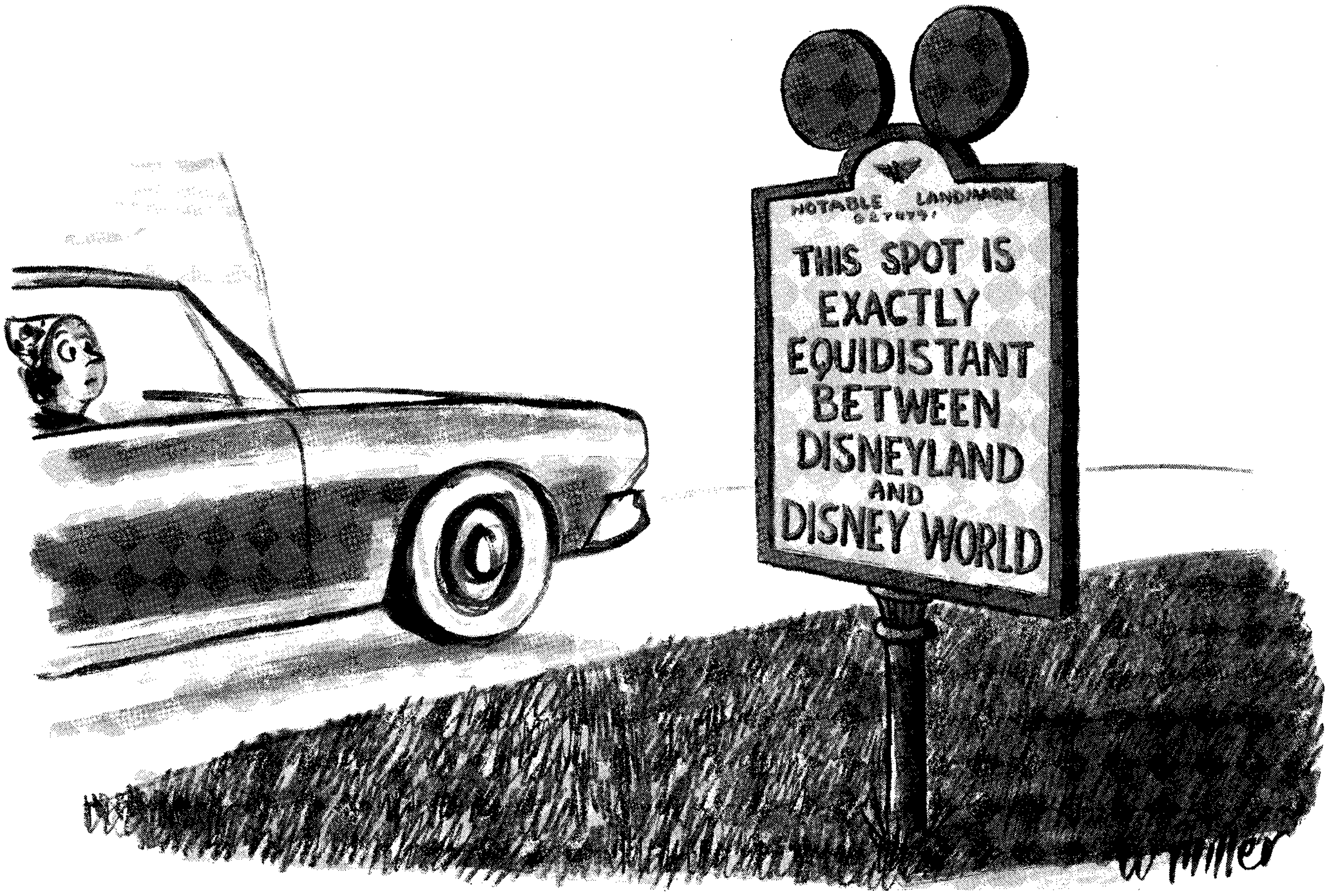
The second crew of astronauts seemed happy even as they went about getting washed. They couldn't bathe in any conventional way, because water wouldn't stay put in a basin or tub. They washed their hands by spraying them with water from a valve recessed in the wall. The water squirted all over, though; suction in the drain was supposed to take it away (the bathroom was constantly making gurgling sounds, like the lavatory of an airliner), but the drain didn't always work. The astronauts suggested installing a sort of autoclave, into which they could stick their hands, to be squirted in safety. To wash themselves more thoroughly, they gave themselves sponge baths, using wet towels. There was a collapsible shower in the experiment compartment, but the astronauts didn't make much use of it; showering took about forty-five minutes, most of it being spent in mopping-up operations.

THE third crew of astronauts had a miserable time in the bathroom, beginning with the moment the first one entered and tried to see himself in the mirror. Carr reported that when he tried to see his reflection he had trouble making out more than a blur; the metal mirror (no glass mirrors were allowed in the spacecraft) was dull. "I think there are better metal mirrors available than what we've got," he grumbled. As commander, Carr normally reserved his complaints for more important matters, but he had been irritated further, because the only light in the bathroom, a single overhead fluorescent tube, was so situated that it inevitably cast a shadow on the mirror. When he finally got his face in focus, it was invisible inside the furious sandstorm of his swirling reddish-brown beard and shaggy hair. Even the beardless astronauts, such as Gibson, sometimes had trouble recognizing themselves. Their faces were puffy, because, without gravity to pull their blood and other body fluids toward their feet, the fluids tended to stay in their upper bodies, including their heads—a phenomenon that affected all the crews, though the third made the most fuss about it. "Our faces are puffed and slightly chubby and red, resembling what you would see in someone hanging upside down in one G, only not quite as pronounced," Gibson said over the A channel. "We also have the feeling of a stuffy nose. Along with the red face, we all have slightly bloodshot eyes. We expect it's for the same reason: just a higher blood pressure in the upper extremities." The astronauts perpetually felt as though they were coming down with colds. They sneezed a lot and sometimes had nasal congestion, and they kept nasal sprays and tissues handy. Pogue, the pilot of the third mission, suggested that tissues be packed in all storage areas aboard future space stations. Gibson apparently didn't like the tissues much. "One thing I would like to have is a couple of plain old handkerchiefs around here," he griped once. "I'm not quite too sure why we have to go around plucking tissues all the time."

The redistribution of fluids toward the upper part of the body was a matter that the flight surgeons in Houston wanted to know more about. Six months after the end of the Skylab program, Kerwin spoke at the Skylab Life Sciences Symposium, held at the Space Center from August 27 to 29, 1974, and said, "It really is extremely clear to an individual when he is in weightlessness that rather profound changes are rapidly taking place in his body. One feels this strange fullness in the head and this sensation of having a cold and the nasal voice, and one sees the puffy look on the faces of his fellow-crewmen. . . . One can almost see the fluid draining out of the legs; one looks at his partners, and their legs are getting little and skinny like crows' legs, and one knows that one's physiology is changing." Periodically, the astronauts measured the girth of their calves, thighs, waist, chest, biceps, and neck; they found that the circumference of their legs decreased by about an inch while that of their upper bodies increased. Flight surgeons theorize that the redistribution of fluids was responsible for more of the trends they had noticed, and had a greater impact physically on the astronauts, than any other single effect of weightlessness. The shift of fluids upward was possibly responsible for the increased sensitivity to motion sickness in the early part of the flight (as well, perhaps, as for the later resistance to it, and perhaps also for any hypothetical change in the sense of balance)—because, according to one theory, there was an increase in the amount of fluid in the inner ear. Also, most of the blood pooled in their chests, where it reduced the breathing capacity of the lungs. Because gravity was not pressing down on the backbone, the astronauts gained an inch or two in height—much as people on earth who have been in bed all night are a little taller in the morning. (On the ground, people lose their extra inch rapidly, and this happened to the astronauts, too, after they returned home.) Because the Skylab crews were losing weight in space at the same time they were getting taller, they found that their trousers were noticeably short and loose.



The third crew did not have a merry time splashing themselves with water, as the second crew had. Carr complained that the soap smelled like dog shampoo. Pogue remarked that the towels—which were made of a syn-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thetic material that was highly fire-resistant—were "sort of like drying off with padded steel wool." Gibson griped, "The fire guys really got away with something when they made us go with that kind of material. I don't think it's absorbent enough, and I think it's too hard." The third crew sometimes gave the impression that it was occupying a totally different space station from the earlier crews. Much later, after he was back on earth, Pogue, who was the earthiest of all the astronauts, was asked why Gibson, Carr, and he were so much more critical than the others. "The purpose of these debriefings was to be hypercritical," he protested. "You gotta say it like it is." Astronauts had rarely done so before.

THERE was more behind the third crew's testiness than the wish to provide the ground with conscientious debriefings. These astronauts' troubles had begun almost as soon as they entered Skylab, when an incident occurred that seriously strained their relationship with Mission Control and so put them on the defensive from the start. Astronauts are apt to feel nauseated when they first arrive in space. Indeed, the second crew, who had gone directly into the space station as soon as they arrived, had almost immediately felt like throwing up, and Lousma had done so; all three members had been ill for the next several days, and had had to take it easy for several days after that. The flight surgeons did not know what caused the nausea, but they believed that what had come to be called spacesickness was analogous to seasickness, for both evidently had to do with the fluids inside the canals of the inner ear. At sea, any roughness confuses the nerves connected with the inner ear, causing them to send the brain garbled signals that somehow cause nausea. In space, although there are no waves, the lack of gravity causes changes in the nerve output from the gravity-sensing part of the inner ear—the mix of signals is different. (In both cases, the confusing signals may have to do with effects of the fluid in the semicircular canals, though little is known of the exact mechanism, either in space or on the ground.) For whatever reason, there is an initial transition period, according to flight surgeons, when an astronaut is particularly susceptible to nausea. Though the doctors weren't sure of the exact mechanism, they suspected that plunging directly into the large interior volume of the space station had made matters worse for the second crew, so they resolved to keep the third crew inside the small command module for about twenty-four hours after its arrival so that the astronauts could acclimate themselves to weightlessness before going inside. The astronauts of the first crew, who had not gone inside immediately, had had no trouble with nausea.

In spite of the flight surgeons' resolve and since the astronauts got sick inside the command module anyway, Mission Control allowed the third crew to enter Skylab thirteen hours early. It was hard to hold the astronauts back. They were excited, and they had plenty to do. They had brought up with them in the command module about a ton (earth weight) of extra food, clothing, film, and experiments, so that their mission could be extended from fifty-six days to eighty-four, and they were eager to get the gear stowed. At first, the work of settling in had been easy, because being weightless was novel and exhilarating, but the astronauts had soon found that getting about was tricky and troublesome. It took a while for them to get the hang of moving around in space; they found that they were overshooting and crashing into things. Also, they were growing a little queasy. When Carr tried to get a pill out of a plastic bottle, it didn't fall out when he turned the bottle upside down, and this upset him more. "The trouble with this little pill is, now, you get to

"Oh, that's Mignon. She's the magic ingredient in our marriage."

• •

play games in trying to get just one of them out of there," he said irritably, giving the bottle a vigorous shake. "Oh!" he said as the pill floated away. Gibson helped him chase it. In the comparatively vast interior of the space station, they were beginning to feel like passengers on an ocean liner who had done too much too soon. Carr and Pogue were having more serious symptoms of what the flight surgeons referred to as "stomach awareness." Looking at Pogue, Gibson remarked, "Ole sweaty-palm time there." Pogue threw up. According to regulations, the astronauts should have informed Mission Control, and should have vacuum-dried the vomitus and brought it back to earth for medical analysis. They decided to do neither of these things. Astronauts often play down adverse effects of space travel, because if they succeed in making space appear to be a congenial environment, NASA is more likely to receive funding for future programs. In talking the matter over with his two crewmates, Carr, the commander, said, "We won't mention the barf, we'll just throw that down the trash airlock." Gibson concurred, saying, "They're not going to be able to keep track of that." Pogue said, "It's just between you, me, and the couch." As it turned out, the matter was between the astronauts, the couch, and the tape recorder for the A channel, which subsequently relayed the conversation to the ground. Skylab was bugged as thoroughly as the Nixon White House.

The entire dialogue, neatly typed and mimeographed, along with the rest of that day's A-channel transcript, was on the desk of many NASA administrators the next morning. The crew was reprimanded—the first time astronauts had ever been publicly reproved during a flight. In the opinion of one of the capsule communicators—Dr. Story Musgrave, himself an astronaut—the incident and the reprimand doubtless affected much that happened later. Afterward, the third crew's conversations with the ground became terse and frequently querulous. They began making errors, such as venting overboard an antiseptic for their drinking water, and they set some switches wrong when they made initial tests of their equipment. They dropped further and further behind in their schedules. However much the nausea episode had demoralized them, though, something else was wrong as well. It took the flight controllers, the flight planners, and the flight surgeons at Houston more than half the mission to figure out what the real trouble was and to set it right.

AFTER washing up, the third crew floated over to the wardroom for breakfast. It had Skylab's only big viewing window, a round one eighteen inches in diameter, with a double pane of shatterproof glass, which was now covered by a window shade, so that television and movie cameras on wall brackets could film the astronauts as they ate. Later, psychologists and engineers would study these and other films and videotapes to see how quickly the astronauts adapted to weightlessness in performing various chores, and also to assess the habitability of the space station itself. The latter was sometimes a problem. Though the wardroom was for most of the astronauts their favorite spot in the station, it was disconcerting in many ways. Here and there, stretched across cabinet doors, were bungee cords—long elastics with hooks at either end. From time to time, without any warning, one came loose and whipped across the room; in weightlessness, it kept on wriggling and squirming for several minutes, the hooks thrashing dangerously. The crewmen complained that they could lose an eye. There was nothing in the way of shelf space, so the crewmen used the bungee cords to tuck things behind; one cord, taut across a door, had in back of it a sheet from a checklist, a slip of paper with a memo on it, and a science-fiction paperback by Ray Bradbury. Sometimes an astronaut grabbed onto a bungee cord by mistake, thinking it was a handhold; when that happened, it came off in his fist, its hooks waving, and whatever had been behind it floated away. The wardroom walls were lined with cabinets, some of whose doors were brown and some a pale tan; the colors had been chosen by a New York design firm because they would least show up what the design firm had thought might be an alarming increase in the pallor in the astronauts' faces as the men remained in the space station. Gibson, who certainly experienced no such alarm, wished for a livelier color scheme in the wardroom, as in the clothing—"something in a light blue or light green or something." Garriott, the normally reserved science pilot of the

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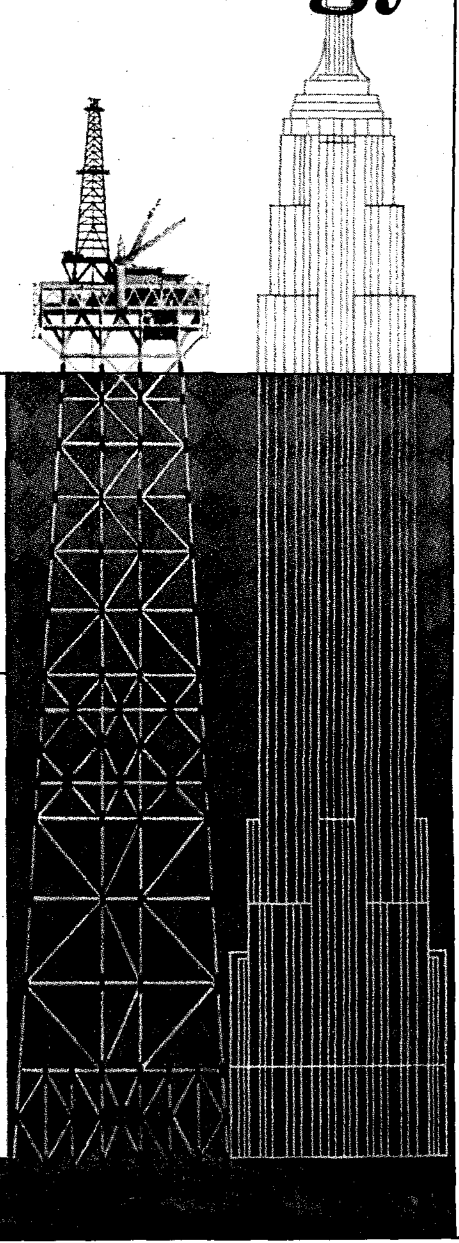

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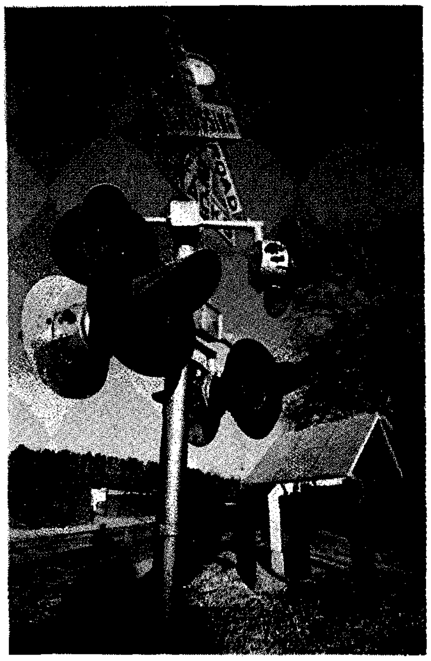

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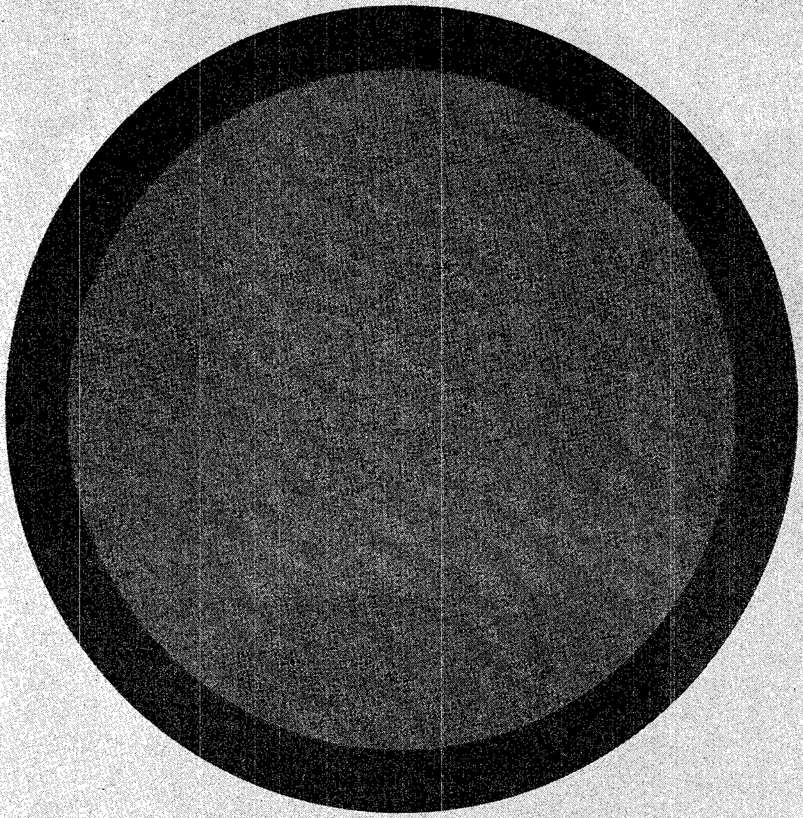

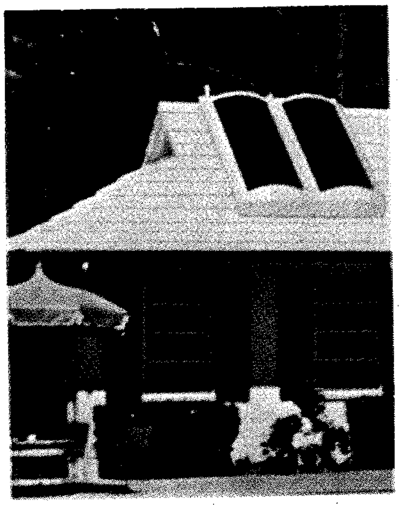

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second mission, had objected even more strenuously to the wardroom's décor. "It seems to me that the color arrangement that we've got in here might very well have been designed by a Navy supply department or something with about as little imagination as anybody I can imagine! All we've got in here are about two tones of brown." Garriott said this in answer to a long series of questions about how livable the space station was—questions that each astronaut was required to answer over the A channel. To help them describe such Skylab attributes as color, lighting, noise, and smells, the astronauts had been given a battery of light meters, sound meters, and aerosol-particle meters, but subjectively most of them were quite capable of delivering their opinions without recourse to these devices.

The dining table took up most of the space in the wardroom, and whenever Carr, whose place was nearest the door, got to the table first, Gibson and Pogue would squeeze around him as though they were in a crowded restaurant on earth—something that puzzled the psychologists and engineers at the Space Center who studied the films and videotapes, because it would have been much easier to soar over the table. It turned out that the reason they didn't was that they were afraid of becoming entangled in overhead strings that tethered checklist booklets, such as one for operating their electric food trays; also, they no more wanted to turn themselves upside down in the wardroom than they had in the experiment compartment. During the first mission, Kerwin had found himself inadvertently standing on the wardroom ceiling. He said later, "I immediately became concerned that the table was on the ceiling, and the books of checklists that normally were attached to the ceiling (where they appeared to hang down) seemed now to be growing out of the floor, like plants, the pink and white pages fanning open like flowers. I wondered what they were doing there—a sort of 'Alice in Wonderland' feeling." Though it was good for kicks, it was clearly a sensation to be avoided by astronauts about to eat. Accordingly, Carr, Gibson, and Pogue fastened their triangular cleats to the grid under the table—the gridwork was a slightly different size from that in the rest of the space station. Carr, who seemed to have more trouble with his cleats than the others, managed to fasten himself in all right, but often had trouble unfastening himself later. "When you lock yourself into the grid in the wardroom, it's fine, but when you get

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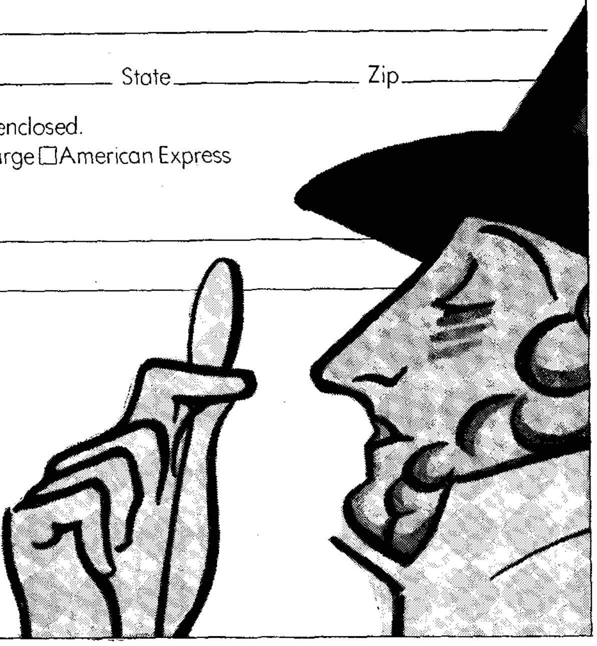

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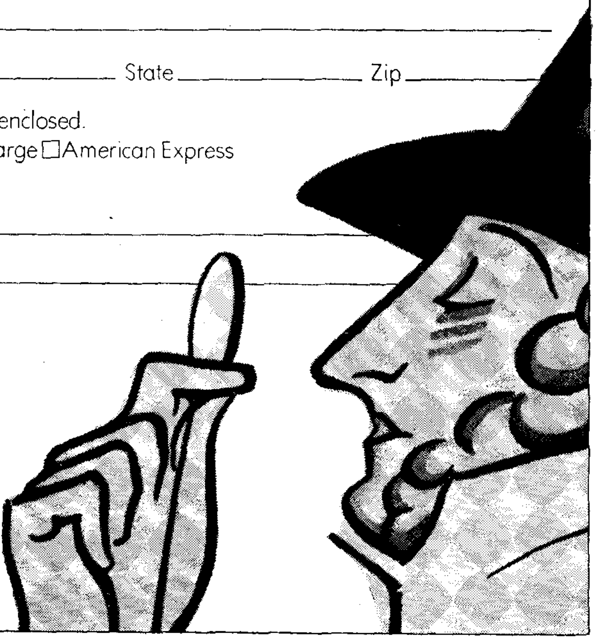

ready to unlock yourself, it releases you before you get your triangle fully unlocked," he said over the A channel. "And then you find yourself skipping along on one foot, ricocheting off the walls or the overhead, trying to reach down and get your triangle popped back into the neutral position so that you can stick it into the grating somewhere else." If they had wanted to, they could have sat on chairs, of a sort, which pulled out from under the table. The chairs were little more than parallel bars, which they could have tucked their legs through as if they were sitting on a rail fence; in weightlessness, astronauts hardly needed anything larger. Sitting, though, required bending at the waist and staying bent; because doing that put a constant strain on their stomach muscles, they preferred to stand. Anchored now around the table, they crouched slightly, for when an astronaut relaxed his muscles in weightlessness he assumed a somewhat fetal stance, which engineers at Houston called "the neutral-G position." The table, which was essentially a pedestal that supported three food trays, had been designed for seated astronauts, so they all thought it was too low.

The night before, each astronaut had fitted his breakfast food, which came in cans, into round holes in his food tray, then covered the tray with a lid. In the morning, removing the tray lids could be like opening Pandora's box, because some of the food cans, being smaller than the holes they were in, floated out. The astronauts had to catch them and put them back in. Before leaving the ground, each astronaut had been able to select whatever he wanted to eat, but he was apt to regret his choices—and his choices were repeated every six days. "Beef hash for breakfast!" the ordinarily cheerful Lousma had grumbled one morning. "I've asked myself every six days, 'How come I picked beef hash for breakfast?' " The astronauts had to be careful as they opened the cans, because the pull tabs were sharp. And once the cans were open, no delicious smells of sausage, bacon, eggs, or hash rose to greet them. For one thing, the cans had a plastic membrane across the mouth. For another, smells, like sounds, didn't travel readily in the space station's low-pressure atmosphere. Even if they had, the congestion in the astronauts' heads would have prevented them from smelling very much—as it prevented them from tasting much. Moreover, possibly because of their congestion, the food tasted different in space; this was probably the trouble with the hash, which had tasted all right to Lousma when he sampled it in Houston. To the crews aboard Skylab, all the food tasted bland. To make it taste better—or taste at all—they put lots of salt on it; they squirted the salt out of little dispensers, for it was in solution, since the dietitians at the Space Center had thought that loose salt crystals would be hard to handle in weightlessness. "Message for the food folks," Gibson told the A channel. "The salt dispensers are not working out too well. . . . The valves at the top of them seem to plug up with dried salt, and in order to make them work we have to squeeze the bag. Unfortunately, we squeezed one bag too hard, and we have been picking salt off the walls of the wardroom for two days. I think we need a better method."

The astronauts' meals may have had a rather bland, processed quality to begin with, because most of their food and all their drinks were dehydrated and had to be reconstituted with water. The water came from what looked like a dentist's fountain—with one dispenser for hot water and one for cold—in the center of the wardroom table. The astronauts consumed a great deal of water in their rehydrated food and drinks, and each man had his own drinking hose near his tray. Each astronaut's water hose was metered, so that he could keep track of his water consumption. The button that operated the fountain for rehydrating the food and drinks was stiff, and sometimes when an astronaut pushed down hard and wasn't anchored to the floor, he himself went up in the air; he also had to be careful not to chip a tooth on the metal nozzle. The crews recommended that water fountains on future spacecraft operate with a pistol-grip trigger, which would keep an astronaut on the floor by containing within the handle the force of any button-pushing. Another effect of extra blood pooled around an astronaut's heart was to cause the body to lose what it took to be excess fluid through perspiration and possibly through decreased thirst. Most pre-Skylab astronauts had weighed four to six pounds less after their return, and the flight surgeons had attributed half of the weight loss to loss of fluids. It was along with these fluids that astronauts on earlier, shorter flights had experienced changes in their levels of electrolytes and hormones, and the flight surgeons feared that if the astronauts continued to lose liquids on the longer Skylab flights they would be in serious trouble. Electrolytes, for example, are body chemicals whose continued loss can lead to arrythmias of the heart, such as the Apollo 15 astronauts suffered on the moon.

At breakfast, the members of the third crew added cold water to their powdered orange drink, which came in accordion-like plastic squeeze bottles; they reconstituted their coffee with hot water. Some food came in plastic bags called wetpacks, on which seams sometimes gave way; food floated to the walls, the windows, the grid ceiling, and even got beneath the grid floor. If the bags didn't break open, the astronauts cut them open with a pair of scissors tethered to a string overhead, alongside the checklists. "As soon as you manipulate the bag the slightest bit—squirt," Carr said. "Out comes a squirt of food that . . . goes lurching off into the workshop somewhere, and you have to go catch it." Sometimes the astronauts had to swing the bag, so that the food would go to the bottom; then they complained that their silver was too short to reach all the way down, and they got their fingers dirty. The silver—which was really stainless steel—came in for a good deal of complaint. In particular, the men groused that the bowls of the spoons were too small. The bowls had been made small deliberately, because in weightlessness liquids tend to cling together in globs, and engineers on the ground had feared that a conventional bowl would give an astronaut too big a mouthful. The astronauts thought otherwise. "We don't eat with tiny spoons on earth. Why do they expect us to do it here?" a member of the second crew had griped. And a member of the third crew, never to be outdone by the second when it came to complaints, said, "The spoon bowls, as far as I'm concerned, are lousy. I would give them a rating of lousy on your scale, which is somewhat below poor." (The ground controllers had requested that the astronauts evaluate everything, in terms of habitability in the space station, on a scale ranging from excellent to poor.) Still, they ate with the spoons in preference to the forks that had been provided, because the food—sticky stuff, such as cold cereal gummy with sugar, or meat and vegetables in thick gravies—adhered better to the spoon bowls than to the prongs of the forks, which received an even lower grade than "lousy."

Keeping food from flying off the silver was a real problem in Skylab. If an astronaut at breakfast spooned up a bit of egg and then paused with his hand halfway to his mouth—to ask someone to pass the salt, say—the egg would leave the spoon and, continuing its trajectory, land on the astronaut's face. "I find myself eating Japanese-style quite often, getting my mouth down very close, and this just minimizes the possibility of getting food loose, because you've got your mouth open right down next to the food, and you can sort of shovel it in," Pogue said over the A channel. All three crews eventually learned to eat more gracefully. The trick was not to stop the spoon on its trip. They developed a smooth, arclike motion, tipping the spoon slowly as it went, so that it was always directly in back of whatever was on it. They had to have their mouths in exactly the right spot, and open, for there was no way to stop the spoonful of food once it had started on its way. As the astronauts ate and performed their other chores, the cameras on the wall brackets whirred. The film, when it was shown back on earth later, was jerky, because very few frames per second were used; and as the astronauts chased after gobbets of food or got egg on their faces, they looked a little like Charlie Chaplin—someone else who seemed uncomfortable when he was projected into an alien world. Space had a way of turning even the most serious of these men into comedians.

Skylab had a medical dispensary, which was equipped to cope with all sorts of emergencies, ranging from toothache to minor fractures to cardiac arrest, and flight surgeons on the ground were always available to give advice over television to the science pilots, who were the designated medical officers. Despite the curious physiological changes that the astronauts underwent in space, the science pilots never got much medical business; the second crew gave a diagnostic demonstration, using the television to show its potential for assisting in diagnosis. Not only was it hard to find anything the matter with the astronauts, but they felt fine—at least, after an initial period of adjustment of three to five days, though it took rather longer for them to feel at home in the space station. Kerwin, the science pilot of the first crew, who was the first doctor to go into space and was therefore the astronaut most aware of the curious changes that were going on inside him and his mates, had asked himself a long list of questions every morning after he woke up, such as "How's my sleeping? Eating? Drinking? Eliminating? Any signs of stress anywhere? Am I making out all right, or am I paying some sort of penalty?" The changes notwithstanding, Kerwin said later that he and Conrad and Weitz, his crewmates, felt downright "bouncy."

Bounciness or no, the flight surgeons in Houston still wanted the science pilots to continue their medical examinations. Blood was drawn with a syringe from each astronaut weekly, whirled in a centrifuge inside a cabinet on the lower deck, and stored for analysis after return. After each flight, the flight surgeons would examine these samples to follow the loss of red cells and to establish when that trend started and when it stopped, if it did. They would also check on something that they understood even less: while the astronauts were in space some of their red blood cells were changing shape. Normally, the cells looked like tiny red checkers, concave on both sides, but, as time went on, a large fraction of them became distorted, growing thin, attenuated, flat.

The astronauts never got far from the medical aspects of life in space, even when they were cleaning up the wardroom after breakfast. The man whose turn it was to tidy up had to weigh the leftover food in the cans—something of a problem under weightless conditions, but one that was solved by putting each can inside a wire-mesh box and then pressing a button, so that the box rocked back and forth; the rate of its oscillation was an indication of the can's mass, and the flight surgeons could use that figure to determine the weight. (The same principle was used when the astronauts weighed themselves, which they did every morning by rocking in a contraption on the upper deck that looked like a rowing machine.) The weight of leftover food told the flight surgeons exactly how much the men had eaten and drunk, and this information, together with their weights and with daily samples of their excretions, which they brought back to earth with them, were used to study some of the questions that worried the flight surgeons, such as when the losses of hormones and electrolytes began, how great the losses were, and when, or if, they stopped.

"Not bad, for art."

FED and at least theoretically shipshape, the astronauts were usually ready to start work at about 8 A.M. There were four main varieties of experiment aboard Skylab: solar observation, earth resources, medicine, and a miscellaneous group known as the corollaries, which included botany, astrophysics, biology, metal-processing, and some simple science demonstrations. Because the corollaries could be done in less time than the others, the flight controllers who were planning the astronauts' schedule used them as padding around the larger blocks of time the astronauts devoted to solar observation, earth resources, or medicine. For example, each of the astronauts spent a protracted period almost every day pedalling the bicycle ergometer for exercise, and every third day he rode as part of a medical experiment. This, however, was something that Mission Control was soon forced to decide that the astronauts should not do within an hour after eating. "You got three guys up here who do not like to exercise after a meal," Carr complained one day, after Mission Control had had him pumping away on a full stomach. "There are some people in this world, I guess, who think it's neat to do that, but we don't. And we would prefer not to do so." Accordingly, Mission Control decided that it would be useful for the astronauts to have a few corollaries to perform right after eating.

One morning during the second mission, Garriott was scheduled to do some science demonstrations, which were usually carried out on the workshop's lower deck. Many materials took on new physical characteristics in weightlessness, and the science demonstrations were intended to examine the ways certain items behaved in space. The most basic experiments, of course, have frequently been the simplest, as was the case with Galileo's experiments with gravity, which required nothing more than a few balls and a tower to drop them from. Before Skylab, men had still had so little experience with zero gravity that it was at Galileo's level that the crews had to start. Garriott had all the dry enthusiasm of an old-time naturalist, and often urged his two crewmates to do more experiments, too. After all, he now had the opportunity to do experiments that physics teachers had dreamed about for centuries but had never been able to do themselves. As he went about the science demonstrations, he seemed a little like a child—a sober, rather professorial child—absorbed in play. And this was proper, for weightlessness was still so new to Garriott that as he floated items in the air to see how they would behave, he was defining his environment as surely as a child who pushes his glass of water off the edge of a table. First, Garriott put a plastic squeeze bottle of water, shaped a little like a rocket, in the air, and left it there. He spun it so that it rotated on its long axis, in order to keep it steady. Satellites are sometimes made to spin about an axis to keep them stable, but in the early days of spaceflight some of them had begun tumbling; and, indeed, as Garriott's half-filled water bottle spun on and on, it began to wobble, and the wobble became a tumble, so that the bottle was revolving end over end, like a propeller. Next, Garriott spun a flat disc in the air, and it continued to spin perfectly, without a trace of wobble. Every once in a while, it drifted out of the range of the television camera, and whenever this happened, he simply blew the disc back to the center of the screen. The disc, he noted, was much more stable than the rocket-shaped water bottle. He could make it wobble, though, by tapping it as it spun, causing its axis to go out of precess, or kilter, in the manner of the earth's axis. He took out the wobble by touching the disc, as though he were smoothing a clay bowl on a potter's wheel. Owing to its momentum, the disc would remain absolutely steady in relation to the stars regardless of what the space station did, just like the nine small "rate" gyroscopes that were at the heart of the space station's navigational system.

The enthusiasm of Garriott and the two other members of the second crew for the science demonstrations and other experiments aboard the space station made such an impression on Neil Hutchinson, the flight director in charge of operations for all three Skylab missions, that he became the nemesis of the third crew. When these astronauts arrived in the space station, they found in the teleprinter that relayed the work schedule from the ground a message that read, "JERRY, ED, AND BILL, WELCOME ABOARD THE SPACE STATION SKYLAB. HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY YOUR STAY. WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO SEVERAL MONTHS OF INTERESTING AND PRODUCTIVE WORK." Hutchinson clearly intended to keep the new crew moving as fast and efficiently as possible from the start. Scheduling was so complicated—doubtless foreshadowing problems to come on the even bigger space stations NASA contemplated for the future—that Hutchinson and the flight controllers had to resort to a computer. "We're building a flight plan every day as intricate as a lunar outing, and we have none of it planned before we leave," he said after the second crew had returned but before the third went up. "We send up about six feet of instructions to the astronauts' teleprinter in the docking adapter every day—at least forty-two separate sets of instructions—telling them where to point the solar telescopes, which scientific instruments to use, and which corollaries to do. We lay out the whole day for them, and the astronauts normally follow it to a T. What we've done is, we've learned how to maximize what you can get out of one day." Hutchinson and the flight controllers took great pride in their ability to plan an astronaut's day to the last detail—a type of thinking that would soon bring them into collision with Jerry, Ed, and Bill. And this was bound to happen with one crew or another, for now that astronauts were no longer flying short bursts of missions but were in space to stay awhile, they expected to have more of a say about how they lived.

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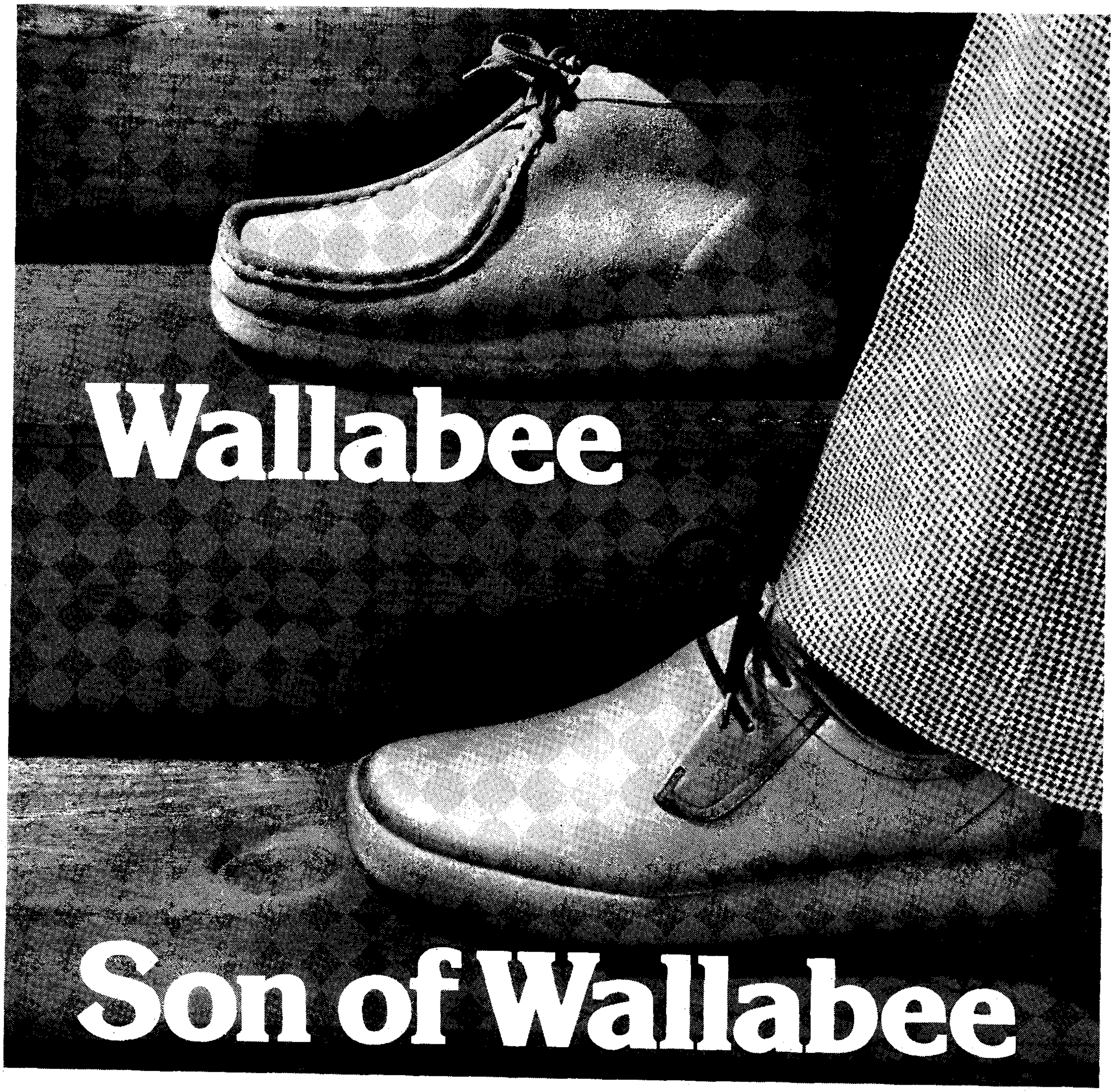
The second crew's zeal for practically everything aboard Skylab proved the third crew's undoing. Garriott had urged Bean and Lousma on to greater scientific endeavors so successfully that all three of them spent almost all their free time doing experiments. Their eagerness had convinced Mission Control, which could imagine few contingencies worse than having three men in space with nothing to do, that it should find additional experiments for the third crew to perform. Accordingly, the flight planners asked NASA's scientists and engineers to come up with some proposals fast. The response was overwhelming: the people at NASA always had many more ideas for experiments than could possibly be performed in space, and the third Skylab mission offered them their last opportunity for a long, long time. So here was Mission Control, which normally tried to keep the number of experiments on a flight to a manageable minimum, asking for more. "I think the flight planners had a lot of stuff jammed down their throats," Pogue guessed with some accuracy as he tackled the new experiments, which were by no means limited to science demonstrations. Most of them had been added so late that there hadn't been time for the third crew to become familiar with them before the launch, or even to be told what their purpose was. "Somebody thinks some-



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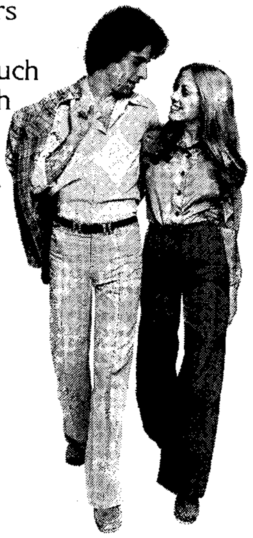
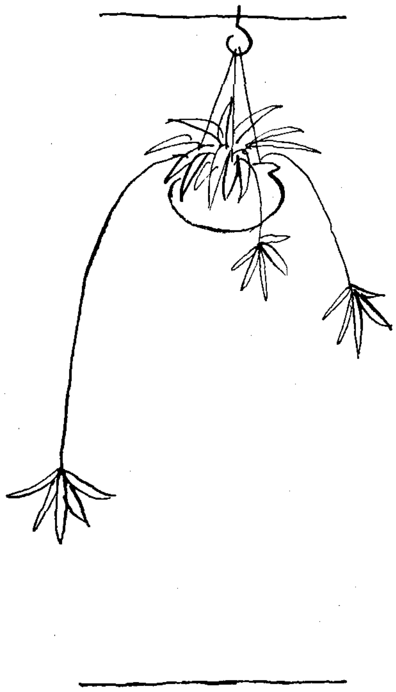
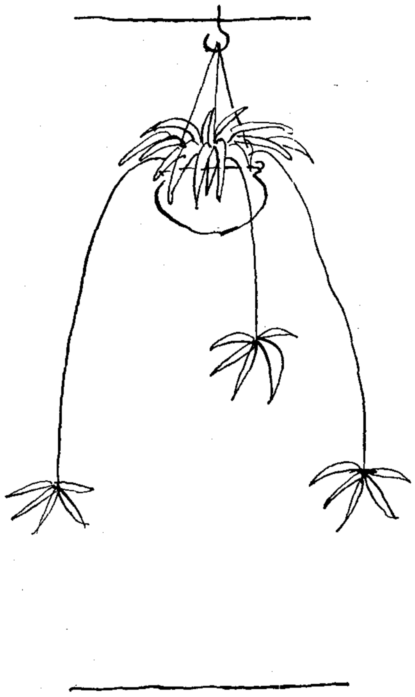


thing up in an office, it sounds good, and then all of a sudden you find yourself trying to do it the first time,” Pogue complained. “Never having done it before, you’re gonna take probably four or five times as much time to do the task as the man who has been needling the flight controllers to have it included said it would. ‘Have ’em do my experiment. It only takes five minutes,’ and you end up taking an hour to do it.”



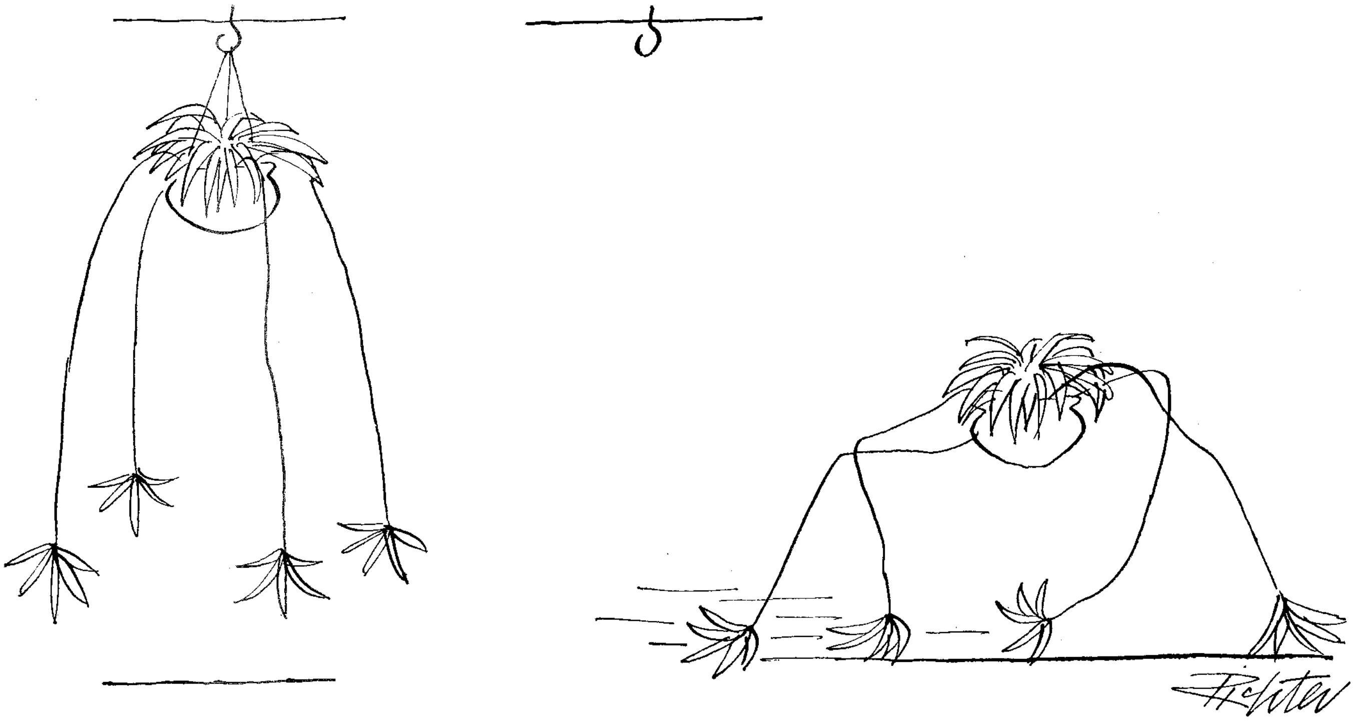


The number of science demonstrations for the third crew had been doubled at the last minute; these were simple, for the most part, and required little equipment, so they could be added quickly. Normally, experiments aboard a spacecraft took years to plan and develop, and hundreds of thousands of dollars to build; these new ones were assembled in a couple of months. “Most of them were not well put together on the ground, and pretty much depend upon the guy up here to do the job,” Gibson, who, as the science pilot on the third mission, had to do most of the improvising, said over the A channel. Gibson was the antithesis of the rather courtly Garriott, who had always been polite to Mission Control, found almost everything in the space station to his satisfaction, and had consistently been ahead in his work. About all the two science pilots had in common was the fact that they were the only civilians among the nine Skylab astronauts.

When the members of the third crew buckled down, their performances were often more inspired than those of their more workaday predecessors. Indeed, as Gibson and Pogue did the science demonstrations, they appeared less to be experimenting than to be simply having fun; at such moments, they even forgot their troubles with Mission Control. They experimented a good deal with water, which in space formed the most fundamental of shapes—a sphere. Except for the fact that all objects floated in space, the fact that liquid took the form of a perfect sphere was the surest indication that the astronauts were no longer on earth. The reason this happened was that in the absence of gravity lesser forces became dominant, and these included the surface tension of water, which now governed the shape of any quantity of that substance, holding it evenly inside a perfect sphere. No sphere made on earth is perfect, whatever its material, because gravity pulls it out of shape.

The water that the astronauts used for their science demonstrations was in a big syringe. When Gibson pressed the plunger, ejecting water into space, a small bubble grew from the syringe tip. As soon as the bubble was large enough for the purposes of the experiment, he jerked the syringe away and the water immediately took the form of a tiny planet. Sometimes he or Pogue floated several planets in the air together. Some of them he dyed blue with grape juice or red with iodine to make them more visible, and they suggested Venus and Mars; as they hovered around him, they resembled a miniature solar system. Gibson, herding them about, thought their simple roundness beautiful. The balls of water always seemed to catch Gibson and Pogue unawares; these two seemed to have a greater capacity for surprise than the more matter-of-fact Garriott. They could do curious things with the little globes, which were slightly clammy to the touch; the water tended to cling, spreading across the hand like a giant amoeba. At one point, Pogue tried to make two spheres merge into one big ball. “O.K., we have two bubbles here. We’re gonna try to get them together,” he said, performing over Skylab’s television. “I think we’re gonna make it this time. Actually, I think they’re touching and bouncing apart, which is sort of interesting. . . . There we go!” The two balls fused into a large sphere. Sometimes Pogue jiggled the little globes to make them oscillate; the motion had a symmetry unknown on earth, with its imperfect spheres. Pogue poked at a floating globule with a long wire—he said he was tickling it—and each poke sent the globule rollicking off the screen. He set the ball on a flat piece of clear plastic, where it was drawn down and out by cohesion with the plastic to make a perfect hemisphere; when he tapped the bottom of the plastic with a wrench, the globule rippled like jello. When he was through with the globule, he attached it to a taut string along with some others; together they looked like beads on a necklace. Once, when a ball of water got away, it stuck to a wall like a blister; in the space station’s dry air, it soon evaporated.

There was no end to the experiments the astronauts conducted with the globes of water. They injected air into a sphere with a syringe, and the sphere inflated like a balloon, for the water’s surface tension gave it a skin almost as stretchable as rubber. They teased and tortured water into extreme forms; like putty, it could be stretched long and thin. In one preplanned science demonstration, Gibson made a small lathe, using spare parts in the spacecraft (this was the task that had annoyed him when he complained about improvising equipment), and put a ball of water between the lathe’s two revolving points. While the lathe turned, he pulled the points apart, and the sphere between stretched into a long, thin cylinder. When he rotated the lathe faster, the cylinder swung into a U; at last, it broke, the water reforming into two spheres, one on each point of the lathe. Gibson brought them together to form a single ball once more; again he drew the ball into a thin cylinder, but this time he rotated the two ends in opposite directions, twisting the cylinder of water



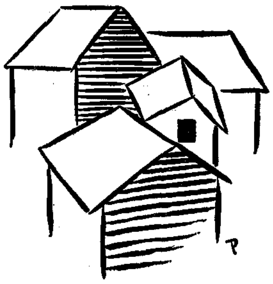
as one might twist a rope of putty; as he increased the speed of the lathe, the water seemed to flow about, like the spiralling strands of some liquid rope, until it could keep up no longer and broke apart once more. In addition to pulling water long and thin, the astronauts could stretch it wide and flat. Gibson placed a ball of water on a wire loop and then gradually opened the loop to see how thin a sheet he could stretch the water into. (He had had to make the wire loop himself—another cause for complaint.) While he was stretching the sphere flat, but before he had pulled it into the thinnest possible sheet, there were any number of points where it still bulged, partly spherelike, making a perfect lens. Perfect lenses would have great value on earth—where they cannot be made in this fashion, for gravity would cause them to sag during production.

NASA had hoped that the third crew would freeze one of these perfect lenses and bring it back to earth for study, with an eye to mass production of glass lenses in a future space station, but the astronauts never got around to doing it. NASA, of course, was forever on the lookout for profitable enterprises that might justify future space stations, and it was interested in seeing whether the science demonstrations and some of the other corollaries might prove that weightlessness could somehow be turned to good account. If molten metal, for example, formed spheres as readily as water, and was then allowed to cool into perfect ball bearings, NASA would presumably never have to worry about money again, because machines using perfect bearings, which would be virtually frictionless, would run indefinitely without wearing out. The first crew tried making such bearings in a small furnace up in the docking adapter, but they found that there was no way of releasing the molten metal without creating a stem, which, of course, ruined it as a bearing. NASA intends to try this experiment again someday.

Another possibly profitable attribute of space that the astronauts experimented with was lack of convection. In weightlessness, hotter, lighter gases and liquids never rise to be replaced by cooler, heavier ones, so there are no convection currents, which are the cause of most circulation of gases and liquids on earth; the lack of these currents in space was the reason Skylab needed a powerful ventilating system. Indeed, fires that the astronauts lit in the small furnace snuffed themselves out in their own smoke. NASA hoped to turn the absence of convection to financial advantage, for without any currents to stir things up the astronauts were able to produce certain alloys much more easily in space than they could have on earth, and totally new alloys could be made of materials that separate in gravity. The biggest potential money-makers of all, though, were crystals that could be used in transistorized equipment, which the astronauts grew beautifully in space, where no gravity deformed them during their development. Not only did the crystals grow larger than they did on earth but they sometimes took on totally new forms and properties; with them, the electronics for a computer that fills several cabinets could be reduced to the size of a transistor radio. And because the computers would be so small, NASA could transport them easily, and profitably, aboard its projected space shuttle.

WHEN Pogue and Gibson were through with the science demonstrations, they and Carr flitted through an opening in the center of the ceiling of the lower deck up to the upper deck of the workshop, a room twenty-one and a half feet wide and twenty-five feet long. The designers of Skylab had provided a variety of interior spaces, to see which the astronauts liked best. The astronauts had been catching glimpses of the upper deck all morning through the grid ceiling, whenever they happened to glance overhead, but once they reached the upper deck they were vividly aware, as they weren't anywhere else aboard, that they were inside what had been designed to be a fuel tank. A small round hatch at the center of the dome provided the only way out of the tank. Shortly, Gibson would rise vertically the height of the workshop and disappear through the hatch, on his way to the docking adapter, where he would spend the rest of the morning operating the solar telescopes. Set into the wall just above the grid floor of the upper deck were a couple of small square airlock hatches that were used for pushing various scientific instruments outside the spacecraft. The one on the side normally toward the sun was occupied by the parasol that the first crew had erected; the long, narrow metal box that had contained it, which was still attached to the airlock, stuck out halfway across the floor. About ten feet farther up the wall were two rings of big brown lockers—Skylab's main supply cabinets—and above them was a ring of large water tanks. Overhead, dark gray against the white of the dome, was the screen that filtered the workshop air, and down the wall ran thick beige ventilating ducts, which recirculated air to the lower deck so that there was a constant upward current.

The astronauts didn't feel as much at home on the upper deck as they did on the lower. Almost all of them preferred the comparatively small rooms below, where they felt safer: being more enclosed, they didn't have to worry so much about losing the sense of local vertical. Indeed, some doctors had wondered whether astronauts, without gravity or any known replacement for it, would be able to orient themselves at all in a volume as big as the upper deck's. As far as anyone knew beforehand, the astronauts might have reacted as several minnows did after Garriott brought them up with him in a plastic bag full of water. (Bringing them had been Garriott's idea, for, in addition to being a sort of scientific quartermaster of Skylab, he was one of its best zoologists.) The fish evidently lost their vertical sense completely at the beginning, for they swam around and around in circles, first belly up and then belly down. But gradually they looped less frequently and sometimes would swim with their bellies toward the wall to which their plastic water bag was attached (Garriott had fastened it in the wardroom near the table), as though they were aligning themselves visually with the bottom of a river. Presumably, they had learned to use their eyes to replace their sense of balance. How quickly this could happen was demonstrated in another experiment, with a special variety of spider—one that built a new web every day. The webs provided an almost literally graphic record of how fast the spider learned to use its eyes to orient itself. She occupied a cage with a clear-plastic side, attached to a rack in the upper deck of the workshop, and the first web she built was an unrecognizable tangle, with the strands not even in the same plane, but by the third day she was building webs that were in one plane and were quite recognizable.



The astronauts, too, learned to use their eyes to replace their inner ears as the link between their own verticals and the space station's, and this was why they didn't flounder about on the upper deck, despite its volume. There an astronaut could almost select with his eyes which vertical he wanted to follow—the room's or his own. "All one has to do is rotate one's body to [a new] orientation and whammo! What one thinks is up *is* up," Kerwin, who had discovered that an astronaut had his own vertical, based on the position of his head and feet, later told the Skylab Life Sciences Symposium at the Space Center. "It's a feeling as though one could take this whole room and, by pushing a button, just rotate it around so that the ceiling up here would be the floor. It's a marvellous feeling of power over space—over the space around one. Closing one's eyes, of course, made everything go away. And now one's body is like a planet all to itself, and one really doesn't know where the outside world is." Closing one's eyes could also be dangerous, as Kerwin inadvertently demonstrated late one night, after everyone had gone to bed and the lights were out, when he was awakened by a call from the ground. "It was pitch black," he said later. "When I scrambled out of bed, I had no way of determining up from down; I had no visual reference in the dark. I had to turn on the lights, but I just didn't know what direction to put my hand in. So I had to *feel* things to orient myself—I had to use touch instead of sight—and everything felt different, because I didn't know where they were in relation to me. It took me a whole minute just to get the lights on." The confusion passed as soon as he had lined himself up visually with the room's local vertical. "It's as though your mind won't recognize the situation you're in until it sees it pretty close to the right orientation," Gibson told the A channel during the third mission. "And then all of a sudden—zap! You get these transformations made in your mind that tell you exactly where you are." After receiving this message, a number of engineers at the Space Center went over to the Skylab trainer—a replica of the space station—and had themselves hoisted about it upside down; they discovered that everything clicked back into place when they had returned to an angle that was between thirty and fifty degrees of their normal vertical. Although it was easier for the astronauts to get out of kilter in the spaciousness of the upper deck than in the smaller rooms below, the local vertical there was definite enough so that they could always right themselves visually. In the docking adapter, however, they would not have this handy visual compass.

Though the astronauts mostly preferred to cling close to the floor of the upper deck, they did on occasion cut loose in the vast empty space. They were able to move about here with a freedom no man on earth or in space had ever known before. All previous spacecraft, Soviet and American, had been so cramped that their crews could always reach out and touch one wall, and usually more than one; and on space walks their space suits had been as cumbersome and confining as straitjackets. The Skylab astronauts treated the upper deck as a sort of swimming pool and gymnasium combined. The first crew threw a rubber ball, trying to see how many times they could make it bounce around the ring of lockers high up the workshop wall—Weitz did it a hundred and eleven times before the ball died. Sometimes they threw Velcro-tipped darts, but at first the darts always missed the Velcro dart board. The astronauts, it turned out, were aiming high, the way they would on earth to counteract gravity, but in space, of course, the darts weren't dropping down; when the players aimed directly at the target their scores improved. Sometimes they flew paper airplanes about the upper deck; like the darts, the airplanes flew straight wherever they were aimed.

On occasion, the astronauts made themselves into projectiles. On the upper deck, they were often almost compelled to abandon the cautious, upright means of getting around that they favored in the rooms below. Instead, they shot about headfirst, like the darts and the paper planes, somersaulting at the last minute to land on their feet. In the spaciousness of the upper deck, they were able to soar, and, when they chose, they put on a sort of aerial ballet. Sometimes they had contests to see how many somersaults they could do. Conrad and the other members of the first crew got so that they could jump from the ceiling to the floor of the upper deck in a perfect three-and-a-half gainer, landing neatly on their feet. "We were tickled to death," Conrad said after he got back. "We never went anywhere straight. We always did a somersault or a flip on the way, just for the hell of it." Conrad was the nimblest of the Skylab astronauts, being shorter and wirier

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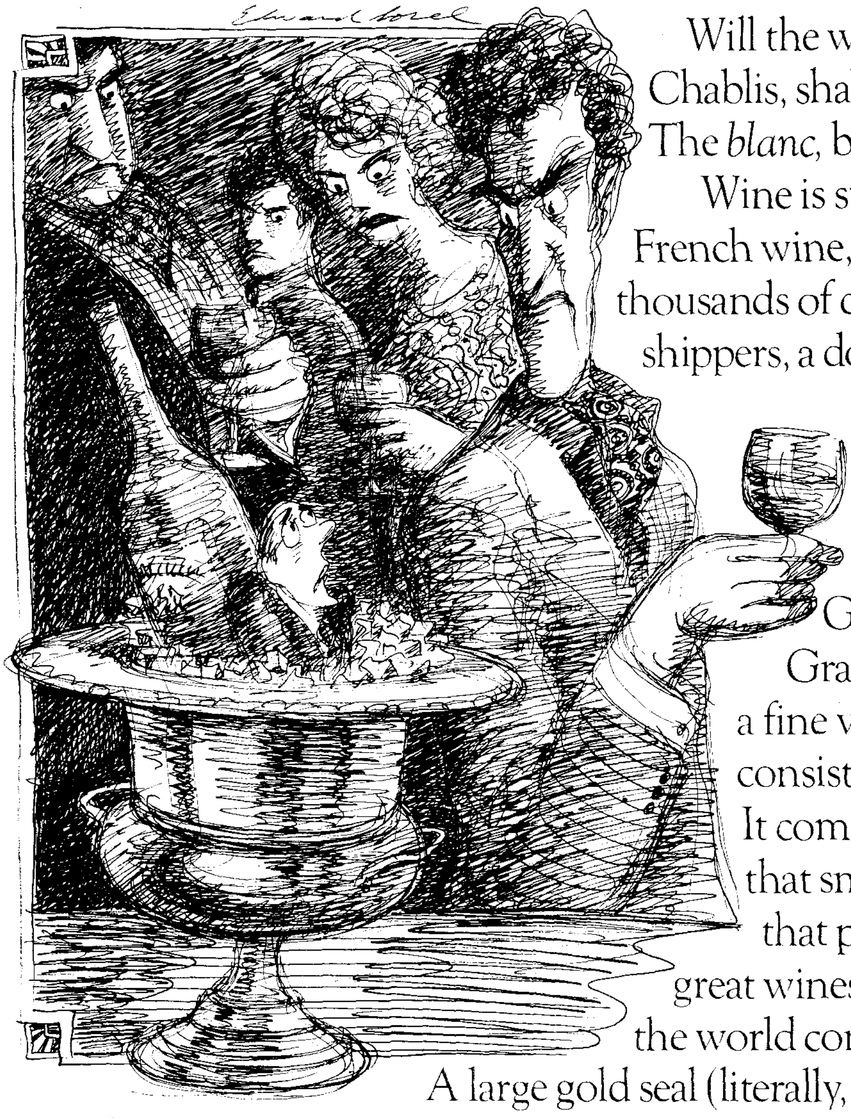

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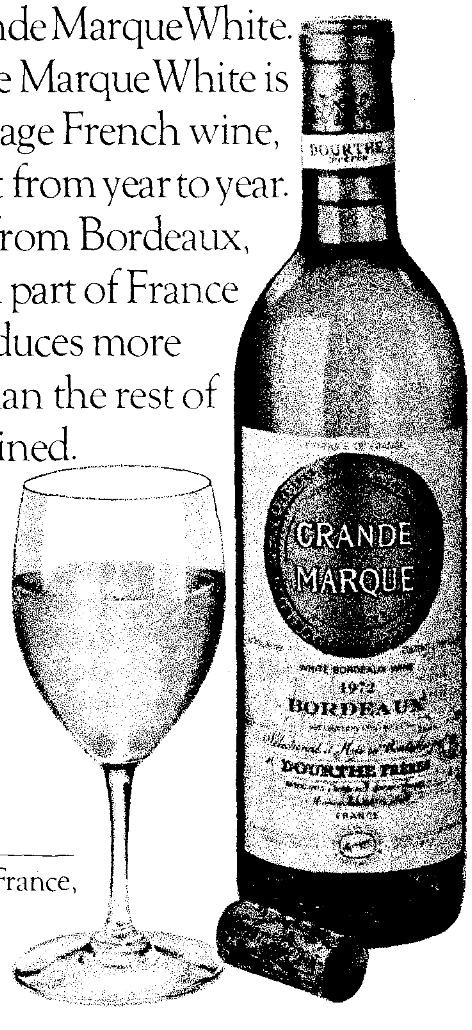

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than the others—an advantage in space, where long legs were forever getting bruised on hatchways.

Later crews became even more proficient at acrobatics; the tops of their shoes also wore out, despite the toe guards, because they kept brushing them against the workshop walls. Sometimes they stood on each other's shoulders, then broke apart, remaining in midair in a way that might make even circus performers queasy to watch; or they soared around, three deep, on each other's backs, in a sort of human pyramid. The men of the third crew learned to push themselves off more gently and so move more slowly through the air and increase the number of somersaults. Gibson, lying on the floor of the upper deck, hands extended over his head, could with a flick of his wrist send himself tumbling against a wall, where he would give himself an additional shove with his feet and do ten and a half somersaults before he hit the ceiling. The astronauts had to be careful not to bang their heads, for metal equipment stuck out all over the walls. (The jutting equipment was sometimes useful to an astronaut for stopping himself or steadying himself.) Most of the time, the astronauts were cautious when they soared, imposing on themselves, by gentle pushoffs, a speed limit of two feet per second. "We were as careful as men walking on ice," Weitz, the pilot of the first crew, said. Like skaters or divers, they were less interested in speed than in precision and a sort of swooping effortlessness. Lousma, the second crew's pilot, liked to leap from the upper deck's floor, do a variety of gainers before reaching the ceiling, and then, just before he reached the center of the dome, straighten out as cleanly as a diver hitting the water, in order to disappear through the hatch without touching at all. Of the contests that the astronauts invented, the most challenging involved going all the way from one end of the space station to the other in one flight—from the trash airlock in the center of the lower deck to the command module. Although this was a distance of some ninety feet, the compartments were in a line of sight along the main axis of the space station, and the idea was to make the trip in one smooth flight, without touching anything. When the astronauts were in a hurry, they could make the trip in fifteen seconds, but when they were trying to be accurate they took as long as forty seconds. Pogue, who sometimes felt that he was the clumsiest of all Skylab astronauts, was successful in only one out of twenty tries; there were four hatches on the way, and he usually banged his knees on all of them. Most of the others did better. Conrad once made the entire trip holding a television camera in front of him, so that viewers on the ground could share his sensations as he floated through the big hole from the lower deck, up the center of the upper deck, through the hole in the dome, through a short tunnel into the airlock module, on through the docking adapter, and, finally, into the command module. The effect, as he threaded one hatch after another, was of a long, smooth swim through the bulkheads and corridors of a sunken ship.

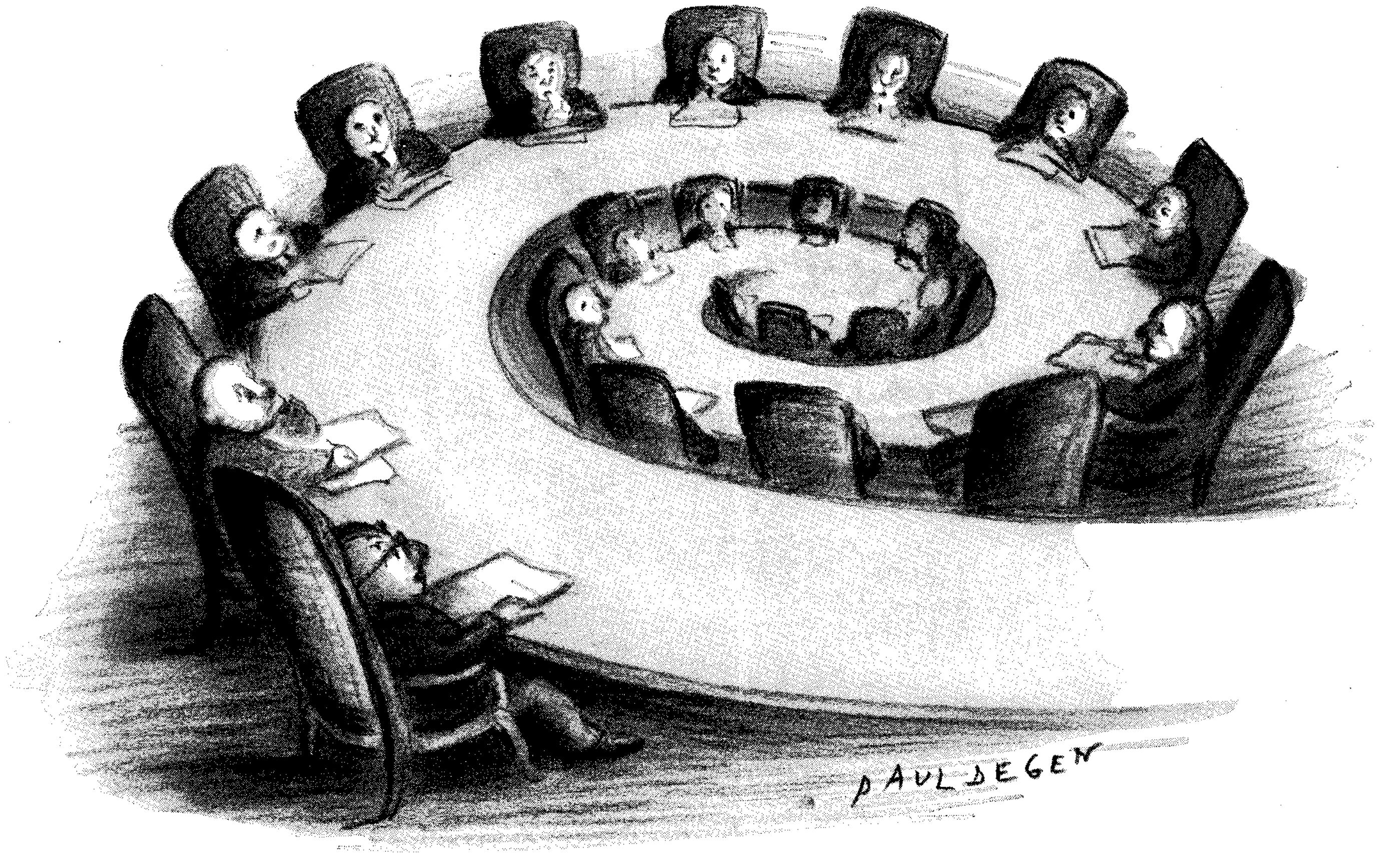
Most of the astronauts recommended that any future space station have ample interior volume for acrobatics. "You will need it . . . as a place where people can get away from any claustrophobia which they might get in small compartments," Gibson said over the A channel. "At least, I feel that if I were penned up in [a small spacecraft] . . . for months at a time, it would begin to feel pretty much like a cell." The upper deck accomplished much the same purpose as an exercise wheel in a squirrel cage. Men who have been in close quarters together for long periods—whether in prisons, aboard submarines, or at bases in Antarctica—have developed various symptoms as a result of their confinement, among which is hostility toward one another. The Skylab astronauts, though, got along well, and one reason may have been that the upper deck provided all the freedom and release of the wide-open spaces.

Nevertheless, the freedom of weightlessness was in fact a good deal less than free, because the astronauts were now—as they had never been on earth—completely subject to the Newtonian laws of motion. Once a man started moving, he couldn't speed up or slow down or change direction without some sort of assistance. Pogue tried one day to see if he could fly by attaching big panels to his hands and feet and flapping them like wings, but he merely floated along until he crashed into a wall. The Newtonian laws of motion took some getting used to. Gibson found that if he inadvertently allowed himself to drift away from a wall, he had to float along patiently until he touched the opposite wall—one such trip took him twenty minutes. (In that situation, an astronaut normally got a crewmate to give him a shove.) Kerwin had speculated about what would happen if an astronaut stopped dead in the center of the vast workshop, where he couldn't touch anything, and there was no one to help him. Would he be marooned there forever? The question proved to be academic. Kerwin found that it was impossible to stop himself in the center of the workshop, for once a man was moving he couldn't stop.

Judith Shahn

Carr, one morning, floated just above the grid floor of the upper deck on his stomach, like a scavenging bottom fish. Looking down through the grid to the lower deck caused his eyes to hurt, but there was no help for it; he was searching for the ultraviolet-stellar-astronomy experiment—a large, cumbersome camera designed to photograph stars at wavelengths not visible through the earth's atmosphere. The camera was one of several instruments, now fastened to the upper deck's floor, which could be bolted hermetically to one of the two scientific airlocks. Then the airlock hatch could be opened, and the instrument's sensor or mirror or other attachment could be pushed or cranked or scissored out into space. Because the airlock on the sunny side was permanently occupied by the parasol, only those instruments intended for the airlock on the dark side could be used. Later, though, when members of the third crew went outside themselves, they managed to attach some of the experiments requiring sunlight to the exterior of the space station.

Pogue, who was helping Carr search, floated above him. He had to be careful not to get too far above, because in the station's low-pressure atmosphere he could easily float out of earshot. It was harder to talk when the astronauts were one above another; if they were on the same level the dome overhead helped focus their voices. The floor of the upper deck was a confusing jumble of experiments—astronauts didn't always put things away properly. Bean, the commander of the second mission, had explained over television to the third crew while they were still on the ground, "We just leave stuff around. We'll stow it before we go. Otherwise, you get in the business of stowing and unstowing if you're not careful"—an unusual thought for a normally shipshape Navy captain. As it happened, a lot of stuff never did get stowed. Now Pogue, leaving Carr to search for the



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camera, went off to look for a new mirror they had to install; it was one that had to be cranked out of the airlock on a boom in order for it to reflect starlight back into the lens of the camera, which would remain inside the hatch. There were some twenty thousand items stashed away in more than a hundred cabinets in the space station, and Pogue complained that not one of the twenty thousand was stowed where a person might logically expect to find it. Although there were at least six men and a computer in Houston whose sole purpose was to help the astronauts keep track of the items in the space station, the system was not flawless because of the progressive failure on the part of the crews to report where they put things. Adding to the confusion was the fact that all the cabinets looked alike, and although they were numbered and their contents were sometimes written on the outside, the writing was small and the labels were difficult to read, particularly if one was approaching them sidewise or upside down. Pogue had a stowage list, but he found it useless. "The stowage lists refer to numbers that are not even here!" he griped. As often as not, when he found a cabinet whose number was listed, the item it was supposed to contain wasn't in it.

When at last he had found the mirror, Pogue returned to help Carr hunt for the camera. They passed over a big instrument that was designed to photograph the airglow—a layer of atmosphere, high above the earth, which was luminous due to excitation of molecules in the upper atmosphere by the sun's radiation. They examined, and rejected, a squarish box that could be shoved out the airlock to collect particles. And they rejected an experiment designed to detect optically the gases emanating from the spacecraft; in a vacuum, many metals emit small quantities of vapor, and these contributed to the cloud of vapor particles that always surrounded the space station. When at last Carr and Pogue came upon the camera on the floor of the workshop, they were well behind the timeline, for the ground had allotted only ten minutes to move from one experiment to the next. "You have to put up equipment, you have to debrief, and then you have to move from one position in the spacecraft to another, and you have to look and see what's coming up, and we're just being driven to the wall," Pogue said over the A channel at a time when he was particularly harried. "There's not enough consideration given for moving from one point in the spacecraft to another and allowing for transitions from one experiment to another. . . . When we're pressed bodily from one point in the spacecraft to another with no time for mental preparation, let alone getting the experiment ready, there's no way we can do a professional job." No astronaut had ever talked like that to Mission Control before. The third crew complained so much and made so many mistakes and fell so far behind that the flight controllers, the flight planners, and others on the ground began to speculate that possibly the astronauts were suffering from hostility induced by isolation. Or possibly the astronauts were sick. The ground even wondered whether weightlessness, which changed the properties of so many substances, might not have affected the astronauts' minds in some way.

As it happened, there was nothing seriously wrong with the astronauts at all. Rather, the problem, since the beginning of the mission, lay with the men on the ground, who, in addition to giving the third crew too many experiments, had started them off at too fast a pace; this situation would not be rectified until later. It took the astronauts a while to learn to find things and do things in space as well as they had found them and done them on the ground. It sometimes took three times as long to find equipment and set up an experiment at the beginning of a mission as it would have taken on earth or as it would take toward the end of a mission, when a crew had mastered the complexities of getting about and working in weightlessness. Even the second crew had been in Skylab a month before

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they hit their stride, yet the ground was expecting Carr, Gibson, and Pogue to do as much work in the middle of their second week as Bean, Garriott, and Lousma had needed a month to work up to. The members of the third crew fell behind almost immediately; they began having insomnia, and, to make matters worse, the ground, instead of letting up on the schedule, began increasing the work load. The proponent of this novel theory of management was Hutchinson, the flight director, who wanted to get them up to the mark. His expectations were based mainly on what the second crew had been able to do later in its mission, but, beyond that, Hutchinson himself was an intense, hard-driving man, who seemingly had difficulty sympathizing with the third crew, who not only were in difficulties but may also have been made of different stuff. At the beginning of the second week, which was when Hutchinson began increasing the work load, the crew's performance crumbled altogether.

It was hard to understand how the situation had arisen in the first place, because the director of the Skylab program, William C. Schneider—normally based at NASA headquarters, in Washington—had issued instructions before the third crew went up that they were to take things easy. Schneider was not simply being humane; rather, he had in mind the long missions NASA was contemplating for the future, during which astronauts could not go all out the whole time but would have to learn to pace themselves. "We didn't want to repeat the experience of the second crew, which had taken its meals on the run and averaged six hours' sleep a night," Schneider said after all three Skylab missions were over. "We had told the third crew that we didn't want them to get tired out or sick—that we wanted them to work a plain eight-hour day, eat three square meals, and relax a bit. Having told them that, we increased the number of experiments aboard and gave them second-mission work loads—and the peak work loads of the second mission, at that. So we had given them conflicting instructions, and then we began to wonder why they were doing what we had first told them to do, which was to slow down."

"THERE *is* an adjustment period at the beginning of a mission, and you *do* need simple tasks then!" Carr expostulated after he returned. It was not only the mechanics of getting about and finding things that were different in space; so was every other aspect of doing a job—handling tools, even turning a screw. While the Skylab astronauts were in space, they all had to make a great many repairs: they fixed the trapped solar panel, some storage batteries, the electronics-cooling system, the guidance system, and many of the cameras for photographing the earth, the sun, and the stars. Beforehand, though, NASA had been by no means sure that the astronauts would be able to do this type of work, because previous astronauts had had difficulties performing odd jobs in weightlessness; working inside a craft as big as Skylab, where an astronaut couldn't always reach a wall to steady himself, or where his tools might float away out of sight, posed even more serious difficulties. "If you had told me ahead of time the things the astronauts would have to do to keep the mission going, I would not have believed that it could have been done," Hutchinson said afterward. The fact that the astronauts were able to do these things caused NASA to breathe more easily, for it demonstrated that, given enough time to adjust to weightlessness, astronauts could be expected to assemble space stations in orbit and maintain them during long missions.

Now Carr and Pogue pulled out their checklists for the camera. The lists were in loose-leaf notebooks held together by rings; Pogue's frequently snapped open and the pages soared away. "Now, I understand that there was a big full-month NASA study to try to find a new kind of ring for our checklists," Pogue said over the A channel after one such mishap. "Now, it seems to me that a simple thing like that ought to be able to be solved. . . . I'm right here now holding an entire . . . book that must have—it's about two and a half inches thick, and all the pages are loose simply because those damn rings keep coming loose all the time." Weightlessness drove Pogue to distraction. He was the most conservative and earthbound of all the astronauts, and afterward he said he would have preferred a space station that had some form of gravity. Pogue had suffered the most from weightlessness all along; not only did he have trouble handling things but he complained the most about the feeling of fullness in his head, he claimed to be the clumsiest when it came to getting about, and he seemed to have the most trouble with local verticals and with being upside down. Gravity, which would have cured all Pogue's ills, could have been simulated in Skylab if the space station could somehow have been rotated, for then centrifugal force would have pushed everything against the walls, and the walls would have been the floor. Only a small spin would have been needed: the first crew had made gravity of a sort one day when it ran around the ring of water tanks inside the workshop, for the men were pressed against the wall hard enough to provide good traction; and Pogue himself was able to do the same thing by running around the walls on his hands. The best-known model of a rotating space station is the one in the film "2001: A Space Odyssey," and NASA had considered making Skylab rotate, too, but had given up the notion. For one thing, such a station would have been more expensive. For another, rotation would have made photographing the earth, the sun, and the stars more difficult. And, most important, weightlessness was what NASA had wanted to study. The astronauts, too, had favored a zero-gravity space station, because, one of them had said, as though he were about to climb Everest, "that's what's there." Afterward, only one Skylab astronaut—Gibson—still favored zero gravity unequivocally.

Pogue fumbled with a small tool caddy at his belt; all the tools emerged and took off in different directions. "Everything just comes floating right out in your face, and it sounds like chimes all around you," he griped. Whenever he carried tools with him, he was afraid of losing them; he suggested that future toolboxes have clear-plastic sides, so that an astronaut could reach in and pick out just the tool he wanted. There were pliers, several wrenches, several screwdrivers, and a hammer—not a large variety of tools—and the astronauts often wished they had hacksaws, drills, and files as well. These had been left out of the astronauts' tool kits because they would have created sawdust or shavings, which would have floated about and been inhaled. The astronauts had Swiss Army knives, though, whose many blades and attachments made up for some of the missing instruments; best of all, when a Swiss Army knife was lost, there was only one tool to look for.

In replacing the mirror in the camera, Pogue and Carr had to take out several screws. Pogue was glad he was anchored to the grid, because on an earlier occasion, when he tried to untwist a screw in a place where he

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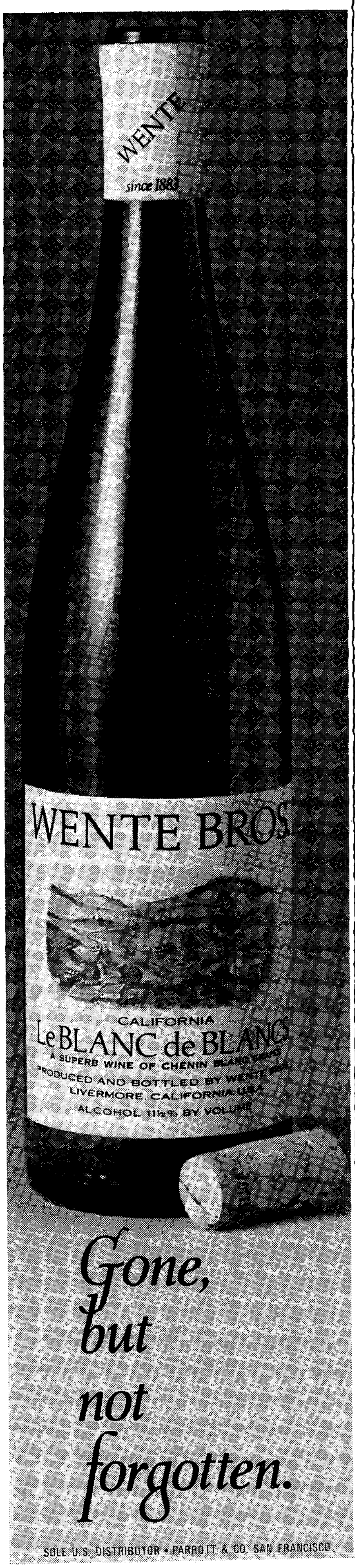
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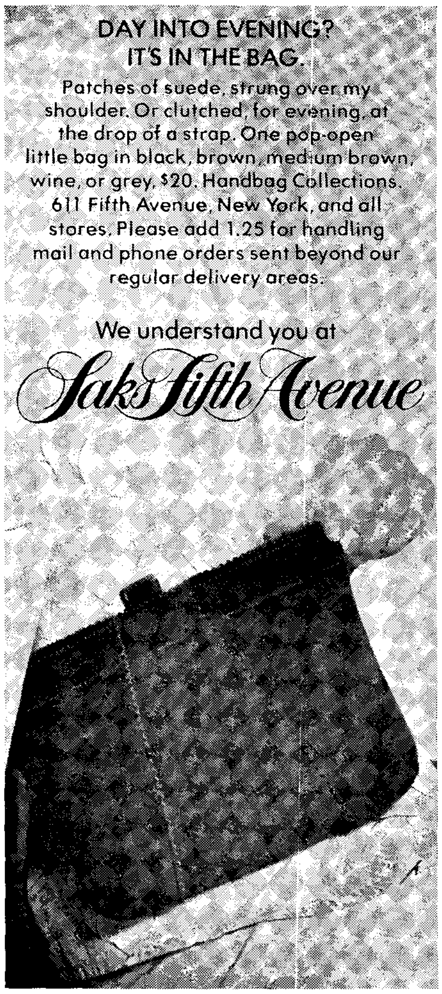
hadn't been able to brace himself, he had ended up twirling across the workshop in spirals; he had recommended then that there should be a handhold near every place in the space station where the men had to work on screws or bolts, so that an astronaut could always brace himself. Now, fortunately, he had no such problem. However, he soon had a handful of screws, nuts, washers, and other small parts from the camera, and he hadn't the slightest idea of where to put them. The astronauts found that about the hardest thing they had to learn in weightlessness—especially in Skylab's huge volume—was how to keep track of small objects. During the second mission, Bean estimated that he and his crewmates lost more time looking for small odds and ends that had got away than in any other fashion. They couldn't put the objects in a pocket, because they floated out. They couldn't put them down anywhere, and they couldn't leave them floating in the air, for, however careful a man might be, it was impossible to position an object in space without imparting some motion to it. "You have to keep coming back to it," Bean told the ground after he had levitated a wrench. "You work, and then you come back every ten seconds, you look at it, and if it starts to move, you pull it back. . . . And then maybe ten per cent of the time now it floats off and it takes you a while to find it, but everyone helps and pretty soon it turns up." And Lousma commented after a similar experience, "It's not difficult to handle one or two small items. But if you have many, many small items, it is difficult to handle them, because they all want to float in their own different directions, and all you have to do is blow on them or let them bump into each other and touch something, and they go off. You spend all your time grabbing things to keep them from getting away."

Though most of the astronauts were at least partly amused by this situation, Pogue was almost invariably annoyed by it. Whenever a tool or a screw or a piece of the camera got away from him, he had an unusually hard time finding it again. On earth, he knew that if he dropped something it would land somewhere around his feet, but in space—and inside a craft as big as Skylab—an object could take off in any direction and go any distance. Not knowing where or how far away to look confused an astronaut's depth perception; even Lousma, who was as well coördinated as any Skylab crew-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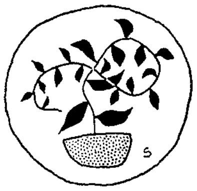
man, was baffled. "You're looking for something and it's right in front of your nose, but you can't see it, because you're focussing your eyes farther off," he said. Most of the astronauts found that even if they were looking right at an object they had lost, they wouldn't recognize it if it was at a different angle from the one they were used to seeing it from. Designers in Houston suggested that in future space stations small objects be brightly colored, so that they would show up against a wall. In any event, Pogue and Carr weren't as badly off as they might have been, for any tools or camera parts they lost got caught up in the prevailing air current inside the workshop; as they went about the repair job, a continuous procession of screws, nuts, Swiss Army knives, and screwdrivers were making their way toward the dome, and if Pogue could contain his exasperation long enough—about twenty minutes, say—he would almost always find a lost object on the ventilation screen. Sometimes he couldn't find things even there. "We've lost some little weights," he complained one day when he was feeling particularly victimized by space. "I've lost the medication. It just drifts away. You never see it again. Some of the stuff . . . you lose it, it always shows up on a diffuser screen. You lose other things, and never see them again." Conversely, an astronaut was apt to find lots of screws and bolts and things in the air current or on the screen which he hadn't been looking for, and sometimes he hadn't the foggiest idea where they came from. (In the event that an astronaut inhaled some small ambient object, the crewmen all knew how to perform tracheotomies.) Pogue, who thought perhaps more than the others about small improvements in design that could make life easier for an astronaut, suggested that aboard future space stations, cameras and all other equipment that astronauts might have to repair be made in such a way that it would be impossible for hardware to float off—that latches be used instead of screws; or if screws had to be used that they have tethers. He recommended that all walls inside future space stations be made of pegboard, so that an astronaut would always have a place to stick things; he could build up his own working space wherever he happened to be. Best of all, though, would be a workbench where astronauts could bring items needing repair, and where there would be all sorts of vises, clamps, and other attachments to hold down tools and hardware. Gibson improvised one aboard Skylab; he made what he called an aerodynamic workbench out of the ventilating screen in the dome, because the air moving through it was perfect for holding things down.



When the new mirror was installed, Pogue floated the big camera off the floor and began moving it toward the airlock. It weighed a hundred and seventy-five pounds on the ground, but in weightlessness he could move it easily with one finger. Maneuvering it was difficult, though, for Pogue still had to contend with its mass and momentum—something he didn't have to think about with small objects—and it wobbled unsteadily until he found its center of mass and balanced it. Then, once it was moving, it was hard to stop. Pogue managed to halt both himself and the big camera by grabbing onto a crate that was anchored to the floor. One advantage of a large object was that it didn't drift away as quickly as a small one. Pogue left the camera floating in midair when he went in search of the lens and film, and he was relieved to find it was in almost the same position when he came back.

The lens and film came from the film vault, a huge box bolted to the floor of the upper deck. Because the astronauts had a vast amount of photographic equipment, the vault—it was made of lead to shield its contents from radiation—presented the worst jack-in-the-box problem of any cabinet in the space station. Even Gibson, who had an easier time handling things than Pogue did, had once had trouble when he opened it. "That film vault and that whole area over there is—it's a god-awful mess," he said early in the third mission. "I'm sitting here looking at it now, and it just kinda makes me wince. Every time I have to go over there to do something, I cringe and I say, 'Oh, God, I gotta go through this again.'. . . You open up the cover, and then you got cameras—bodies coming out and lenses and it's just like the top of a snake pit, and they all start slithering out at you." Some of the film was in a row of drawers that ran down one side of the vault, and these were a special nuisance, for when Pogue opened the top drawer, lenses and film from the drawer below floated up and the top drawer wouldn't shut, and when he removed the two drawers, items floated up from the one

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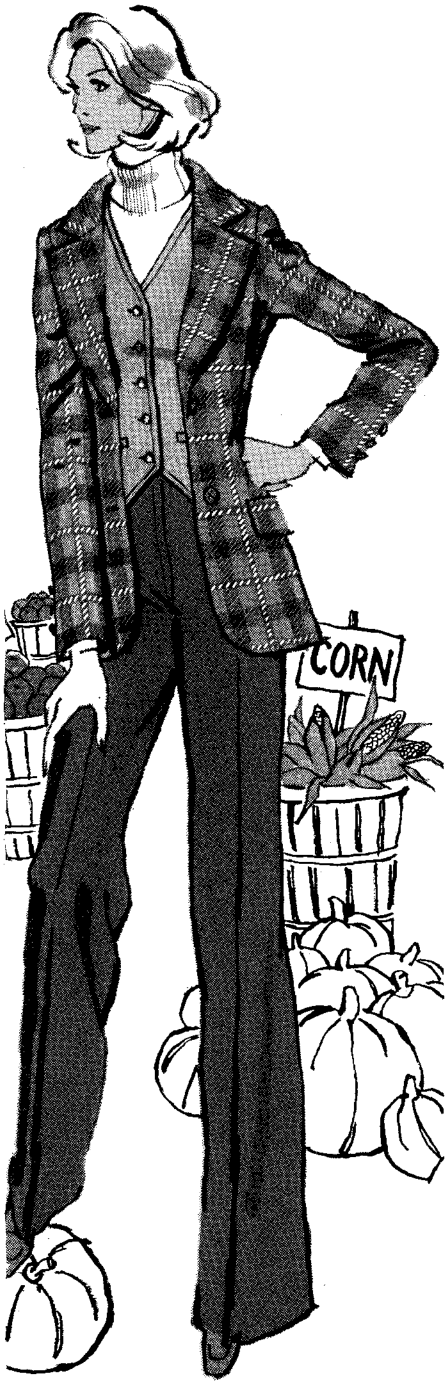

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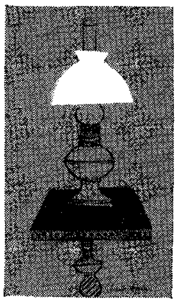

below them; he had to remove all the drawers before he could get everything back together. "And it's very frustrating," he said. By the time Pogue and Carr had finished the camera project, they were behind schedule.

HIS breakfast well settled by then, Pogue returned to the lower deck and hopped onto the bicycle ergometer like a tumbler leaping in slow motion onto a gymnasium horse. He had unzipped the lower halves of his trouser legs to make shorts, so he looked as though he were indeed working out in a gym. He had had trouble getting the pant legs over his shoes, though, because of the triangular cleats, which he needed to grip the pedals. When his feet were locked in, he attached electrodes from a vectorcardiograph to his chest, back, and sides to record his heartbeat, and he grabbed a white hose that was snaking in the air beside him and clamped its mouthpiece between his teeth. He also attached a pressure cuff to his arm, and a clip over his nose, so that he would be breathing only through his mouth. Then he started pedalling. His oxygen use was measured, and the air he exhaled through the hose was automatically analyzed to determine the quantity of carbon dioxide he was producing. These figures were plotted against the force of his pedalling and also against his pulse; for a given amount of oxygen utilization the lower his heart rate, the better condition he was in. In space, where there was no gravity for Pogue to work against, so that getting about and lifting things placed no physical strain on his body, his unused muscles were apt to deteriorate; his legs were especially vulnerable, for they were never used as they were on earth. His bones—particularly his leg bones, which no longer had to support his weight—were losing calcium. Weightlessness was changing the astronauts' bodies as surely as it changed the behavior of water. The flight surgeons liked to think that the bodily changes were helpful adaptations to space, on the theory that in weightlessness, where an astronaut didn't need so much of everything—not only muscle tissue but electrolytes and red cells as well—he might be better off without quite as much. All adaptations, of course, were not necessarily beneficial. Pogue's heart was no more immune from weakening than any other muscle in his body. Indeed, his heart was susceptible to atrophy, since it no longer had to work as hard; for this and other reasons, it decreased in size. The blood vessels in his legs weakened, too; in space, the veins in an astronaut's lower body were apt to lose their tone, creating difficulties when he got back.

On mornings when the astronauts didn't do bicycling, one or another of them bounced into the big aluminum barrel in the experiment compartment—the lower-body negative-pressure experiment, whose purpose was to simulate the effect of gravity upon an astronaut's cardiovascular system. On the thirteenth day of the first mission, Kerwin jumped into the barrel, and a black rubber skirt was fastened around his waist to make a tight seal between him and the barrel. Then the air inside was vented into space; the vacuum drew his blood back toward his feet, simulating the effect of gravity. Kerwin had never enjoyed being inside the barrel—for one thing, he fretted that he might be sucked into space himself, and for another, he felt faint if too much blood went to his legs—and that day the relaxed blood vessels ballooned so rapidly that Kerwin was unable to tolerate the maximum suction. "Terminated the run early, based on . . . subjective feeling of a little dizziness and a little cold sweat," he reported afterward.

The astronauts preferred the bicycle ergometer, even though cycling was one activity that was harder in space than on the ground, since they didn't have their weight to help them. To help keep himself on the bike, Pogue put a pillow on his head and braced himself against a pipe on the ceiling, and gripped the handlebars tightly. Because the triangles on his shoes were locked to the pedals, he could pull up on one pedal while he pushed down on the other, and this also helped keep him in place. While he was working out, the experiment compartment couldn't be used for anything else; hoses and legs flapped about so wildly that fellow-crewmen in the room had to stand clear. Any bikes aboard future space stations should have special rooms of their own, Carr said. Cycling was hot work, and, because the heat didn't rise but instead lingered suffocatingly about him, he was grateful to the second crew for having mounted a fan on the wall nearby. Strenuous as exercise on the bicycle ergometer was, it missed a great many muscles in the astronauts' bodies, among them the arm muscles and the big strap muscles across their backs. Sometimes the astronauts pedalled with their arms, but not often enough to do them much good. Cycling also missed a number of muscles in their legs; for instance, their calves became so flabby that they had trouble walking when they returned to earth. Gibson tried to give his calves more exercise by going around with his shoelaces loose and his triangles well forward, so that he would have to tense his calf muscles to keep stable when he was locked into the grid, but this didn't do much good. One thing did do some good, though, and that was a new item of equipment jammed aboard the last mission—a treadmill. It was simply a slippery sheet of Teflon, which was bolted to the grid floor just behind the bicycle. Anchoring himself to the floor with a harness, and balancing himself with a hand on the bicycle seat, he simply walked along, his feet slithering on the Teflon. He wore a pair of socks, so that his feet would slide easily. Occasionally, he bruised a foot on one of the bolts that held the Teflon down, but otherwise the treadmill was fairly successful. It was hard work; Carr found that five minutes of it at a time was about all he could handle, but, he added, "it really gives the tendons and everything, and the tops of your feet and your calf muscles, a real workout."

The astronauts repeatedly asked the ground how they were doing; they kept their records on the wall of the experiment compartment and consulted them avidly. Their performance on the ergometer remained remarkably steady. After an initial slump, which was probably caused simply by their learning how to ride a bicycle in space, their oxygen use and heart rate quickly returned almost to their preflight condition; and after that, as one doctor who kept track of their daily performance put it, "you could lay a ruler across the results." In contrast, the barrel experiment tended to be more stressful, especially during the first few weeks of flight; it was within that period that many of the astronauts found themselves unable to complete their assigned periods in the barrel. But an odd thing happened. The crews that stayed in Skylab longer—the second and the third crews—found that their performance in the barrel and the condition of their cardiovascular systems began to improve slightly between the second and fourth weeks; toward the latter part of the mission it stabilized at an apparently safe level, and, in fact, the performances of some of the astro-

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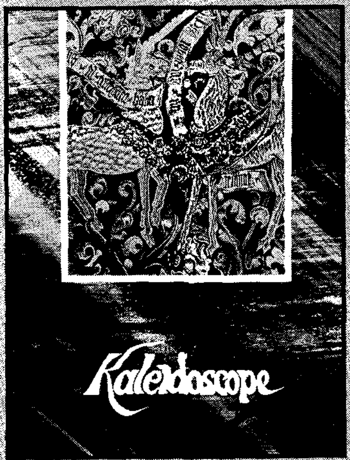

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nauts continued to improve almost to preflight levels. They stopped losing muscle tissue after about the fourth week, too, and at that point some of the astronauts stabilized or actually began to gain weight; the third crew ended up with the lowest weight loss. All in all, the flight surgeons got a pleasant surprise. Most of the other trends they had been worried about had levelled off still earlier, though the surgeons did not know this until after they had examined the blood and the other samples the astronauts brought back with them. The loss of fluids stopped between the tenth and fourteenth days, and, with it, most of the trends associated with the fluid loss, such as the depletion of electrolytes. Also, the astronauts suffered no heart arrythmias. The loss of red blood cells levelled off then, too, and the members of the third crew began to generate new red cells while they were still in space.

The flight surgeons were baffled, for they had expected that the longer a man was weightless, the worse his condition would be. Exercising on the bicycle ergometer had been a great help—the least changed astronauts were invariably the ones who had done the most daily cycling—but the flight surgeons didn't believe that exercise accounted for all the improvements they found. For example, it was hard to see how cycling caused the improvements in the barrel experiment or the regeneration of red blood cells observed in the third crew. Clearly, something was going on that the flight surgeons didn't understand, and it worried them. They were worried, too, about whether the astronauts were adapting to weightlessness too well. They suspected that a price would have to be paid when the astronauts returned to earth, and they worried that the more successful the adaptation to weightlessness the higher the price would be. —HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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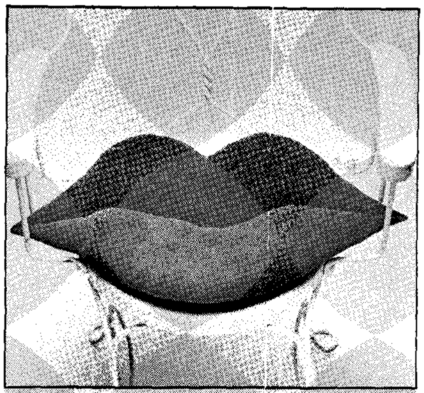

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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

HEREWITH a few brief (and late) impressions of the New York Shakespeare Festival's production of "Measure for Measure," which will close in the Park on August 29th. What a stately title for this dishevelled, invariably fascinating play! The performance, under John Pasquin's direction, is in-and-out good (Act I), very good (Act II). That this is so is as much the doing of Mr. Shakespeare as it is of Mr. Pasquin; there is almost too much in the way of plot to be set forth and then swallowed in the first act, but once the insane premise of the play is accepted, all goes well. (I use the terms Acts I and II to denote the two parts into which the play has been split for this production; they bear no relation to its actual construction and the divisions of the text.) The acting by all concerned is lucid and competent, and in some instances it is a good deal more than that. Sam Waterston is the Duke, stopping just this side of caricature when he is sneaking around disguised as a friar and using a high-pitched voice, and splendidly authoritative and dignified when he is dramatically unmasked at the end—surprisingly complacent, too, come to think of it, for one who has instigated the preposterous plot. Meryl Streep sidesteps all the obvious pitfalls of Isabella, making it clear that her decision not to give herself to Angelo in order to save the life of her brother, Claudio (David Haskell), is a matter of personal honor and anger rather than priggish chastity. Even the scene in which, stubborn and heartbroken, she refuses to yield to her brother's pleas that she change her mind holds up. Lenny Baker has never been better or funnier than he is as two-faced, mischievous Lucio, described by the dramatist as a Fantastic. Yes, indeed, and a perfect role for a fine actor. When I saw him and Mr. Waterston face to face in a scene near the end, looking so much alike, it struck me, for the first time, that the Duke and Lucio are, in a sense, counterparts, manipulating everybody in sight with equal relish, the Duke for what he believes is the public weal, Lucio for kicks. (This double vision could well have been Mr. Pasquin's intention.) John Cazale, pale-faced and tight-lipped, does well as the puritanical, smoldering, self-tortured Angelo, although under the circumstances much of the subtlety of this most subtle role is missing, the circumstances being the open air and those damn microphones that all the actors wear. Among the rest of the cast, I especially enjoyed Ron Randell, John Seitz, Howard E. Rollins, Jr., Caroline McWilliams, and Jay O. Sanders. My special gratitude to Mr. Waterston, Miss Streep, and Mr. Cazale for the strength and eloquence of their spoken poetry, and my gratitude to the entire company and to Mr. Pasquin for the high spirits that permeate the show. Effective setting and costumes by Santo Loquasto, effective lighting by Martin Aronstein. —EDITH OLIVER

• •

NOON

I look up at the black bulge of the sky and its belt of stars,
And know I can answer to nothing in all that shine,
Desire being ash, and not remembered or brought back by the breath,
Scattered beneath the willow's fall, a figure of speech . . .

And know that what I have asked for can not be granted, that what
Is waiting for me is laced in my two shoes,
Wind that will alter me, extension that one day will ease me on
In my slow rise through the dark toward the sweet wrists of the rose.

The dirt is a comforting, and the night drafts from the sucker vines.
The grass is a warm thing, and the hollyhocks, and the bright bursts from
the weeds.
But best of all is the noon, and its tiny horns,
When shadows imprint, and start
their gradual exhalation of the past.

—CHARLES WRIGHT

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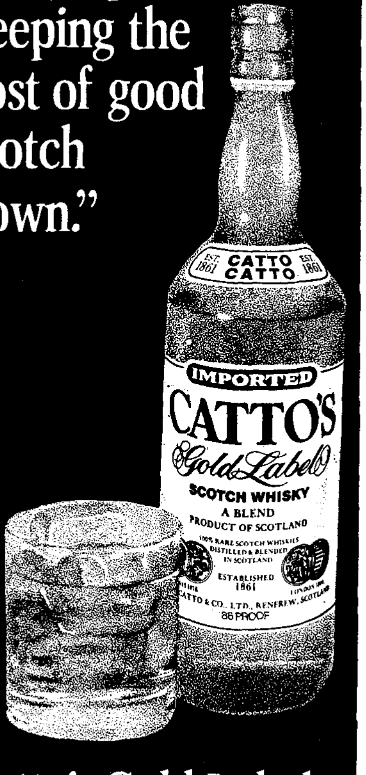

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Now What?

TWO sorts of American movie now take the winnings: the disaster film and the film about the future. In the one, mankind has had it; in the other, a remade universe replaces the one we know. Predictably, there is a link between the two species of blockbuster. Both appeal to a longing to escape from the present. They make us intelligence's mercenaries. They pay off thought with legends.

The new films about the future began with Kubrick's "2001," which was of a quite different quality of mind. It was a wondrous picture, conceived by a director who has one of the most interesting intellects now engaged in the cinema. But the latest pictures of the type—"Logan's Run," "Rollerball," "The Man Who Fell to Earth," "Futureworld"—are poor stuff, interesting only for their shared inanities. They most characteristically envision a non-culture ahead of us which has abolished books, wonder, speculativeness, national boundaries, love, and all real worries about the effects of world hunger, overpopulation, militant nationalism, political corruption, pollution.

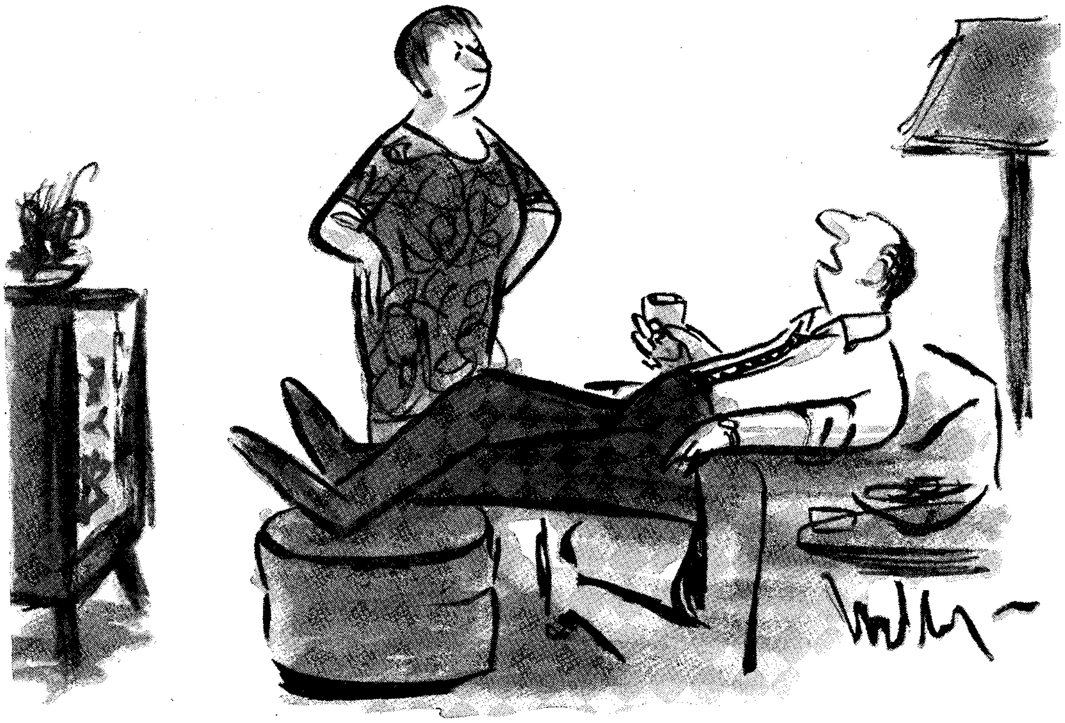
The newest spectacle, "Futureworld"—a sequel to "Westworld"—is directed by Richard T. Heffron, from a screenplay by Mayo Simon and George Schenck. It begins, before the credits, with a TV game show. The lucky winner is awarded a holiday at Delos, an expensive epoch-game resort offering imaginary trips to the past and the future: to Medievalworld (populated by very dry-cleaned-looking medievalists), to Romanworld, to Spaworld, or to Futureworld (which looks extremely like the present). After the credit sequence, which gives us a magnified view of Peter Fonda's eye, we are in the here and now. Mr. Fonda, as Chuck, a newspaper columnist, comes into a very clean newsroom. No leaking cardboard mugs of coffee. Chuck uses the sophisticatedly languorous talk common to newspapermen as films have shown them since the year dot. His telephone goes. He springs. A story. An anonymous man gives him a red-hot tip about Delos.

So Chuck, with this broad hint under his belt, goes to a publicity meeting that begins with an analysis of the robot-staffed Westworld resort and how it went bust. Robots ravaged the guests. Over a hundred casualties. Bad publicity. All that money lost. Delos's president, Duffy, who is played by Arthur Hill, manages the meeting suavely, nourishing it with windy clichés. He might be any one of our presidents. "We did not lose faith," he says. He asks that the new resort be treated in "a fair and positive manner." We witness a little encounter between Tracy (Blythe Danner), a TV commentator with fair hair that bounces like newly shampooed hair in a commercial, and Chuck, this good-looking but obviously outdated purveyor of the printed word. Tracy has fifty-five million viewers worldwide, we are told; Chuck is scanned by only a few thousand old ladies at public libraries. The filmmakers have read McLuhan, one feels.

An airplane to Delos. Among the passengers, Chuck, Tracy, a Soviet general refusing to give Chuck an interview, a Japanese businessman, and the winner of the TV game show, who talks dimly to Tracy about sex. Tracy is no fool, and no untender girl, either. Far more gently than any air hostess ordering people to fasten their seat belts, she demolishes the winner's paltry flirting, which seems to have more to do with continuing to win than with even an airplane order of romanticism.

From a control room at Delos full of monitoring television sets, passengers are picked out for a biogenetic adventure. The unwitting chosen ones are Tracy, Chuck, the Russian general, and the Japanese businessman. We are in the presence of four stereotypes, en route to a resort that looks like Disneyland. Duffy presidentially follows the media couple and tells them to make themselves at home. The Japanese man chooses to visit the medieval world, not minding its unconvincing hygiene. He has to leave his father's sword at the sword-check counter. His henchman has to hand in his camera, but the film depicts the lower-caste chap as stealing it back.

In Futureworld, Tracy and Chuck are offered a walk in space as part of a tourist experience as astronauts. All perfectly safe, says some propagandist on a public-address system. (One seems to be hearing the voice of Bob Newhart in the great sketch in which he plays a pilot reassuring straphanger passengers who are on a flight offered by the week-old Mrs. Grace L. Ferguson Airline & Storm Door Company.) "Any appearance of danger is simply a device to enhance your experience," says an invisible sales voice. The statement has the entirely non-soothing quality peculiar to the speech of nurses who know they have to keep their mouths shut, and of officials in veiled panic addressing delayed passengers at an airport. Tracy, who is pretty but



"Arnie Feldspan is not in. This is a recording."

thought-free, sees a giant door opening and says, made happy and secure by the thought of her fifty-five million viewers, that it will be a great start for her TV special. The two media people are costumed for their space adventure in white sweatsuits with what seem to be upholstered face-tissue boxes on their chests and backs. However, Tracy preserves her femininity. On board the spaceship, she sinks into a girlish muddle about all these mechanical details. She also turns out to have with her a tremendous number of changes of clothes for moments of crisis. The clothes have not been around as luggage up to now, and they are not at all futuristic. All the same, as the excitement mounts, and as we discover that Delos's tyrannical purpose is to eliminate the unorthodox, she changes into a rust-red jumpsuit, and then into a simple cream shirt worn with a brown skirt. Most of the time, we are racing around in bits of Futureworld that look like the boiler room of a hospital.

The villain, called Dr. Schneider (John Ryan), is a nasty-looking man with the guise of a dentist about to spring at you with ether and take out all your teeth. But his intent turns out to be even more horrid. He has a passion for manufacturing peoplelike robots whose faces can be prized off to reveal clockwork minds. He likes to pick opinion-makers, troublemakers, muckrakers, to copy them perfectly, and then to send the copies back to work with nothing but properly programmed ideas in their heads. They have no egos, these make-believe people, so they have no hangups, in the words of the film. Tracy and Chuck cling to their hangups ferociously. What else do their publics watch them for, read them for? Tracy has the Katharine Hepburn part in the love sparring between the couple, though the notion of the type has greatly fallen off. "You're the most stubborn woman I've ever met," says Chuck admiringly. As you can guess from their fights, they are much drawn to each other. In spite of his smaller public, Chuck preserves his masculinity by being braver. She is rather feathersome. In a Futureworld room that any idiot would expect to be bugged, she chats gaily about things it is crucial to shut up about. But what else can be expected of a sexpot who, induced by Futureworld techniques to reveal her secret dreams of ecstasy, can achieve no more than a vision of herself in a blue negligee in a sort of motel version of Fontainebleau, being freed from a red cord by Yul Brynner? By far the most appealing character in the film is

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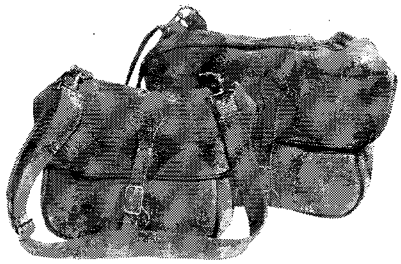

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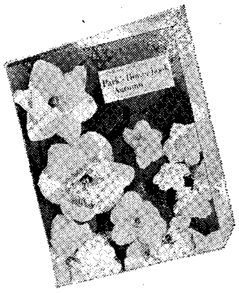

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neither the hero nor the heroine, who are self-publicizing dolts, but a robot who sheepishly cheats at cards when his human opponent is out of the room for the moment, and who has trouble of an arthritic sort with the electrical circuit in his left arm.

What does this technically elaborate film teach us? That robots don't get out of breath? That Hollywood, though it never stops patting itself on the back for its technical mastery, is actually rather primitive technically? (When we have been told that a skiing scene on Mars will be on red snow, it isn't.) That Hollywood's visual idea of the future takes us to places that reproduce the look of what is already with us: airports, singles bars, underground water-pipe rooms? That political conflicts will not have to be resolved, and that our main difficulty is going to be with robots? Easiest to pretend that if the population explosion isn't recognized, it will go away. Easiest to pretend that nationalism can be controlled by turning out fiction about comic national stereotypes. Easiest to pretend that a Communist has everything contentedly in common with a Japanese businessman and two American media celebrities, and that the holiday in Futureworld, which looks like a blindfold trip to Flushing, is a perilous piece of investigative reporting from which a good newsman can safely return to write a flashy story, beaten to the post by a dishy girl TV newscaster. "Futureworld" is part of a cult of anti-intellectual right-wingery, nourishing chauvinism, veiling truths in jargon, and obscuring the real troubles ahead of us with infant legerdemain.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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That's one way to look at it.

•

Victor Rallo, owner of the well-known Oakland dining spot, is varying the Italian dishes offered on Wednesday....

Raving violinists also will play romantic and gay Italian music.—*Paramus (N. J.) Sunday Post.*

We get indigestion when there's a lot going on.

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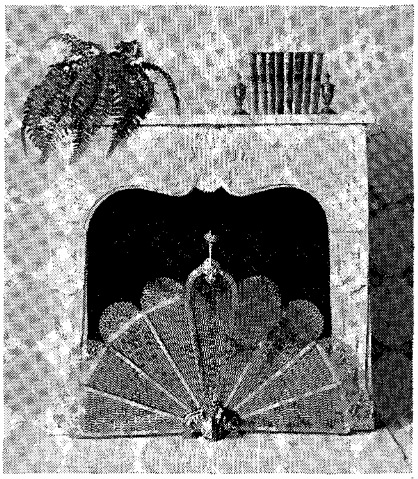

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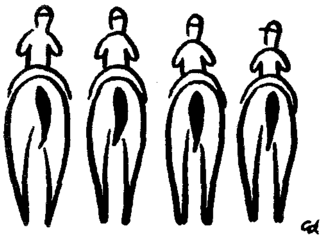
THE RACE TRACK

Comeback

HONEST PLEASURE, who had not won a race since the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland in April, though he'd tried four times, found his racing legs in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga last Saturday. Taking the lead in the first few strides, he was never headed and won in hand by four lengths, running the mile and a quarter in 2:00⅕—a track record for the distance. It was the sort of comeback that horsemen—particularly Bert Firestone, who owns him—must dream about. Behind him, Romeo, a 49–1 shot, ridden by Baeza, who used to be Honest Pleasure's jockey, beat Dance Spell by a length and a half. Majestic Light, the even-money favorite, finished seventh. Eight ran. This department's horse-watchers report that Honest Pleasure never looked better than he did in the paddock before the Travers. They say that his race in the Monmouth Invitational a fortnight before, in which he finished third, wound him up almost to concert pitch, and that his last workout, a half mile in 0:46⅕, finished the job. Indeed, his performance in the Travers was reminiscent of several of his races last season, when he became the best of the two-year-olds.



His rider, Perret, who had ridden him in the Invitational, sent him down the first quarter in 0:23⅖, the half mile in 0:46⅗, the six furlongs in 1:10⅖, and the mile in 1:35. Quiet Little Table and Dance Spell were closest till Romeo passed them in the stretch. Majestic Light, who won the race at Monmouth, must have left his speed there. Travers Day, which used to be called Midsummer Derby Day, has always been the meeting's biggest event. Despite sweltering weather, a crowd of 31,255 packed the stands and bet $2,551,137. With another week to go, attendance is six per cent over that of last year, and the mutuel handle is up twelve per cent.

TAKING a leaf from Charlie Whittingham's book, trainer Johnny Campo saddled the first three runners home in the race that started Travers Week—the Adirondack Stakes, for two-year-old fillies. Elmendorf's Harvest Girl, a strapping bay by Herbager, took the lead on the turn into the stretch to win by two lengths from Arlene Schwartz's Bonnie Empress. Drama Critic, who won the Fashion Stakes at Belmont for Elmendorf in June, was third. Harvest Girl ran so impressively that horsemen predict she'll be the favorite in the Spinaway Stakes, the jackpot for fillies this week. Campo thinks so, too, and says, "Wait till next year. You'll see something."

As expected, the Sanford Stakes, for colts, went to Turn of Coin. He beat Hey Hey J.P., Super Joy, and four others.

An extra attraction last week was the first running of the Empire Stakes, for two-year-olds foaled in New York State. Seventeen ran—the largest field of the meeting—and Fratello Ed, a bay colt by Noholme II out of Celtic Lyn, from the Assunta Louis Farm of Dr. Dominick DeLuke, won it comfortably by two lengths from Murray Garren's Heidee's Pal. Vandy Sue, a stablemate of the winner, was third. The time for the six furlongs was 1:12⅖. Breeding of thoroughbreds in New York, which has lapsed for so many years, is looking up.

FOREGO had no luck in the Amory L. Haskell Handicap at Monmouth Park last Saturday. From all accounts, he was carried wide in the stretch by Intrepid Hero, and the Greentree Stable's Hatchet Man, saving ground on the rails, won the race by a length; Intrepid Hero beat Forego by a head for the place. Vasquez, who rode Forego, lodged an objection, but the stewards disallowed it. Forego, by the way, carried 136 pounds, which gave Hatchet Man twenty-four and Intrepid Hero seventeen. Wrong Horse Harry wonders how many parlays on Majestic Light, in the Travers, and Forego, in the Haskell, went up the flue last Saturday.

FOR LONG-SHOT PLAYERS: Banquet Table for the Hopeful Stakes.

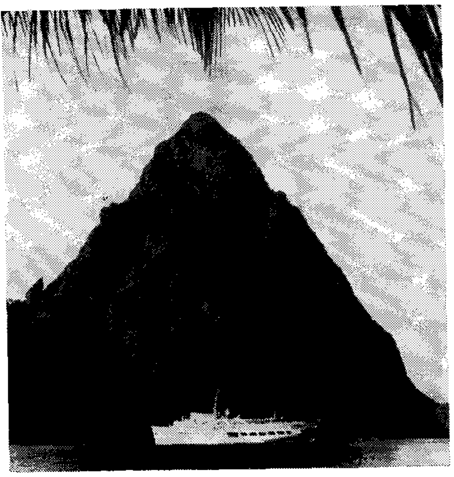
—AUDAX MINOR

•

His charming wife Sylvia is getting around on crutches—the result of a broken knee suffered while she was in the hospital recently for a routine checkup.
—*San Francisco Progress*.

Those damn little rubber hammers!

Island Christmas



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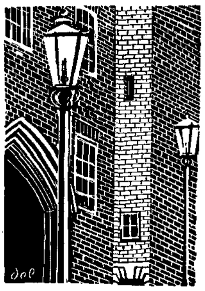
LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 20

THE British are worrying about water—the latest and strangest crisis in a green land where the rain often washes out a summer's pleasures. This year's beautiful hot weather or appallingly serious drought, depending on which way you look at it and where you live, is continuing without a break. The Victorians had such summers, it is said, but nobody can remember anything like the present phenomenon. Londoners are still talking about the long spell of sweltering days and nights a few weeks back, when temperatures soared into the nineties and the thunderstorms that can usually be relied on to end a brief heat wave held off. It was a record for this temperate isle. London's streets provided an exceptionally uninhibited daily flesh show. The young and not so young came out dressed as though for the beach, and the suffering elderly stayed home in darkened rooms, drawing vicarious relief from watching the sweating players and the grilling spectators at Wimbledon on television. A hokeypokey stall appeared at Harrods and did a roaring trade, to the disapproval of old Knightsbridge hands picking their way through the jostling throng of tourists and locals contentedly licking vanilla cornets. Now it is cooler, but still the longed-for steady rain does not come.



The drought is the result of two dry summers in succession and two winters with no snow to speak of. Some isolated downpours, so memorable that people refer to them as "the Thursday," or whatever, were nothing like enough to penetrate the parched earth, and in many places the unfamiliar wet stuff ran smartly off into householders' basements. The National Water Council's urgent appeals to everybody to think before turning on a tap were apparently heeded only while skies remained cloudless. When a bit of rain fell, many citizens seemed to conclude that the crisis was over, and began using water with gay abandon once more. The Government's hastily put-together drought bill has just passed into law, so appeals will soon be stiffened with enforcements. London is surrounded by a necklace of reservoirs, and the shortage was until recently noticeable only in the very high price of vegetables. But the flow of the Thames has had to be so much reduced to raise the dwindling reservoirs' level that at low tide it has become a mere dribble in places, and the use of hoses to wash the car or water the back garden has now been forbidden. In southern Wales, the hardest hit of the areas, water is cut off at night, and there is anxious talk of a possible three-day week for industries that use a great deal. In the drought-stricken flat fields of East Anglia and the normally lush South, crops are poor, and pastures, as any passing motorist can see, are so brown that cattle are munching next winter's fodder. Country dwellers have fixed up ingenious arrangements that siphon off their bathwater to their yellowing plants and thirsty vegetables. The weekend arrival of house guests is now likely to be anticipated by the hostess with the glad cry, "Oh, good! Five baths!"

It is melancholy to drive through the worst-affected parts of the country. Hedges look as though they had been scorched here and there; actual fires have blackened thousands of acres of the tinder-dry commons. Lawns everywhere are an exhausted beige. Worst of all, the forest trees that must drink enormous draughts daily to live are signalling distress by shedding dying boughs. The conservationists are worried about the decimation of fish, insect, bird, and small-animal life in and around streams that are now stony dry ditches. The Government has asked for a report from experts studying the alarming drop in underground water supplies, to help plan for the possibility that it will be another dry, mild winter.

ONE of the bow windows of Hatchards, the Piccadilly bookseller, was entirely given up the other day to a display of a brightly jacketed book that was topping the nonfiction best-seller list—the entirely revised sixth edition of a national institution, the Concise Oxford Dictionary, published last month by the Oxford University Press in a first printing of six hundred thousand copies. *Punch* once had a cartoon of four studious members of the reading public—a giant of a fellow consulting the father of the family of Oxford lexicons, the huge, majestic thirteen-volume Oxford English Dictionary, while at his elbow a couple of stocky researchers, descending in scale, studied the Shorter and the Concise, and a manikin scholar peeping out of the Concise student's coat browsed through the Pocket. The C.O.D. is the workaday version that most people use, so the new edition is an event. It is easier on the hand and eye than its predecessor of 1964, being slimmer, though with longer pages. Printed in a beautifully clear typeface, it defines seventy-four thousand words and phrases, compared with sixty-eight thousand last time, which chart the changes created by the gradual sinking out of sight of some words and the bobbing up of newcomers in the last twelve years.

The C.O.D.'s editor, John Sykes, is a gentle, quietly amused man of forty-seven who was a research physicist and, later, a technical translator for the Atomic Energy Authority at Harwell before he began dropping in to do a bit of work for the Oxford University Press a few years ago. Words are his recreation as well as his profession. He won the *Times*' formidable national crossword competition four years running, and retired this year in case other competitors were becoming discouraged. Unlike the editors of the first C.O.D., in 1911—the great Fowler brothers, H.W. and F.G.—who somehow managed to do the job from their home in Guernsey, Dr. Sykes works literally on top of one of the most awe-inspiring lexicographical libraries in the world, the files of the Oxford English Dictionary. They line the basement of a modest red brick house in Walton Crescent, an Oxford neighborhood of low, terraced cottages and small shops which nods casually with a pub called the Bookbinder's Arms to the presence of the classic, pillared press itself, a few streets away. Dr. Sykes inhabits the attic, a pleasantly cluttered place lined with dictionaries and shelves of files. He started work on the new C.O.D. in 1971 with a staff of one full-time assistant, taking the decisions on what should be dropped and what included from the fifth edition, and writing his meticulously legible comments on the filed cards of the old entries. Every word was considered and reconsidered on its merits as part of the living language today. For instance, "Anderson shelter," the name of the little back-yard bunkers used in the blitz, has been discarded as being happily obsolete. Besides having constant consultations with the editors of the other Oxford dictionaries, who man this listening post of the English language, Dr. Sykes was often helped, he told a visitor the other day, by people all over the world who would write to make suggestions or to register some etymological point. His most industrious correspondent was Mr. A. R. Babcock, of Summit, New Jersey, who for the last four years has written him lengthy and courtly longhand letters, sometimes weekly, on items in the fifth edition that he thought needed clearing up. Dr. Sykes always answered, and Mr. Babcock receives special thanks in the preface.

The new edition got an enthusiastic press. "A switched-on, swinging, smashing dictionary," the *Times* critic called it, these words being new entries. And the *Economist* said that it should be given to every godchild. The recipients, if they take a dip into it, are not likely to follow Becky Sharp's scandalous behavior with Johnson's mighty work and pitch it back at its donor's feet.

THE theatres never have an August lull here. "A Chorus Line," the show that everybody wants to see, seems the perfect Bicentennial present to London—young, stimulating, and ecstatically received by us all. Some theatregoers have been driving down to Sussex to the Chichester Festival, an agreeable summer fixture, directed by the actor Keith Michell, that goes on into September. This season's sell-out success is a stylish revival of Somerset Maugham's best comedy, "The Circle." It is set in the sort of civilized country-house drawing room that was standard for West End social comedies in the twenties. The attitudes and slang of the upper-class characters seem charmingly period, like the hip-anchored waists of the women's evening dresses, but the construction is precise and just about timeless. The plot concerns a disconcerting visit to the home of an insufferably pompous M.P. by his mother, Lady Kitty, and her lover, Lord Porteous, with whom she bolted when her son was five to live a somewhat shoddy life on the Continent. The M.P.'s wife is herself on the verge of running off with a young tea planter from Malaya, who has somehow been invited to join the house party. Can the horrid scandal, so damaging to a politician, be averted by getting the poor girl to take a long, hard look at the couple who threw away all for love and are now ridiculous and pathetic old gargoyles glaring and bickering over the bridge table? Or will the first bolter in the family have to see her own mistake repeated in relentless full circle? It is a Jamesian situation, and Maugham mixed the irony and the sentiment very artfully. Googie Withers is splendid as raddled

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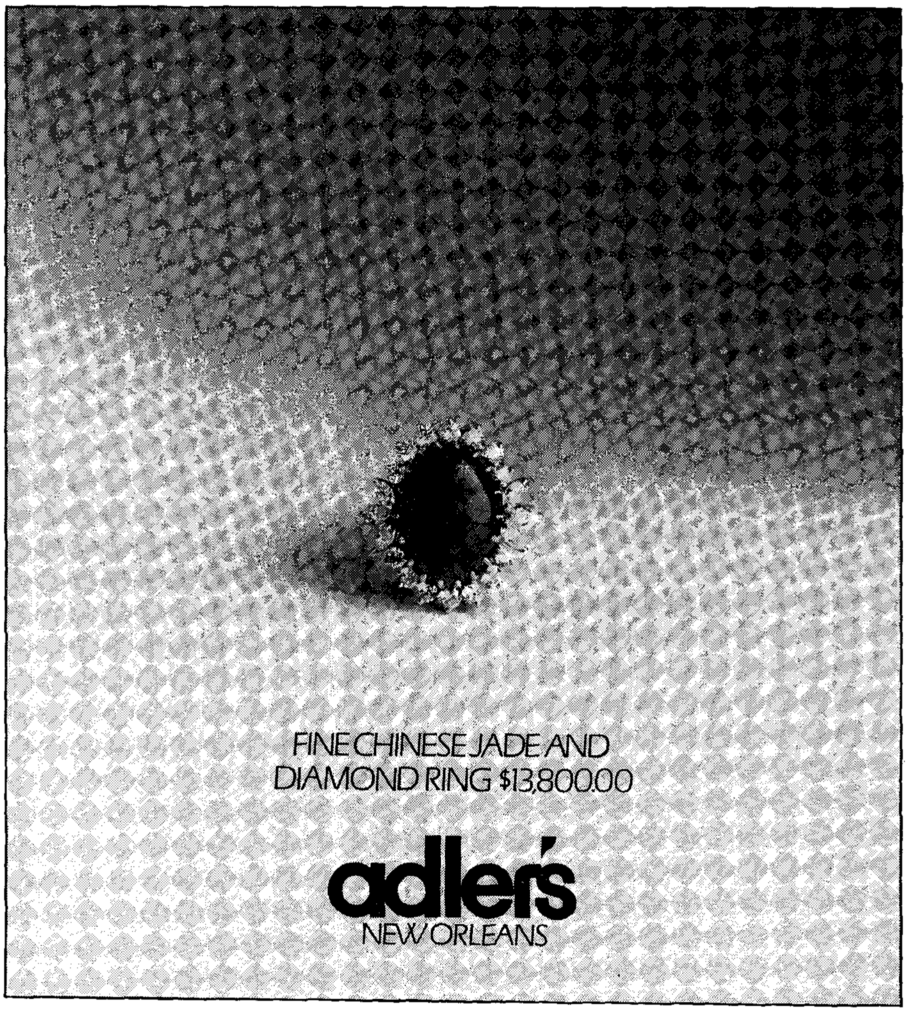

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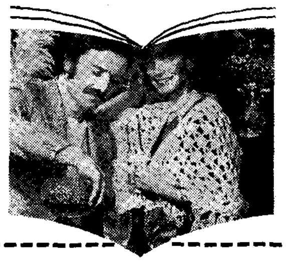

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Lady Kitty, whose face crumples suddenly when she is shown an Edwardian album photograph of herself as an exquisite postcard society beauty with a muff. Susan Hampshire and Clive Francis are just right as the young lovers declaring their passion in the embarrassed phrases of a gentler generation. Bill Fraser gives a marvellously funny performance as the grumpy old paramour, Lord Porteous, whose new teeth keep slipping when he is in midbark. In the photograph-album episode, he lumbers over to assure Lady Kitty stoutly that she has not changed by an eyelash—a touching little bit of acting and writing which delivers the sudden information that even if all passion was long ago spent, affection has been a good deal more durable.

POLITICALLY, things will be quiet until October, when Parliament returns. This is a relief, at least to the unadmiring public outside Westminster. During one of the most exhausting and combative sessions anyone can remember, a vast amount of legislation, some of it violently opposed by large sections of the country, was passed—or, more accurately, pushed through—at times only by the Government's urgent summoning of sick and absent Labour Members to hasten by ambulance or jet to vote. Now the House is empty, but the fearful problem of Ulster is waiting on the doorstep. In the autumn, Mr. Callaghan's most difficult legislative hurdle, which some think his Government will not surmount, will be the so-called devolution proposals, to give Scotland and Wales partial self-government. Most ordinary English are foggy on the subject—hardly surprising, since the Labour Party and the Conservatives have been equally confused and certainly unenthusiastic in creeping toward a policy, and only the Liberals have stood by the Gladstonian principles of home rule as firmly as they did in 1892. There may be a good deal of support for a referendum, though framing one makes the "Yes" or "No" of going into Europe seem simplicity itself. Some people are beginning to wonder with worry whether next year, when the Queen celebrates her Silver Jubilee, may not see whatever Government is in power presiding over the breakup of Her Majesty's United Kingdom.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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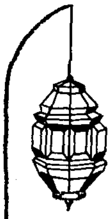

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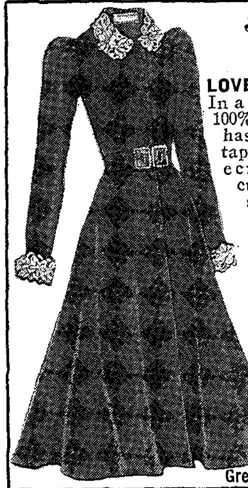

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DANCING

Ailey and Friends

ANY other company would have been suspected of trying to put over a non-event to whip up the public's interest in seeing repertory in an unsuitable theatre at an unseasonable time of year, but the Ailey company, holding its "Ailey Celebrates Ellington" series at the State Theatre in the dead of August, was indulged with a fair amount of sanctimony. Official greeters ranging from Betty Ford and Coretta King to LaBelle tossed laurel wreaths; the reconstituted (and coarsened) Ellington band, led by Mercer Ellington and miked to excess, fired salvos from the pit. No other choreographer has done as much as Alvin Ailey to keep Duke Ellington's music alive, and for the past several seasons he has been building a new wing of his repertory on Ellington ballets by him and other choreographers. But only one of these works could be called a success—the moderately beguiling "Night Creature." Ailey has retained it, together with the pieces that have been mere commercial hits, like "The Mooche" and "Caravan," and with a couple of older ballets revived along the way—Talley Beatty's "The Road of the Phoebe Snow" and Lester Horton's "Liberian Suite"—which show their age to such an extent that they can be taken for classics. For the State Theatre season, Ailey even brought in his production, for American Ballet Theatre, of "The River," with its A.B.T. cast. (That company had just finished giving the ballet, on the same premises, for the sixth straight year.) And the season would have opened with a repeat of the "gala" pas de deux staged this spring for Mikhail Baryshnikov and Judith Jamison—it, too, has an Ellington score—if Baryshnikov had not hurt his foot.

Concentrated in mouselike might or mixed in with the standard Ailey repertory items ("Cry" and "Blues Suite" and "Revelations" and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder"), this retrospective hardly made a celebration, but for those who had missed the Ailey line in Ellingtoniana it was a good catch-up season, and for those who hadn't and were still hopeful there were several premières. These included new works by guest choreographers for the Alvin Ailey Repertory Workshop, the company's junior auxiliary. I'm not that hopeful; I only went once, and to see all these novelties it would have been necessary to go three times in one weekend. None were scheduled for repeats in the following week, and until it turned out to be a hit neither was Ailey's own new piece, "Three Black Kings." On a subsequent program, it replaced his "Black, Brown and Beige," which had been neither a hit nor a success. I went specifically to see and hear "Three Black Kings," a work that Ellington intended for ballet and left unfinished when he died. The score, attributed to Duke and Mercer Ellington, is in three parts—"King Balthazar" (of the Three Magi), "King Solomon," and "Martin Luther King"—and, like Ellington's other ballet score, "The River," it carries the dancing. "The River" as staged is wildly unbalanced: the music sounds as if it were meant to accompany some apotheosis of American show dancing, and the choreography looks like shallow ballet heroics. The music of "Three Black Kings" deals in varieties of ethnic dance. Balthazar's tribal rite has fugal patterns and African drums; it was chaotically staged. The choreography for Solomon's harem was just one of those things. Ailey was more secure with the third section, which builds a slow crescendo on repetitions of a simple, free-swinging gospel tune. This material, unusual for Ellington (one wonders if he meant to be that simple), is most usual for Ailey. He's used all his stock steps and his stiffest frock-coated manner, but at the peak of the crescendo the audience broke into applause. Ailey and the music had come out even.

Ellington's music was composed specifically for his orchestra, and the way Ellington worked with his musicians—allowing each his own characteristic expression and drawing out the best that each had to give—is the way a good choreographer works with his company. One can't help feeling that Ailey would have come out even with Ellington more of the time if he'd kept up this kind of collaborative relationship with his dancers. "The Mooche" is a distilled view of the confusion that has come over the Ailey company in recent years. Set in a kind of celestial night club, it evokes four headline entertainers of the past—Ailey gives us their names—but because Ailey imposes his conceptions of these characters on the dancers the casting doesn't have the magic inevitability that would have made the piece work. Whether we recognize the names of the entertainers or not, we recognize no special quality in the dancers who perform the parts; neither the portrait nor the sitter is real. "The Mooche" is a hit with audiences for the same reason that "Bubbling Brown Sugar" is a hit—because it deals with the materials and the great names of past eras in popular entertainment. Sometimes Ailey appears to know no more about the subject than the producers of "Bubbling Brown Sugar" do. He's changed the musical selection that accompanies the Mahalia Jackson number—it's now Ellington's setting of the Twenty-third Psalm—but he still translates Mahalia into an absurdly pious Modern Dancer. He's also changed the ending, so that the piece builds up to the death of Bessie Smith, complete with large funeral wreath and insinuations that Whitey did it. Judith Jamison is Bessie Smith, although of course she isn't, and she now camps her role, as if to let us know she knows that. Jamison's size and her huge, smiting personality make her hard to repress. She's the kind of performer who was a star before she was a dancer, and there are some who see in her nothing but that self-parodistic star image. Ailey's view of her is peculiarly schizoid. In "The Mooche," he lets her play straight out to the audience, patrolling the footlights in her high heels and bird-of-paradise, then reins her in for one of those academic barefoot solos that don't explore her best assets as a dancer. Ailey's intentions are crossed up on several levels. The dance fits his skewed Bessie Smith conception only if you happen to know that Bessie Smith had some early fame as a "flatfoot" dancer. Even when you know that, it isn't a very interesting dance; it's simply a statement of wasted resources—Jamison's. In the Baryshnikov pas de deux, Ailey got Jamison working, for the first time since "Revelations," in such a way that her dance power shone in harmony with the power of her personality, and I imagine that sheer nervous competition was what brought the miracle out of him. But "The Mooche" is more typical of Jamison's situation within the company—overworked as a star, undernourished as a dancer.

Jamison doesn't dance in "Caravan"—nobody does—but you can bet that she works: works and sells. Dudley Williams does, too, and with more control than Jamison. Williams is small and waspish and nervy; he's been the company specialist in lyrical "soul" for

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a long time, but I like him best in comic roles, which he seldom plays. "Caravan" is supposed to make you laugh, and Williams, who is a precision artist of a dancer, gets all his laughs standing still. He and Jamison have to hold the stage while the choreographer, Louis Falco, is battering it to rubble, and *they do it through presence alone.* Falco is shrewd enough to know he can count on them and on the cascade of Ellington tunes the orchestra plays while he pumps his reputation as the Bad Boy of American Dance. Falco's dumb-cute choreography is disgraceful, but Ailey probably knew it would look like giddy, inane fun to the large audience that he commands and that Falco covets. And to such an audience it probably looks daringly subversive, too. Falco's "technique" consists of flopping and flinging and throwing yourself around. He likes to keep scenic elements in motion and to stage artsy bits, like having strips of floorcloth taped down while the ballet is in progress. (Later, we see that the strips are guidelines to prevent the dancers from being hit by falling scrims.) He straps blocks of wood to Williams' feet and has him tap-dance to a stop-time version of "Solitude." Falco's admirers are probably saying that "Caravan" is about impediments—that the scrims that subdivide the stage and then fly away are experiments in confinement, and so on. However, these devices aren't contradictions of what Falco can do with space and movement and tap-dancing. They're *all* he can do. The so-amusing ragmop style has no energy beneath it—Falco is unable to switch pressure levels except by taking the dancers off the stage—and the hyperactivity has a core of weariness and defeat.

"Caravan" is the only out-and-out blunder I have witnessed in the Ellington series, and I wonder what the young Workshop choreographers must have thought of the enthusiastic response it got from audiences. Dianne McIntyre, who has her own small company in Harlem, was invited to stage a Workshop première, and she could not have taken much comfort from the Falco fuss. Her "Deep South Suite" had two sections that were serious choreography. "There Was Nobody Looking" was a set of lightly romantic encounters between a black girl and a white boy with their backs to the world, and "Happy-Go-Lucky Local" was a tidily constructed, confident group-rhythm number. McIntyre's range is narrow, and she tends to work in a posterish colloquial style, as if she'd spent her childhood among old Kather-

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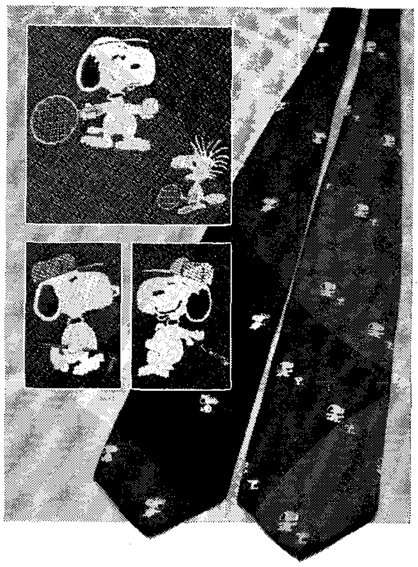

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ine Dunham souvenir programs. But she's musically perceptive, and she can project a distinct dance continuity parallel to a score yet complete in itself. And yet—why bother? Why should anyone, seeing what's marketable downtown, go back to Harlem and work? I'm not accusing Ailey of corruption. He himself was always a highly salable choreographer, and he doesn't so much give in to tawdry pleasure as give out with it. Even when he's trashing his own talent (and that of his dancers) through negligence, he never quite loses his innocence. But trashing by Ailey is one thing, destruction by Falco is something else.

—Arlene Croce

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE POSTAL SERVICE

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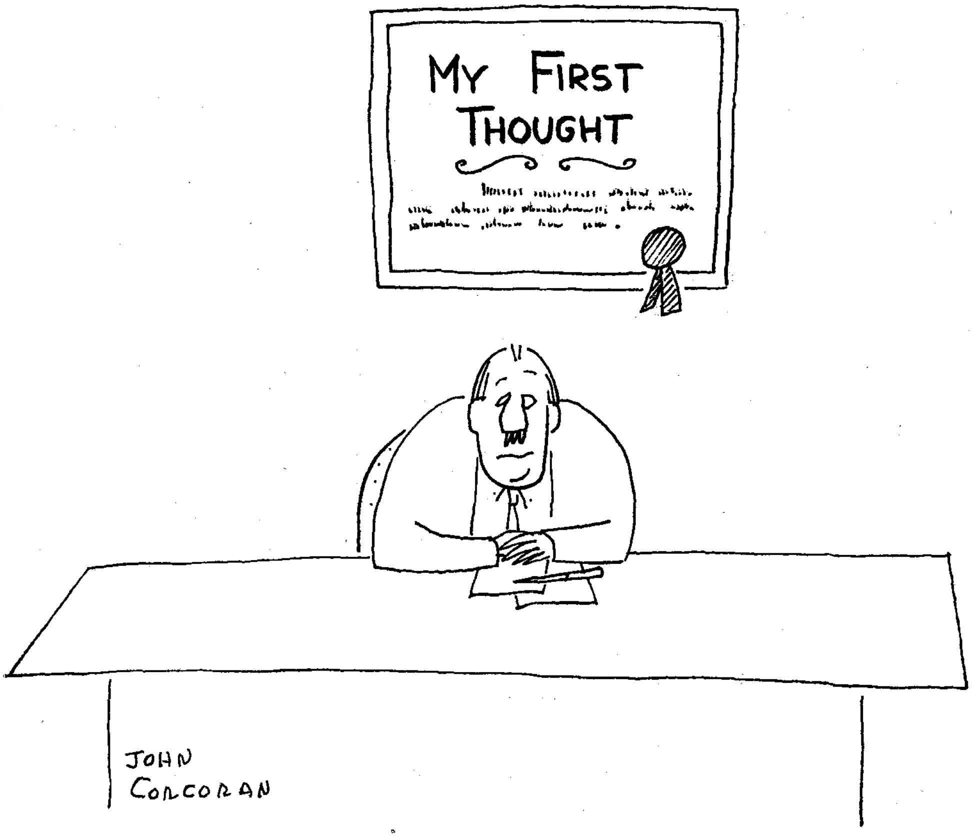
LETTER FROM KANSAS CITY

AUGUST 20

"UNITY at last!" an Eastern Republican, skipping the closing session of the Republican National Convention and holding an impromptu news conference, said at the airport last night. "The Ford right wing and the Reagan right wing have joined forces and now control what remains of the Republican Party—its two right wings." This is a fairly common view of what was achieved here this week; it is held not only by discouraged liberals but by those conservatives who do not acknowledge the existence, or the legitimacy, of any factions except those spoken for by Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan. The liberals—or, as some now prefer to call themselves, the moderates—were, of course, a sizable and influential presence here, but the presence was largely concealed, and the influence was used not to benefit them individually or as a group but to get the nomination for a man with whom they had little in common and to keep the platform from being a repudiation of them and their views. (In the latter effort they can hardly be said to have succeeded.) Had they run a candidate of their own, as some of them wanted to do earlier this year, Reagan would have won on the first ballot and Ford would now be a lame-duck President, but there was general agreement among the liberals that Reagan had to be stopped, and they provided the political muscle to do it. Normally, a traditional politician like Ford would reward such benefactors by pledging support for some of their programs and by giving some of them prominent roles in the campaign. But nothing of the sort seems likely to happen now. Though Ford faced no threat from Reagan after Wednesday night's balloting, his acceptance speech—in its content, though perhaps not in its texture—could as well have been delivered by his defeated rival; and Ford's choice of Robert Dole as a running mate seems to assure that he will run against Jimmy Carter as he ran for the nomination: trying to hold the conservatives in line. If the liberals are to get anything for their labors here, they will have to wait until after November 2nd, by which time Ford may be in no position to do anything for anyone.

The display of unity after last night's acceptance speeches impressed many people, and not simply because Reagan joined Ford on the rostrum and addressed the partisans of both. This was to be expected. The really impressive thing was that in those final hours there was little visible or audible evidence of the rancor that has characterized many hard-fought Conventions in the past and that characterized some of the earlier sessions here. In part, this may be explained by the fact that a number of the more zealous and boisterous of the disappointed Reagan delegates were not in attendance, some having already left Kansas City, others having been encouraged by the managers to find more agreeable ways to spend the evening. The Convention was, by and large, a well-managed affair, and such hostility and ugliness as there were had no approval from the professionals, who were planning and running the show as best they could. They welcomed the public show of friendliness and reconciliation by Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller, the adversaries of 1964 in San Francisco. The Reagan tacticians did not order the long demonstrations by the Reagan delegates; they knew that these could do nothing to advance the cause and would only bore or antagonize the television audience. For the same reasons, the Ford people did not encourage counter-demonstrations, and they did not try to enforce the fifteen-minute rule against the demonstrators on either side. Knowing the contempt of the Reagan delegates for Henry Kissinger (on one placard his name was rendered as "Kissingersky"), Ford's people arranged to keep the Secretary of State in Washington until yesterday, when he arrived here accompanied by Shirley Temple Black, the State Department's new chief of protocol, who was serving as a kind of tour guide for ninety-odd sightseeing members of the diplomatic corps.



By such contrivances, disorder and disruption were quite effectively contained, and it may be that there will now be more unity than had been thought possible a month or so ago. But even before the Convention ended one could detect indications that, whatever its outcome, the Republicans would have large internal problems. In his appearance last night, Reagan spoke some gracious words and wished the nominee well, but he conspicuously neglected to offer his own services for the Ford Campaign or to solicit those of his supporters, and by the time he arrived in Los Angeles he was speculating on the need for a new party if the Democrats should win three months from now—an event he seemed to expect. Some weeks ago, Senator Charles Mathias, of Maryland, said that he was entertaining the possibility of becoming a Democrat; leaving here, he still seemed uncertain whether he could continue as a Republican. Senator Lowell Weicker, of Connecticut, conservative on some matters, liberal on others, said after he had read the platform this week that he found himself unable to defend it and would have to run on his own issues and on his own record. And there were a few who were quick to say that they could not support the national ticket, and that they expected its defeat and would regard the defeat as well earned. "Ford and Dole—blah! They deserve to lose," one Florida delegate said. And a Georgia delegate said, "Why should I help them? They haven't a prayer, and anyway they're no better than Carter and Mondale. At least, Carter is from my state." In several Southern delegations, there were threats of reprisals against Clarke Reed, the Mississippi chairman, whose support of Ford—belated and reluctant though it was, coming after Reagan's choice of Richard Schweiker as his Vice-Presidential candidate—made him the object of so much noisy scorn and derision that during one Reagan demonstration he was forced to leave the floor. The Texas delegation was perhaps the fiercest and most uncompromising in its loyalty to Reagan, and its chairman, Ray Barnhart, who on Wednesday had cried "No! No! No!" when it was proposed that Ford's nomination be made unanimous, said he would have to wait and see whether Ford was worthy of his support. Ford would not get it unless he adhered closely to the platform and "rejected Henry Kissinger's foreign policy," Barnhart said. Another Texan said, "I know he finds that platform hard to swallow, but he'll get no help from me unless he accepts the whole of it and tells the country he's behind it."

A Connecticut Republican can't support the 1976 platform, and some Texas Republicans won't work for the President unless he defends—as politicians used to say—every plank and every splinter of it. There have been few occasions when a party platform has stirred the kind of passions generated here. Candidates seldom feel bound by anything more than the broad generalities to be found in most platforms—the obligatory "viewing with alarm," the inevitable "pointing with pride." Few voters trouble to read them—a sign not so much of political irresponsibility as of a recognition that they are essentially irrelevant, weaseling, execrably written documents. They are more important when they are in the process of being drafted than when they have been accepted, for the hearings on them enable politicians to appear sympathetic to a wide variety of causes, good and bad. But this year's Republican platform, perhaps partly because the differences between the rival fac-

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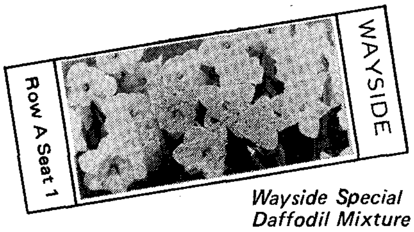

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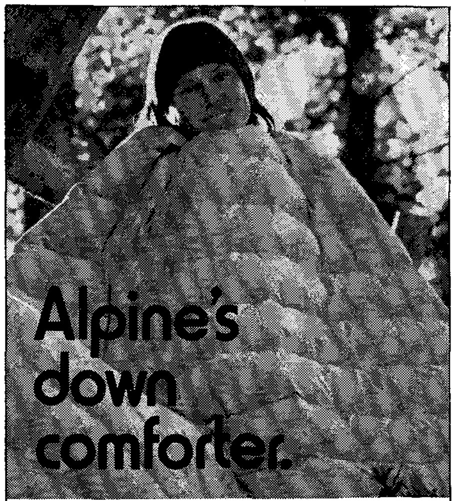

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tions have been largely rhetorical, was the subject of intense and often acrimonious dispute, and will apparently continue so during the campaign. It is an unusual piece of work in many ways. It may be the first platform ever to single out a distinguished figure in the world of letters—Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who, in tribute to his persistent attacks on the Soviet Union, is hailed in the section on foreign policy as "that great beacon of human courage and morality." (Solzhenitsyn was a much honored figure here in Kansas City, and at one time it almost seemed as if he might be a Presidential aspirant, for in the course of seconding Reagan's nomination Senator Jesse Helms, of North Carolina, mentioned the Russian novelist, whom he described as "my friend," eight times and mentioned the candidate only twice.) The platform reference to Solzhenitsyn was in a passage insisted upon by the Reagan people, over much objection, and it is, in effect, a harsh condemnation of the foreign policy of the Ford Administration. Senator Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania, told the delegates that by adopting it the Republicans would be "striking at our . . . own President." This did not diminish in the least the Reaganites' enthusiasm for the wording, and the Ford people, in another effort to avoid trouble on the floor, accepted it. As a whole, the platform is—in the painter's metaphor frequently used by Reagan—a declaration drawn in "bold, unmistakable colors, with no pale-pastel shades." It is stern and unyielding in its condemnation of inflation, crime in the streets, terrorism at home and abroad, gun control, abortion, busing, compulsory national health insurance, quota systems, welfare cheating, amnesty, obscenity, and, above all, "the Democrat-controlled Congress." (This refusal by the Republicans to recognize their adversaries' right to make a proper adjective from a proper noun is an irritant that was first used by Senator Joe McCarthy a quarter of a century ago.) It probably sets an all-time record by suggesting consideration of no fewer than five amendments to the Constitution. Like most political documents, it is not without contradictions. It demands that the free-enterprise system be allowed to function without government intervention and calls for the protection of several industries against foreign competition. It calls for drastic cuts in government spending and for a military establishment "second to none," "the best intelligence system in the world," and the development of the B-1 bomber—the most expensive weapons system in history. It calls for an equitable tax structure and asks further exemptions for holders of corporate securities. It gives a Republican Administration credit for the fact that the nation is at peace and scolds Congress for last year's failure to provide funds to continue the war in Southeast Asia.

MOST people here, including those who backed Ford because they thought he would do somewhat better than Reagan in a general election, do not see how the President can have much hope of winning this fall. In his acceptance speech last night, he appeared a somewhat stronger campaigner than he has ever seemed in the past. But that speech, it is now known, was the product of several weeks of editing and polishing by his writing team. Although the text was more direct and vigorous than usual, it is unlikely to find its way into anthologies of masterly campaign oratory; moreover, the fact that he rehearsed it repeatedly before coming here suggests that only by such elocutionary labors, impossible in a busy campaign, can he become more than a lacklustre performer. Then, he chose for Vice-President a man who can help him most where he needs it least—in the Middle West. Geographically, ethnically, ideologically, Robert Dole adds nothing to the ticket. He is perhaps the most combative Republican in the Senate, yet his association with Richard Nixon—he had no personal involvement in Watergate, but he defended every Nixon policy to the end—very nearly brought about his defeat in Kansas in 1974. (He won by two per cent, and owed that margin, it is said, to his exploitation of the fact that his Democratic opponent, a Roman Catholic obstetrician, had performed abortions. The abortions, however, were reportedly performed to save the lives of critically ill women.) But if Dole is less than an asset, he is less than a liability. He is unlikely to cost Ford votes anywhere, and that is more than can be said of some of the others who were under consideration.

There were some here who felt that a radical change of style could make Ford a substantially stronger contender than he now seems, but what they had in mind was a style that few can conceive of his adopting. "If he'd let me run his campaign, I think he'd have a fair chance," said a delegate who was an effective White House operative when Dwight Eisenhower was President. "The first thing I'd have him do is stop comparing himself with Harry

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Truman and start identifying with Eisenhower. The only things Ford and Truman have in common are that both were looked upon as losers and both ran against Congress. But Truman ran against a Congress that did nothing, and Ford is running against one that does as much as he will let it do. Congress may be unpopular now, but so are most of Ford's vetoes, which I'd advise him to stop boasting about. There are no votes in vetoes. Truman won by a hair in 1948, but Eisenhower was one of the biggest winners in American history. If he could run from the grave, he'd beat anyone around today. Ford is much closer to being an Eisenhower type—low-key, friendly, decent, fair-minded—than a Truman type. The Eisenhower tradition is a great Republican one, but mentions of Eisenhower here have been about as scarce as mentions of Nixon and Agnew. If Ford began acting in the Eisenhower tradition, he'd get off that tiny spot way over on the right and move onto the middle ground. Eisenhower was as conservative as Ford—maybe more so—but he didn't think he had to prove it every day. There's been a lot in the press lately about how the Ford-Reagan contest this year is like the Eisenhower-Taft one in 1952. In some ways, it is. But did Eisenhower spend his time splitting hairs with Taft? Of course he didn't. He knew his public support was greater than Taft's, and that was what he exploited. He was the more electable one, and so is Ford, though he's hardly an Eisenhower. And who managed Eisenhower's pre-convention campaign? Henry Cabot Lodge, that's who. A moderate Republican. Lodge is here now, but you'd hardly know it. They sit down and listen when an upstart like Jesse Helms sounds off, but who consults a veteran like Lodge? Well, I guess this is all idle talk. Ford wouldn't take the advice of anyone like me."

BY and large, things here went about as the more disinterested observers felt they would. Though Ford still seems unable to master the uses of his office, incumbency was, as it always is, a large asset. There were times when it seemed that Reagan would just possibly succeed in toppling a sitting President, but after Ford won the Ohio and New Jersey primaries in June he was in a position in which he would have had to blunder badly to lose the nomination. Ford didn't blunder in that period, but the Reagan people did. Their selection of Richard Schweiker as their candidate for Vice-President and Reagan's acceptance of

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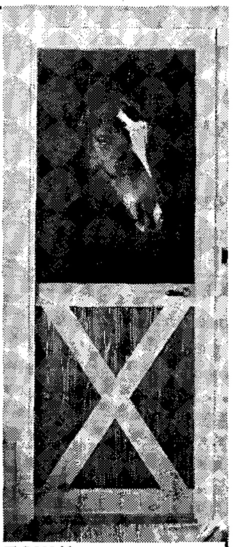

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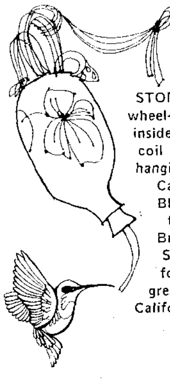

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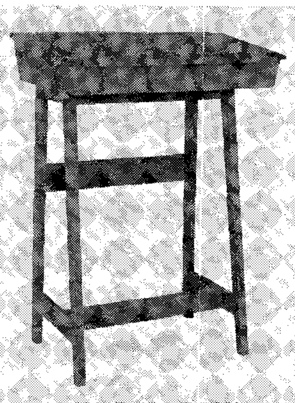
him showed a kind of imagination that Ford and his managers lacked, but the Reagan people outsmarted themselves. Schweiker gained them nothing and cost them quite a bit, including the solid vote of the Mississippi delegation, which they had counted on heavily. (A formerly uncommitted Mississippi delegate, Jim Speed, said of Schweiker that he "wouldn't get a bid from any major college fraternity in the state.") And the decision by John Sears, Reagan's chief tactician, to provoke a floor fight over the proposed Rule 16-C, which would have required Ford to name his choice for Vice-President in advance of his own nomination, proved a crucial tactical error. If Sears could have found or fabricated an ideological issue to arouse the delegates, he might have done a good deal better, for practically everyone on the floor cared deeply about ideology, and few could get excited about a conflict over procedure. Well before the first session, however, it was clear that Ford had the votes. The naming of Dole was the week's only real surprise. When John Connally endorsed Ford, on July 27th, it was widely believed that he would be on the ticket and that his presumed prowess as a campaigner would strengthen it. But his speech Tuesday evening was about as vapid and boring as any heard all week, and it became clear that Ford, with the nomination in hand, no longer had any compelling reason to name him. (There were many reasons for not naming him. It would have been difficult to persuade the country to accept a man who had urged Nixon to burn incriminating tapes on the White House lawn and who could bring himself to say when Watergate was at its height, "I think there are times when the President of the United States would be right in not obeying a decision of the Supreme Court.") With Connally out of the way—his political future, so bright three years ago, now seems as unpromising as that of Rockefeller—speculation turned to Senator Howard Baker, of Tennessee, whose keynote address was both better prepared and better delivered than Connally's speech. Baker had won a following of sorts by his role in the Senate Watergate investigation, and he would have been well received in the South. But Ford would not have him, either because he felt he himself might be hurt by public knowledge of Baker's wife's past drinking problem or—as seems more likely—because he and Dole had worked well together in the House. Gerald Ford may have less in common with Harry Truman than he thinks, but he



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does seem to share the late President's addiction to cronyism.

OF those here this week who talked of defecting or sitting out the election, not all will actually abandon their Republican connections or wait for a realignment of parties. Nationally, the Party is weaker than it has ever been, but in a number of states in the South and West it remains politically formidable, and many delegates, including some who supported Reagan, are holders or seekers of state or local offices and need the organization's support. On the other hand, many of the Reagan delegates, like those who supported Goldwater twelve years ago, are new to politics, and their intention is not to hold on to power or to gain it but to deny it to those they oppose. They are, on the average, younger than the Ford partisans, and, for the most part, less wealthy, less well established in their communities, and less likely to hold office. And when they talk of forming a new party, they are quite serious. "If the Republicans can't nominate a man like Reagan, they can't do anything for me or for anything I care about," one said the other day. "I don't give a damn whether Ford wins or loses in November. Sure I'm for a new party. Why shouldn't I be?" A national third-party conservative movement, including the American Independent Party and the American Independence Party, is holding a convention in Chicago next week, which will be attended by some who were delegates here this week. Although it has arranged to get on the ballot in several states, it is unlikely to have any effect this year. Third-party movements have rarely come to much in this country, especially in this century. But if a third party could be formed, and if it attracted a substantial number of this year's Reagan supporters, it might destroy the Republican Party as a national institution. The Republican Party as it exists today has the loyalty of about twenty per cent of the electorate. "If we got down to, say, thirteen or fourteen per cent, I don't think I could stay in it myself," one Ford delegate said the evening the platform was adopted. "I wouldn't become a Democrat, and I certainly wouldn't join a new rightist movement. I guess I'd just be an independent and vote Democratic most of the time." The kind of third party now being talked about could hardly replace the Republican Party, but it could give us—for a time, at least—what would amount to a one-party system in national elections. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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BOOKS

The Mechanics of Fear

JOHN FRANKLIN BARDIN, who was born in 1916 in Cincinnati, is not listed in the "Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection," but from 1945 through 1947 he wrote three remarkable murder mysteries—"The Deadly Percheron," "The Last of Philip Banter," and "Devil Take the Blue-Tail Fly"—which, long out of print, have just been republished by Penguin as "The John Franklin Bardin Omnibus." There are no dogged private eyes or prescient cops in Bardin's books. Drawing partly on his own mother's madness and the uncertainties of a Depression coming-of-age, he made paranoia his subject: Bardin's protagonists solve the mysteries in which they are implicated or perish in them. Bardin had little in common with the authors of the hardboiled detective fiction or puzzle mysteries popular in the forties, but he wasn't working in isolation. He wrote during the heyday of the American *film noir*, when certain Hollywood filmmakers—the most notable of them, Robert Siodmak, Edgar G. Ulmer, and Max Ophuls, were expatriates from Europe or refugees from Hitler—responded to the official postwar claim that America had only Communists to fear with the insinuation that the enemy was less likely an alien than a double. As in Bardin's novels, the theme pursued most relentlessly in these films was one of subterranean horror invading the order of daily life. The social or psychological underworld swallowed normality—not as a plague (Don Siegel's McCarthy-era "Invasion of the Body Snatchers") but as a curse, with apparent innocents picked off one by one. In the *film noir*, events forced the sane to doubt their sanity, while the mad kept themselves under almost perfect control; characters proceeded according to assumptions that they and everyone else had learned to trust, until, as in Ulmer's perfectly named "Detour," the well-lit road shot off crazily into darkness and every sign of refuge fronted for a trap.

It was a crucial *film noir* convention—and one developed with extreme precision by Bardin—that since all Americans were presumed to share the same reasonable assumptions about life, the truth, if anomalous, made no sense. Just short of the required happy ending, that truth, blurted out to a cop or a friend or a spouse, guaranteed only ridicule, the asylum, or a death sentence. In the *film noir* and in Bardin's books there *was* a unicorn in the garden. Men arrived home from work—or the war—to find their wives dead and the cops waiting; husbands carefully drove their wives insane; lifelong friends offered comfort with the right hand and conspiracy with the left. The war was over; in what a recent book has called "The Best Years," America came home, retrenched, and repressed, seeking salvation and freedom from dread in conformity, family, and upward mobility. But some of the most interesting movies of the time—"Dead Reckoning," "Caught," "Ruthless," and others like them—found a persistent malevolence in the smugness of that life and in the intractability of all that was repressed or transferred to Communism; within the framework of popular culture, some said no.

This is the context and the tone of Bardin's best books, "The Deadly Percheron" and "Devil Take the Blue-Tail Fly," both of them more a matter of what-happened than whodunit. "Devil Take the Blue-Tail Fly" is an investigation of murder—real or imagined, one doesn't know—seen solely from inside the head of a schizophrenic. The book is morbidly claustrophobic, and the plot—which declines into clichés of popular psychology by the end—is essentially irrelevant to the mechanics of fear which Bardin is trying to get hold of, as he breaks down the lines between ordinary reality, dreams, delusions, repressed crimes, and frenzy. It is a question of identity sabotaged and certainties violated. In "The Deadly Percheron," a psychiatrist finds his identity literally stripped from him. A partial amnesiac, he has been confined for months, as someone he knows he is not, in a mental ward without mirrors. By carefully eliciting from his keepers hints as to what sort of man they think him to be, he succeeds in conforming to their expectations; after all, he has treated scores of patients like "himself." He exhibits the proper symptoms, makes the proper recovery, and wins his release. On the streets again, he enters a soda fountain and thoughtlessly takes in the reflection of the customers in the mirror behind the counter, settling on one grotesque:

> He was not old—about my age now that I studied his face—although he

"You're still a good buddy, good buddy, but not as good a good buddy as you were."

had seemed older at first glance. This was because his short-cropped hair was grey streaked with white and his jaw, that showed the remains of strength, trembled spasmodically. But what made him really fascinatingly ugly was the wide, long, angry red scar that traversed his face diagonally from one ear across the nose and down to the root of the jaw at the base of his other cheek. It was an old scar that had knit badly and in healing had pulled and twisted at the skin until the face it rode had the texture of coarse parchment and the grimace of a clown. One cheek, and the eye with it, was drawn sidewise and upward into a knowing leer—the other drooped, and with it a corner of the mouth, as if its owner were stricken with grief. The skin's color was that of cigar ash, but the scar's color was bright carmine. I pitied the man, then was embarrassed to look around at him; surely, he must have seen me staring at his reflection! But as I had this thought I noticed that his glass emptied itself of coca-cola just as I sucked noisily at my straw.

Confronted with an identity he can neither comprehend nor escape, the psychiatrist (he remembers himself as a successful doctor, but when he has a call made to his office he is told he is dead) surrenders to that identity. His deepest fear comes from his recognition of how easy it is to take on another self, to learn the limits of a degraded social milieu, to accept what is supposed to be unacceptable. Most chilling is the slow relaxation of the mystery of the man's destruction: his will to ask questions, to refuse absurdity, quietly and comfortingly fades out of reach.

Bardin's books offer almost whole a world that the darker movies of his time captured mostly in snatches. Both Bardin and the *noir* filmmakers of the late forties seem to have slipped a troublesome, secret reality past the assured and confident eyes with which the America of the postwar era saw itself. Thirty years later, Bardin's stories keep their shape, and his secrets keep their force.

—GREIL MARCUS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TANGENT OBJECTIVE, by Lawrence Sanders (Putnam). Asante, the scene of this perhaps prophetic adventure story, is a small, potentially oil-rich West African nation, recently separated from France and governed by a heartless despot. Into this setting Mr. Sanders introduces two attractive and forceful figures: a representative of an American oil company, named Peter Tangent, and an ambitious and high-principled Asante Army captain, one Obiri Anokye. The story, put briefly, recounts the coming together of these

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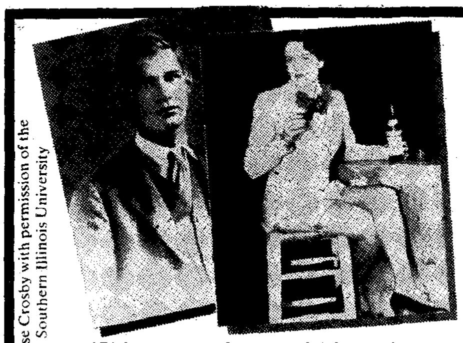

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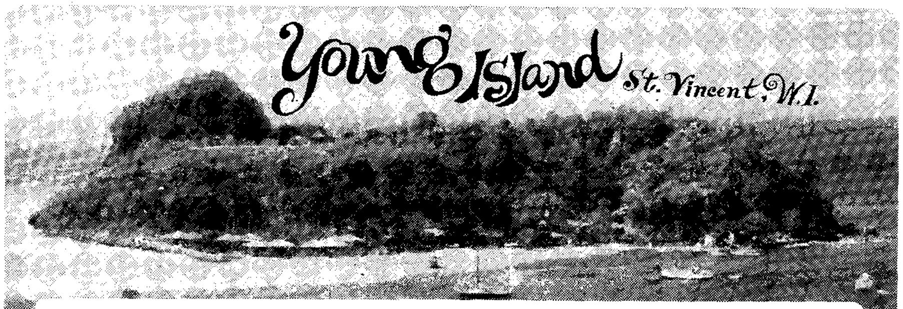

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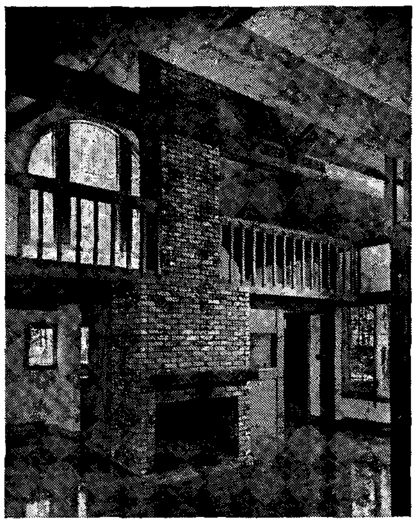

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Farmer, by Jim Harrison (Viking). Graceful descriptions of rural northern-Michigan life and robust, empathetic portraits of country people make large sections of this book about a forty-three-year-old lame schoolteacher's identity crisis engrossing and pleasurable. But the story it revolves around—the teacher's inability to choose between a nubile young student (Lust) and his longtime mistress and friend (Love)—is vapid and stale. Mr. Harrison, one of the more talented students of the école de Hemingway, is at his best when he is telling us about hunting and fishing, about the swoop of a hawk, or about the way the light falls on a horse's flanks or the side of a barn. He is at his worst when he is describing relations between the sexes, and since the schoolteacher's problem is resolved rather vaguely, one ends up feeling cheated of a real story to attach to all the beautiful descriptions of geese, deer, woodcocks, and streams.

The Last Chance, by Rona Jaffe (Simon & Schuster). A soap-opera-ish novel that carries stern, if muddled, warnings to the New Woman about the pitfalls of the liberated life. The four women, all friends, whose lives the book shuttles back and forth between are Margot, a successful, lonely TV newscaster; Nikki, an editor at a book-publishing house who has lived in the suburbs too long; Ellen, a housewife-of-many-affairs who is married to an aging jock; and Rachel, "ornament, wife of Lawrence Fowler, international banker." The present volume, like all Miss Jaffe's novels, has the punchy casualness and depth of the evening news, and it zips through Margot's suicide attempt, Ellen's near-murder by her anorexic daughter, Nikki's mugging, and Rachel's face à face with a sex maniac as if these events were as commonplace as trips to the deli.

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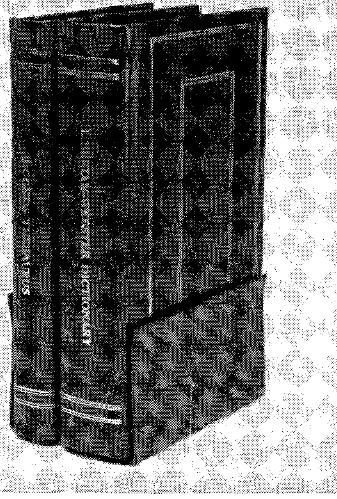

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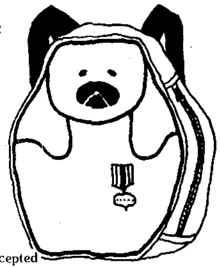

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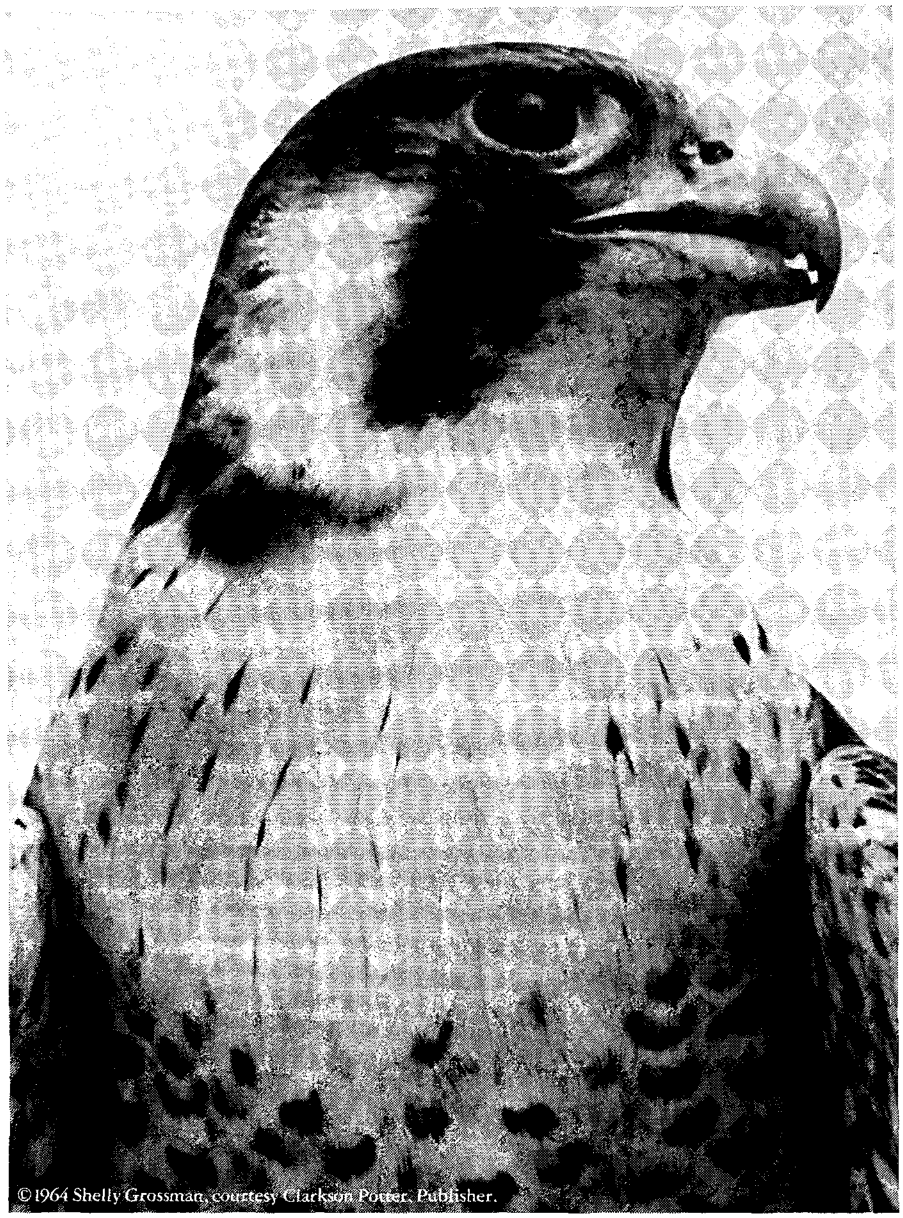
George C. Marshall, with a foreword and notes by Brigadier General James L. Collins, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin). General Collins, who is Chief of Military History for the Army, explains that this book was composed between 1919 and 1923; at that time, Houghton Mifflin recommended that the author do more work on it, but instead the future Chief of Staff was sent to China, and never found time to polish the text. It was discovered in manuscript after Marshall's death, in 1959, and is now published as he wrote it—a direct, lucid, practical, and thoughtful work, which describes and tries to draw professional lessons from the author's experiences. Marshall, a captain, was chosen to go to France with the First Division, a hastily assembled unit that was rushed overseas to reassure our Allies at a very low point in their military fortunes. Marshall notes details of American unpreparedness (the wrong shoes for the infantry) and tells of American scrounging and training, and of the scorn of the Allies, who assumed that Americans would fight badly—an assumption that makes all the keener his pleasure in the Americans' good combat performance. The First Division took over a sector of the Allied line early in 1918 and saw plenty of action; in July of that year, Marshall was ordered to American headquarters. He does not complain of this promotion, but readers familiar with Forrest Pogue's biography of Marshall will recall that he tried to get a combat command. Marshall's reticence about himself contrasts with his concentration and fluency on other subjects, such as the qualities that make good (or bad) troop leaders. He has an eye for plans, for administration, and for the facts of battle, and his uncomplaining precision leaves no doubt that he is talking about some of the nastiest warfare the modern world has seen.

A Cultural History of the American Revolution: Painting, Music, Literature, and the Theatre in the Colonies and the United States from the Treaty of Paris to the Inauguration of George Washington, 1763-1789, by Kenneth Silverman (Crowell). A beautifully organized study that examines resources, achievements, innovations, and borrowings, and, without insisting, from time to time notices inheritances: the factuality of New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THE NIGHT OF THE TWELFTH, by Michael Gilbert (Harper & Row). A solid, well-made crime novel that opens with the discovery of the dead and sadistically mutilated body of a ten-year-old schoolboy near a small town in England. This, it seems, is the third such body found in that general area within a year, and the police, thus alarmed, go methodically to work. Much of the action centers on a small preparatory boarding school, the routine, the staff, and the students of which Mr. Gilbert renders with his customary uncommon insight.

NIGHT COVER, by Michael Z. Lewin (Knopf). A police novel in which the procedural action—the investigation of a series of brutal murders, the investigation of a robbery at a private school, the investigation of the whereabouts of a missing girl—has as its chief purpose the illumination of a night-duty detective lieutenant in Indianapolis. This man, Leroy Powder, forty-eight years old, estranged from his wife, devoted to a hideaway vegetable garden and peach orchard, is a difficult, highly intelligent, deeply sensitive, totally committed cop, and in the several days during which Mr. Lewin allows us to share his long waking hours he becomes exhilaratingly alive.

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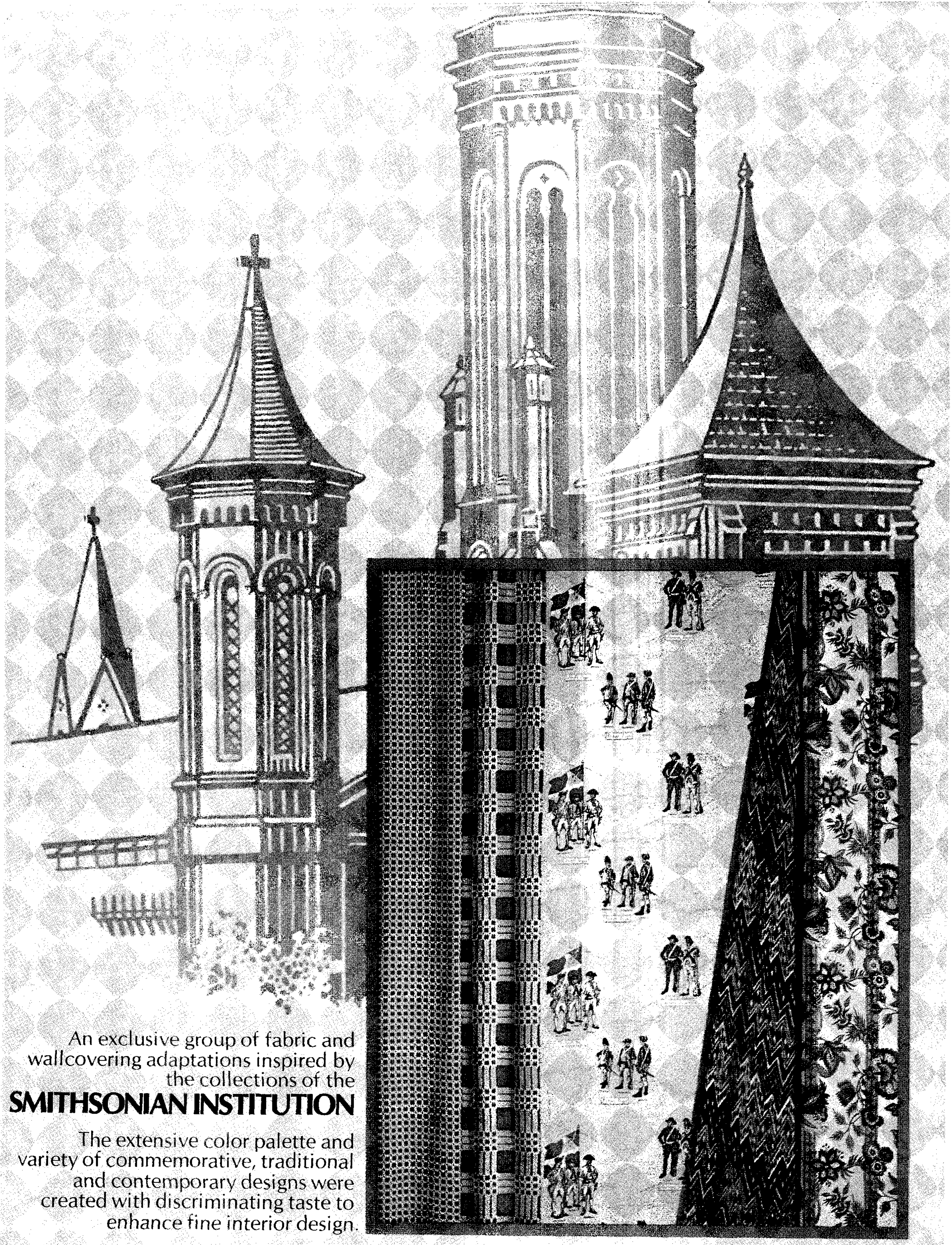

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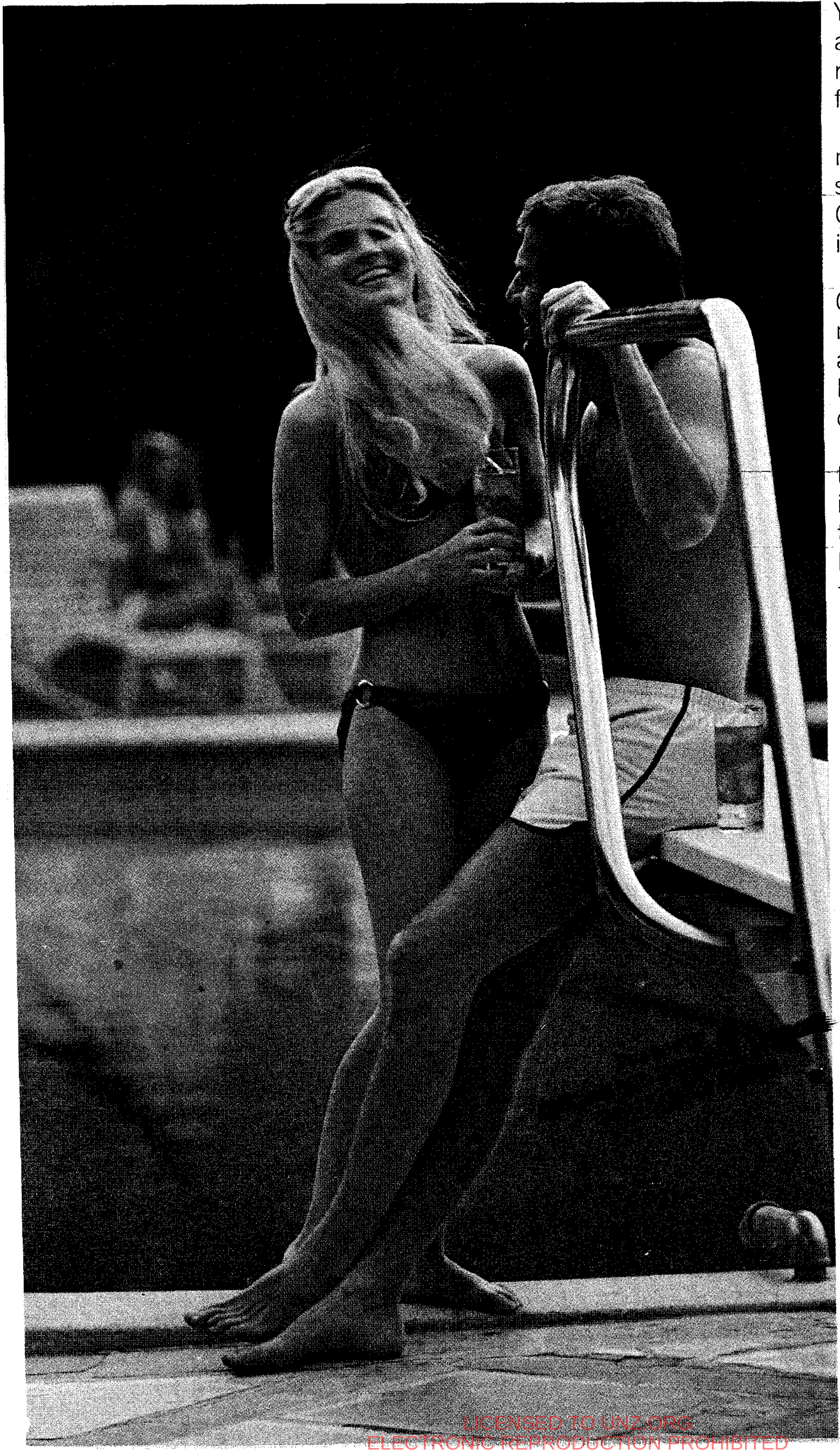

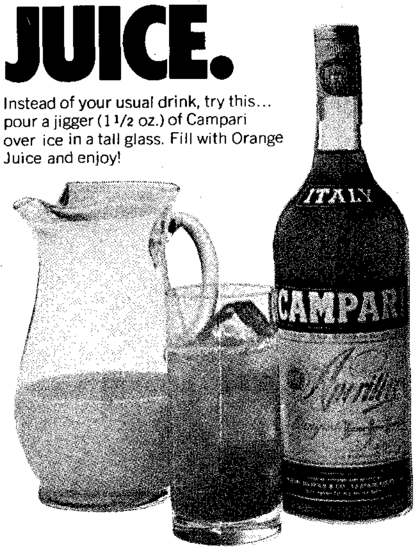

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